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IRISH LITERATURE

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IRISH LITERATURE

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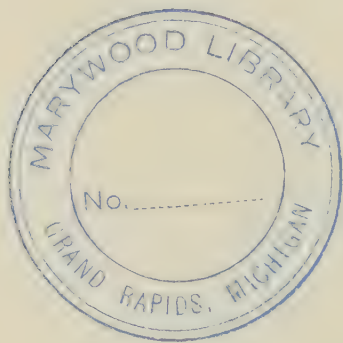


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BIOGRAPHIES AND LITERARY APPRECIATIONS

BY

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CLÁR IMLEABAR X.

ROIM-RÁD

leatánac
3710

An Drama Saebéalac. (Stiopán Suinn)

XIII

Széálta agus aórain na nDaoine.

Ris an fárais Óuib (An Cnaoibín do cuir mór ó béal rseultuioe)	3712
A Ógánaig an cúil éangailte. (oitto)	3734
Coimhín na h-aitinne. (oitto)	3736
Dean an fíri Ruaid. (oitto)	3748
Rioipe na sclear. (oitto)	3750
Mo bhrón ar an bfaillige. (oitto)	3762
An buacail do bí a bpaó ar a mādair. (oitto)	3764
Maia Néirín. (oitto)	3776
An laca Óearg. (oitto)	3778
Daoinead na tóirí Muire. (oitto)	3788
Tódar Muire. (oitto)	3794
Muire agus lórep. (oitto)	3806
Naomh Peadar. (oitto)	3812
Marí táinig an t-Saint in ran eaglaip. (oitto)	3822
Fioḡair na Cpoire Naomha. (an t-Adair ó Miotháin)	3828
Dean na tóirí mbó	3830
Rainn i nḡaeóeilg. (cruinnighe leir an scnaoibín doibinn)	3832

Pictiúr as stair na h-Éireann.

Seáḡan an Diomair. ("Conán Maol." p. s. ó

Seáḡda)

3842

CONTENTS OF VOLUME X.

	PAGE
THE IRISH DRAMA.— <i>Stephen Gwynn.</i>	xiii
INTRODUCTION.— <i>The Modern Literature of the Irish Language.</i>	3711
 FOLK TALES AND FOLK SONGS.	
King of the Black Desert.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i> . .	3713
Ringleted Love of my Youth. — Folk Song from "Love Songs of Connacht."	3735
Coirnin of the Furze.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i> . . .	3737
The Red Man's Wife.—Folk Song from "Love Songs of Connacht."	3748
The Knight of the Tricks.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i> . .	3751
My Grief on the Sea.—Folk Song from "Love Songs of Connacht."	3763
The Boy who was Long on his Mother.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i>	3765
The Brow of Nefin.—Folk Song from "Love Songs of Connacht."	3777
The Red Duck.— <i>D. Hyde. Trs. by C. Welsh.</i> . .	3779
The Keening of the Three Marys. — Tradi- tional Folk Ballad.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i>	3789
Mary's Well.—A Religious Folk Tale.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i>	3794
Mary and St. Joseph.—Folk Song.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i>	3807
Saint Peter.—A Folk Story.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i> . .	3813
How Covetousness Came into the Church.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i>	3823
The Sign of the Cross For Ever.—Folk Song. .	3829
The Woman of Three Cows. — <i>J. Clarence Mangan.</i>	3831
IRISH RANNS.— <i>Douglas Hyde.</i>	3833
 HISTORICAL SKETCH.	
Shane the Proud.—A fragment of Irish His- tory.— <i>P. J. O'Shea.</i>	3843

SGÉALTA LE H-ÚSODARAIB, I NUAD-ŠAEDEILS.

Cailín na mbráide. (Séamur Ó Dubhghaill)	3874
An gao mara. (Séamur Ó Dubhghaill)	3874
Fáirgeál. (An Craoibín Doibinn)	3878
Taobh Gabha. (Séamur Ó Dubhghaill).	3886
Séadna—blúipe ar—(an t-Ádair peadair Ó Laoisair)	3940
"Ní ar Dá a buideadair" (Pádraic Ó Laoisair)	3952
Seatrún Céitinn—Páor Šaebealač (an t-Ádair Ó Duinnín)	3958
Šoirí nó riari ir fearr an baile—An Cneamair—blúipe ar—(Úna Ní Šairceallais)	3966
An Uaimh Šiota ar an nŠioblačán—(Tomár Ó h-Aodá)	3976
An mac Alla	3982

filideact.	
Áitirge an Reactúrais. (An Reactúrač)	3910
An Šuir o'a plé. (An Reactúrač)	3916
Ir paoda ó cuiread pior. (An Reactúrač)	3922
Malact an Dóir. (Fear Šan ainm)	3928
Cúma crioide cailín. (Sean-abrán)	3932
Dan-čnuic Širéann Ó. (Donnčad Mac Conmara)	3936

DRAMA SAN NUAD-ŠAEDEILS.	
Capad an trušáin. (An Craoibín Doibinn)	3988

CUNTAS AR NA SEAN-ÚSODARAIB. Šaebeilge ar a bfuil tract inr na h-imleabrais peo ó I. go IX.	4011
---	------

CUNTAS NA NUAD-ÚSODARAIB Šaebealač a bfuil an-obair i m-béarla.	
No i nŠaebeils inr an imleabair po.	4025
Corrós	4031
foclóir	

PROSE BY MODERN IRISH AUTHORS.

The Friar's Servant Girl.— <i>James Doyle</i> .—	
<i>Trs. by Mary Doyle</i>	3875
The "Gad Mara."— <i>James Doyle</i> . — <i>Trs. by</i>	
<i>Mary Doyle</i>	3875
An Allegory. — <i>Douglas Hyde</i> . — <i>Trs. by</i>	
<i>Norma Borthwick</i>	3878
Tim, the Smith.— <i>James Doyle</i> .— <i>Trs. by Mary</i>	
<i>Doyle</i>	3887
Seadna's Three Wishes.—From "Seadna."—	
<i>Rev. Peter O'Leary</i>	3941
The Thankfulness of Dermot. — <i>Patrick</i>	
<i>O'Leary</i>	3953
Geoffrey Keating. — From "Irish Prose." —	
<i>Rev. Patrick S. Dinneen</i>	3959
"East, West, Home's Best." — From "An	
Cneamhaire."— <i>Agnes O. Farrelly</i>	3967
The Cavern. — From "An Giobláchan." —	
<i>Thomas Hayes</i>	3977
The Echo.—From "An Giobláchan." <i>T. Hayes</i>	3983

POETRY.

Raftery's Repentance.— <i>Douglas Hyde</i>	3911
The Cúis-dá-plé.—(Political.)— <i>A. Raftery</i>	3917
How Long Has It Been Said?—(Political.)—	
<i>A. Raftery</i>	3923
The Curse of the Boers on England.—(Politi-	
cal.)— <i>Lady Gregory</i>	3928
Grief of a Girl's Heart.—(Love Song.)— <i>Lady</i>	
<i>Gregory</i>	3933
The Fair Hills of Eire. — (Patriotic.) — <i>Dr.</i>	
<i>George Sigerson</i>	3937

MODERN PLAY.

The Twisting of the Rope.— <i>Douglas Hyde</i>	3989
--	------

BIOGRAPHIES OF ANCIENT CELTIC WRITERS, whose	
work appears in Volumes I-IX.	4011

BIOGRAPHIES OF MODERN CELTIC WRITERS, whose work	
appears in Volume X.	4025

GLOSSARY.	4031
-------------------	------

INDEX.	4041
----------------	------

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS IN VOLUME X.

	PAGE
THE OLD PLAID SHAWL.	<i>Frontispiece</i>
From a photograph.	
It is from the lips of the aged peasantry that most of the Folk Tales, Folk Songs, Ranns, etc., have been taken down by Dr. Douglas Hyde and others. This picture presents the characteristic costume of the older village folk in Ireland, and the spinning wheel denotes an industry which has not yet died out.	
PATRICK J. O'SHEA. (Conan Maol.)	3842
From a photograph by Allison's, Belfast, Armagh and Dublin.	
PART OF A PROCLAMATION CONCERNING SHANE THE PROUD	3872
Photographic facsimile from the original.	
THE REV. PATRICK S. DINEEN	3958
Photographed from the painting by Jack B. Yeats.	
TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN	4010
From a painting formerly in the possession of J. Hardiman, after the print engraved and published by John Martyn, Dublin, 1822.	

THE IRISH DRAMA.

IN an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, 1901, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, the eminent critic, told the story of the Irish Literary Theater. We present here his account of the Irish National Dramatic Society, written in December, 1902. With regard to the first named he says:—

Its work may be summed up in a sentence: It produced in Ireland, with English actors, seven plays written in English on Irish subjects. These were: two by Mr. Yeats, 'The Countess Cathleen' and 'The Land of Heart's Desire'; two by Mr. Martyn, 'The Heather Field' and 'Maeve'; one by Miss Milligan, 'The Last Feast of the Fianna'; one by Mr. Moore, 'The Bending of the Bough'; and one, 'Diarmuid and Grania,' by Mr. Yeats and Mr. Moore in collaboration. At the time when the last was produced by Mr. Benson, a troupe of amateurs played Dr. Hyde's 'Casadh an t-Sugáin,' and the advantage that Irish amateurs had, even over good English professionals, for the purpose in hand was obvious. I suppose that this occurred to Mr. Fay, for it was after this that he and some friends—all of them people earning their bread by daily labor—banded together to devote their leisure to the acting of Irish plays; and the new experiment was inaugurated last Easter, when this company of Irish actors played two Irish plays, "A. E.'s" 'Deirdre' and Mr. Yeats' 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan.' It was renewed on a much larger scale this Samhain-tide, when in the course of a week some plays (including one short farce in Gaelic) were given; the subjects ranging from poetic handling of the oldest mythology down to contemporary satire on the town corporation. The whole thing was absolutely and entirely uncommercial. Authors and actors alike gave their services for the benefit of Cumann na Gael, under whose auspices the plays were produced, calling themselves the Irish National Dramatic Company.

The more one thinks about it, the plainer one sees that for full enjoyment of drama the auditor must be one of a sympathetic crowd. For instance, a comedy of Mr. Shaw's

played before the Stage Society is infinitely more enjoyable than when it is played in Kennington or Notting Hill. But the Stage Society, which makes an ideal audience for wit, is perhaps too sophisticated for poetry; too much under the domination of modern comedy. In Dublin Mr. Yeats and the rest had a hall full of people not less intelligent but less over-educated, less subservient to the critical faculty; in a word, more natural. This audience had all the local knowledge necessary to give dramatic satire its point (and that is scarcely possible in a place so big as London), and had also a community of certain emotions arising out of distinctive ideas. And, above all, the people composing it came to the theater much as they might have gone to church or to a political meeting, ready to be moved by grave emotions or by serious ideas. Two of the plays could, I think, have held their own with any audience. But without that special audience 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan' and 'The Laying of Foundations' would have been by far less dramatic than they were.

It should be said at once that these plays were for the most part extremely modest in scope. Only one had so many as three acts or required a change of scene; and two or three were at best "curtain raisers." In this class must be put Mr. McGinley's 'Eilis agus an Bhean Déirce' ('Eilish and the Beggar Woman'), which I cannot criticise, as no text was procurable and my Gaelic was not equal to following the dialogue closely. I do not think that a higher rank can be claimed for Mr. Yeats' farce, 'A Pot of Broth,' which, however, afforded Mr. W. G. Fay the chance for a capital piece of broad comic acting. The story is one, common among Irish peasants, of a beggar, who comes to a churlish woman's house, and knowing well that asking will get him neither bite nor sup, plays on her credulity by displaying a wonderful stone which will make the best of broth. All he asks is the use of a pot and water in it, and while the miserly housewife listens to his praise of the saving to be effected by such a stone, he dilates upon its other qualities—its effect on a chicken if you put it in with it, or on a ham-bone or the like—till gradually one eatable after another slips into the pot, and the beggar in a fit of generosity presents the stone to the housewife, taking in return merely the broth and a few unconsidered trifles.

That was all, and it was little enough. But it was interesting to find Mr. Yeats as a purveyor of laughter—for the little piece was genuinely droll, and interesting too—to notice how, for his comedy as for his tragedy, he went to folk lore and the peasant's cottage.¹

I may dismiss at once Mr. Seumas O'Cuisin, author of two of the plays. His 'Racing Lug' was a little story of sea-faring folk, apparently so cut down as to be barely intelligible. This was in prose; his other production, 'The Sleep of the King,' was simply a poetic tableau, showing how Connla, son of Conn the Hundred-fighter, left a proffered throne to follow after a fairy woman.

"He follows on for ever, when all your chase is done,
He follows after shadows, the King of Ireland's son."

Mrs. Chesson has put the gist of it into the haunting little poem from which I quote these two lines, and put it much more effectively than Mr. O'Cuisin. Still, his little piece in verse—and very creditable verse—gave the troupe their one opportunity of showing how they spoke what was written in meter. They spoke verse not as actors generally do, but as poets speak it, in a kind of chant, which I confess seems to me the natural and proper manner.

It was just this quality—the absence of all stage mannerisms, the willingness to speak poetry simply as poetry, to speak it for its own sake, and not to show the actor's accomplishments—that rendered possible the production of 'Deirdre;' and it would have been a pity for work so good not to have been produced. Nevertheless I cannot regard 'Deirdre' as a good or successful piece of drama. The author, "A. E.," ranks high in my judgment as a lyrical poet, but even as a lyrical poet his appeal must necessarily be to the few. Mystic in the blood and bone, he stands habitually apart, and moves in ways of thought and emotion where it is difficult to follow him. And yet it was striking to observe how well the audience responded to his interpretation of the famous and beautiful story, and to the thoughts that he wove into its fabric. The first act tells how the sons of Usnach found Deirdre in the secret abode where the High King Conchobar had secluded her

¹ The story is told in Griffin's 'The Collegians,' see Volume IV.

fatal beauty, and how she fled with Naisi, obedient to the voice of a new wonder; and in this act I could see little or nothing to praise. But in the second, which shows Deirdre in the kingdom that Naisi and his brother had won on the shore of Loch Etive, there was work of a very different quality. In a passage of singular beauty the poet—for the play, though written in prose, is sheer poetry—shows Deirdre looking out on a glorious sunset. It is the sunset not of one but of many days, she says, and the stars that had lost each other in the mists and heat of the sun, know again their friends' faces across the firmament. And so, too, she and Naisi, awaking at last from the long swoon of sunshine, see at last into each other's hearts, and she sees in him a regret. It is the regret of pride that he has fled without confronting King Conchobar; the regret of chivalry that he has broken the rules of the Red Branch Order. It is, indeed, for comradeship in the Red Branch that he pines, not knowing it; and on the top of this discourse comes the shout of a man of Erin from his galley in the loch. And Deirdre, who has Cassandra's gift, foreknows the whole; so that when Fergus enters, the dearest of Naisi's friends, with pledge of forgiveness and of restoration to the Red Branch, she has no heart to greet him. She can only implore Naisi to stay, and her sorrow angers him, till her love and her knowledge yield to his pride.

I thought the whole of this act very well planned and full of beauty, and, even when the beauty was recondite, it conveyed itself surprisingly well. Deirdre in her lament says that the Gods have told her her love and happiness are ended, and are yet immortal, for they are destined to live forever as a memory in the minds of the Gael! and one felt that slight stir run through the silent audience which tells of a point gone home. And the spectacular beauty, even on that mean stage, was considerable; the figures moving behind a gauze veil in costumes designed by the author, who is artist as well as poet, and moving no more than was essential for the action. It was a great relief to see actors stand so still, and never to have attention distracted from the person on whom it naturally fell. But the whole thing was too literary, depended too much on the accidental beauties of thought or phrasing, and not enough on a strong central emotion. I do not think that "A. E."

achieved more than to demonstrate the possibility of a drama on an Irish heroic subject which should appeal to an Irish audience. But such a drama would have to be written by a most skillful dramatist.

The other two plays of which I have to speak had their way, as it seemed, made almost absurdly easy for them; so directly did they spring out of the mind of the audience. And yet these things are not quite so easy as they appear, and Mr. Ryan succeeded when Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn had failed. Mr. Moore's 'Bending of the Bough' was a dramatic satire on Irish politicians; so was Mr. Martyn's 'Tale of a Town.' But though Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn knew well how Ibsen had done that sort of thing, they were not familiar at first-hand with local politics; they did not show that perfect knowledge of local types which gave a value to 'The Laying of Foundations.'

The action of this comedy passes in the house of Mr. O'Loskin, town councilor (and patriot), immediately after a municipal election. To him come his friends, Alderman Farrelly and another, for a discussion of prospects. The alderman and his ally have their own little game to play; to secure for a building syndicate in which they are concerned the contract for erecting a new asylum. Mr. O'Loskin, on his part, desires the post of city architect for his son Michael. There is an obvious fitness in the arrangement by which Mr. O'Loskin will back the one job, while Mr. Farrelly completes the other; indeed, the only obstacle to this and all other good plans lies in one Nolan, the editor of a plaguy print, who has succeeded in capturing one of the wards, and will have a new means of annoyance—as if his *Free Nation*, with his rancorous comment on the private arrangements of public men, were not troublesome enough already. "And the worst of it is," says Alderman Farrelly, with pious indignation, "that I don't believe the fellow can be squared." Needless to say, the *Free Nation* has its counterparts in real life: the *United Irishman*, and another clever paper, *The Leader*, have been for some time back making things very unpleasant for patriot publicans and others. Nor was this all. Even the *obiter dicta* of prominent men found a new publicity given to them on the stage. "This fellow Nolan," says Alderman Farrelly, "is never done putting absurd no-

tions into poor people's heads. He says a working man ought to get twenty-four shillings a week. Twenty-four shillings!" (They all roar with laughter.) "Eighteen shillings is plenty for any laboring man. What would they do with more if they had it? Drink it!" And he slaps his thigh, leans back, and drains his tumbler of monstrously stiff whisky and water. This trait did not lose any of its pungency before an audience which remembered how a certain Lord Mayor had recently fixed eighteen shillings as the highest wage any working man should look for.

After the opening dialogue the action begins to develop. Michael, the future city architect, is an almost incredibly ingenuous youth. He only knows his father as the prominent patriot, the liberal subscriber to charities. And he is vastly overjoyed at the prospect, but he does not see how it is to be accomplished. How exactly is Alderman Farrelly going to secure favors from Alderman Sir John Bull, the leading Unionist? How is he, Michael, going to consent to receive them? Mr. O'Loskin has to explain that Sir John Bull is a large employer of labor, and, no matter what his politics, which is the better patriot, the man who gives the means of livelihood to hundreds, or one of your starveling fellows who goes about making trouble and stirring up ill-will? Michael yields easily, for Michael is engaged, and this will mean marriage; but the young lady, Miss Delia, is not so sanguine. She has been infected with the venom of Nolan, she distrusts Mr. O'Loskin, she warns Michael against a trap. Nevertheless, Michael accepts.

Two months later finds him installed, and coming gradually face to face with facts. Alderman Farrelly is righteously indignant because Michael has pedantically reported that the foundations of the new asylum are being laid with four feet of concrete instead of the stipulated eight. Worse still, Michael has condemned, root and branch, certain slum tenements—not knowing that they are the joint property of Alderman Farrelly and his own father. Here again one may observe that the audience bore in mind how a rickety tenement owned by a prominent and patriotic member of the Corporation had finally collapsed, killing some of the inmates. Michael's eyes are finally opened completely by an interview with Mr. Nolan, and,

Delia backing him, he takes his stand. In vain does Alderman Farrelly inclose a check for £200 as "a wedding present." In vain does Mr. O'Loskin tear his paternal hair. "Michael, I always thought you would take after me. See what comes of giving a boy a good education." (That, I will be bold to say, is a stroke of irony worthy of Swift himself.) Michael is obdurate, and the curtain falls on his righteous protestations.

Up to a certain point, as will be evident, the thing is purely analogous to Ibsen's work—but might have been written by one who had never read a line of that master. Only, if Ibsen had drawn Michael as Mr. Ryan drew him, and as Mr. Kelly represented him, there would certainly have been a third act, showing, in a bitter sequel, Michael's surrender. This is a defect in the art, for Michael is ill-drawn; and Miss Delia is rather a needlessly aggressive young lady. But whatever Mr. O'Loskin and Mr. Farrelly have to say and do is excellent, and the sentence which I have quoted is a fair illustration of the irony which pervades the whole. And a wholly subordinate character, Mrs. Macfadden, wife of the third town councillor, has an admirable scene in which she speaks her mind of Miss Delia and her extraordinary notions and goings on. Nothing could be better played than this was by Miss Honor Lavalle; she was the Dublin Catholic bourgeoisie to the life.

I do not say that the play was a masterpiece. I do say that it was live art; and that here was a new force let loose in Ireland: the clear sword of ridicule, deftly used from the point of greatest vantage, striking home again and again. Here there was no reference to the stranger; here was Ireland occupied with her own affairs, chastising her own corruption. I wish I could have been present on the Saturday night when the programme began with 'The Laying of Foundations' and ended with 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan.' That would have been to see drama pass from its cauterizing the ignoble to its fostering the noble in national life: from the comedy of municipal corruption to the tragedy, brief, indeed, but drawing centuries into its compass of Ireland's struggle for freedom.

It is necessary to explain for English readers that "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" was one of the names which poets in the eighteenth century used to cloak, in the disguise of love-

songs, their forbidden passion for Ireland; that the "Shan Van Vocht," or "Poor Old Woman," was another of these names; and that Killala, near which, in 1798, is laid the scene of Mr. Yeats' play, is the place where Humbert's ill-starred but glorious expedition made its landing. But there was no need to tell all this to the Dublin audience.

The stage shows a peasant's house, window at the back, door on the right, hearth on the left. Three persons are in the cottage, Peter Gillane, his wife Bridget, and their second son Patrick. Outside is heard a distant noise of cheering, and they are wondering what it is all about. Patrick goes to the window and sees nothing but an old woman coming toward the house; but she turns aside. Then on a sudden impulse he faces round and says, "Do you remember what Winnie of the Cross Roads was saying the other day about the strange woman that goes through the country the time there's war or trouble coming?" But the father and mother are too busy with other thoughts to attend to such fancies; for Bridget is spreading out her son Michael's wedding clothes, and Peter is expecting the boy back with the girl's fortune. A hundred pounds, no less. Things have prospered with the Gillanes; and when Michael, the fine young lad, comes in with the bag of guineas he is radiant with thinking of the girl, Delia Cahel, and Bridget is radiant with looking at him, and Peter with handling the gold and planning all that can be done with it. And through it all again and again breaks the sound of distant cheering. Patrick goes off to learn the cause, and Michael goes to the window in his turn. He, too, sees the old woman, but this time she is coming to the house, and her face is seen for a moment, pale like a banshee's, through the thick glass of the window. And Michael shivers a little. "I'd sooner a stranger not to come to the house the night before the wedding." But his mother bids him open the door, and in walks the old wayfarer.

Miss Maud Gonne, as every one knows, is a woman of superb stature and beauty; she is said to be an orator, and she certainly has the gifts of voice and gesture. To the courage and sincerity of her acting I can pay no better tribute than to say that her entrance brought instantly to my mind a half-mad old-wife in Donegal whom I have

always known. She spoke in that sort of keening cadence so frequent with beggars and others in Ireland who lament their state. But for all that, tall and gaunt as she looked under her cloak, she did not look and she was not meant to look like a beggar; and as she took her seat by the fire, the boy watched her curiously from across the stage. The old people question her and she speaks of her travel on the road.

BRIDGET. It is a wonder you are not worn out with so much wandering.

OLD WOMAN. Sometimes my feet are tired and my hands are quiet, but there is no quiet in my heart. When the people see me quiet they think old age has come on me, and that all the stir has gone out of me.

BRIDGET. What was it put you astray?

OLD WOMAN. Too many strangers in the house.

BRIDGET. Indeed, you look as if you had had your share of trouble.

OLD WOMAN. I have had trouble indeed.

BRIDGET. What was it put the trouble on you?

OLD WOMAN. My land that was taken from me.

BRIDGET. Was it much land they took from you?

OLD WOMAN. My four beautiful green fields.

PETER (*aside to Bridget*). Do you think, could she be the Widow Casey that was put out of her holding at Kilglas a while ago?

BRIDGET. She is not. I saw the Widow Casey one time at the market in Ballina, a stout, fresh woman.

PETER (*to Old Woman*). Did you hear a noise of cheering and you coming up the hill?

OLD WOMAN. I thought I heard the noise I used to hear when my friends came to visit me. (*She begins singing half to herself.*)

“I will go cry with the woman,
For yellow-haired Donough is dead,
With a hempen rope for a neck-cloth,
And a white cloth on his head.”

The sound of her strange chant draws the boy over to her as if by a fascination; and she tells him of the men that had died for love of her.

“There was a red man of the O'Donnells from the North, and a man of the O'Sullivans from the South, and there was one Brian that lost his life at Clontarf by the sea, and there were a great many in the West, some that died hundreds of years ago, and there are some that will die to-morrow.”

The boy draws nearer to her, and plies her with questions, and the old people talk pityingly of the poor crea-

ture that has lost her wits. They offer her bread and milk, and Peter, under his wife's reproaches, offers her a shilling. But she refuses.

"If any man would give me help he must give me himself, he must give me all."

And Michael starts to go with her, to welcome the friends that are coming to help her. But his mother interposes sharply, with a note of terror, and she reminds him whom it is he has to welcome. Then turning to the stranger—

Maybe you don't know, ma'am, that my son is going to be married to-morrow.

OLD WOMAN. It is not a man going to his marriage that I look to for help.

PETER (*to Bridget*). Who is she, do you think, at all?

BRIDGET. You did not tell us your name yet, ma'am.

OLD WOMAN. Some call me the Poor Old Woman, and there are some that call me Cathleen ni Hoolihan.

It sounds flat and cold when you write it down; it did not sound cold when it was spoken. And the audience felt, too, in a flash, all that lay in Peter's comment, "I think I knew some one of that name once. It must have been some one I knew when I was a boy."

The stranger goes out then, chanting an uncanny chant, after she has told them what the service means that she asks of men. "They that had red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my sake; and for all that they will think they are well paid." And she leaves the boy in a kind of trance, from which his mother tries to waken him with talk of his wedding clothes. But as Bridget speaks the door is thrown open, Patrick bursts in with the neighbors: "There are ships in the bay; the French are landing at Killala!"

Delia Cahel may come with him, may cling about Michael; but the chant is heard outside and the bridegroom flings away the bride and rushes out, leaving them all silent. Then old Peter crosses to Patrick and asks, "Did you see an old woman going down the path?" And the lad answers, "I did not; but I saw a young girl and she had the walk of a queen."

The actors played the piece as it was written; that is, they lessened instead of heightening the dialect and the brogue; they left the points unemphasized. But they had

the house thrilling. I have never known altogether what drama might be before. Take a concrete instance. Few things in modern literature seem to me so fine as the third act in 'Herod'; few pieces of acting have pleased me better than Mr. Tree's in that scene. But I have never felt in reading it over that I missed anything by lacking the stage presentment, and I felt obscurely glad to be spared the sense of an audience only half in sympathy. 'Herod' came to the audience from outside; Mr. Yeats put before them in a symbol the thought of their own hearts. He had such a response as is only found in England by the singers of patriotic ditties in the music halls. "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" is the Irish equivalent for the "Absent-minded Beggar" or the "Handy Man." It is superfluous to do more than suggest the parallel.

I do not for a moment mean to imply that these Irish plays are worthy the attention of English managers. There is no money in them. They will be played, no doubt, a few times in Dublin, where Mr. Fay and his fellows have taken a small house for occasional performances. They will be played up and down through the country to people paying sixpences and pennies for admission. Some of them will, I hope, be produced by the Irish Literary Society in London for an Irish audience. But wherever they are played they will represent a wholly different order of dramatic art from that which prevails in the English theater; and the difference will lie chiefly in their intention, first, in the fact that they are not designed to make money.

Wherever they are played I hope they may find performers so good as Mr. W. G. or Mr. F. J. Fay, or Mr. Digges—an actor of extraordinary range, who played the parts of Naisi, of Michael Gillane, and of Alderman Farrelly, with equal success. The ladies of the company were hardly equal to the men, but Miss M. Quinn and Miss M. nie Shiubhlaigh both acted with fine intelligence. And the whole company, by their absence of stage tricks, showed the influence of Mr. Yeats, who is President of the company.

Part of the propaganda was an address delivered by him on the scheme which he has so much at heart for establishing a fixed manner by means of notation for speaking verse.

I was unable to be present, but have heard his views before, and have heard Miss Farr speak or chant verse on his method, accompanying herself on a queer stringed instrument.

The important thing is the deliberate attempt to re-establish what has never died out among Irish speakers—a tradition of poetry with a traditional manner of speaking it. Put briefly, it comes to this: Mr. Yeats and many others wanted to write for Ireland, not for England, if only because they believed that any sound art must address itself to an audience which is coherent enough to yield a response. The trouble was that Ireland had lost altogether the desire to read, the desire for any art at all, except, perhaps, that of eloquent speech—and even in that her taste was rapidly degenerating. What the Gaelic League has done is to infuse into Ireland the zeal for a study which, as Dr. Starkie says, “is at heart disinterested.” What Mr. Yeats and his friends have done is to kindle in Ireland the desire for an art which is an art of ideas. No matter in how small a part of Ireland the desire is kindled, nothing spreads so quick as fire.

It is noticeable that Mr. Fay's company has more and more limited its efforts to two types of play—the prose idyll, tragic or comic, of peasant life, and the poetic drama of remote and legendary subjects. In the former kind a new dramatist has revealed himself, Mr. J. M. Synge, whose little masterpiece, ‘*Rivers to the Sea*,’ was the most successful of five plays produced by the company at the Royalty Theater in London in the spring of 1904. Mr. Synge had not been heard of before, but his work in prose is no less accomplished and complete than that of Mr. Yeats in poetry, in the days of poetic plays. “*A. E.*’s” ‘*Deirdre*’ has been succeeded by Mr. Yeats’ *Morality* ‘*The Horn-glass*,’ written like it in cadenced prose, and this by ‘*The King’s Threshold*’ and ‘*The Shadowy Waters*.’ In both of these plays we have heard Frank Fay and Maire nic Shiubhlaigh speak beautiful and dramatic verse as it is seldom spoken, and in ‘*The Shadowy Waters*,’ especially, what the piece lacked in dramatic quality was made up by the mounting, which showed how much solemn beauty could be achieved with little cost from common materials handled by an artist.

It is satisfactory to add that a theater has been arranged in Dublin where these players will in future have the advantages of a proper stage, however modest its dimensions.

Yours truly
Stephen Gwynn

In September, 1903, we learn from an article by Mr. W. B. Yeats in *Samhain* that the movement, the beginnings of which Mr. Stephen Gwynn has chronicled in the foregoing, has grown to such an extent that the year's doings could not be described in detail.

Father Dincen, Father O'Leary, P. Colum, and Dr. Hyde produced new plays which, with those by "A. E.," Mr. Cousins, Mr. Ryan, W. B. Yeats, Dr. Hyde, Lady Gregory, etc., were witnessed not only by thousands throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, but by large and appreciative audiences in London as well. The Irish Literary Society of New York also has been active in presenting several of these plays, and the effect of the new-born Irish drama is being strongly felt in this country also.

Let Lady Gregory say the last word on this subject:

"There has always, on the part of the Irish people, been a great taste for dramatic dialogue. The 'Arguments of Oisín and Patrick' are repeated by peasants for hours together with the keenest delight and appreciation. Other dramatic 'arguments' appeal to them—the 'Argument of Raftery with Death,' the 'Argument of Raftery with Whisky,' or the argument between a Connaught herd and a Munster herd as to the qualities of the two provinces. These old pieces are recited and followed with excitement, showing how naturally the dramatic sense appeals to the Celtic nature. It is curious, therefore, that only now should Irish drama be finding its full expression, and not at all curious that it has taken such a hold upon the country. The dramatic movement has made really an enduring impression upon the life and intellectual activity of the people."—[C. W.]

FOLK TALES, FOLK SONGS, RANNS,
sean-sgeulainneacht, sean-abráin, rann;

HISTORICAL SKETCH,
blúire as stair na h-Éireann,

STORIES, POEMS, AND PLAYS,
sgeolta, dánta, agus drama;

BY MODERN IRISH AUTHIORS.

le h-úghdaraib an t-áe inniu.

AN NUADÓ-LITRÍDÉACHT 1 N-ŠAEÓEILG.

Cíórimro inran imleabair veipió reo, romplaíde ar Šnáct-Šaeóeilg na n-šaoine, mar 'do bí sí aca in ran dá céad bliadan ro 'do énaíó éarraiginn, agus mar tá sí aca anois. Níl aét nuadó-Šaeóeilg le fáil ann ro, 7 caiteó an léigíteoir a bpeiceamhar féin déanam ar an trean-Šaeóeilg le congnam na n-airt-rinšad béarla 'do túsamair inrna h-imleabair eile. Ní túsamair an trean-Šaeóeilg ann ro, oir ip ró deacair a tuigint 'do don duine nac n-dearna ruidéaríocht rpeirialta innití.

Tá ršéalta, abráin, 7 ráirte na n-šaoine féin, le fáil inran leabair ro, 7 tá cuio mór díob ro ršrióbca ríor le ršoláirib ó béal na rean-šaoine i n-Éirinn náir tuis a rceanga féin 'do ršrióbáó ná 'do léigeadó. Aét tá cuio eile dé, agus ip obair na ršrióbnoir ip eiríde í obair na ršrióbnoir acá as déanam litrídeacta nuairde 'do muinntir na h-Éireann inoiú, mar acá an t-Ádair deodar O Laošaire, Seumar O Dúbšail, Conán Maol (Mac ui Šeagáda), Páorais O Laošaire, Tomár O h-Doóda, an t-Ádair O Duinnín, Una ní Šearšailte, "Tóina" 7 šaoine eile.

Ip an-deacair an ruo é béarla ceart blaró 'do cup ar Šaeóeilg, oir ip é mo baramail nac bfuil don dá ceanga ar talam na Críorcušéacta ip mó dírir eatorra féin 'ná iao. Agus eir šo bfuiló a com fáda rin 'na rearam ar an don oileán, taob le taob, ip ríor-deag an lorig o'fag ceann aca ar an šceann eile, agus ip ríor-deagán o'fógluim na šaoine labhar iao ó n-a céile.

Tá ršoilte na h-Éireann, faraoir! Fá rtiúrugaó šaoine o'a rceug an Ríagaltar Sacranac an rtiúrugaó oirra, agus bí na šaoine reó i ršómnuirde i n-ágar na n-Šaeóeal agus i n-ágar ceangaó na ríre. Níl eólar as duine ar bíc aca uirru aét oiréad le arat no le bulóis. Tá ceatrar de na šaoinib reo 'na mbpeiceamhairib ó cúirceannairib an ríge, nac bfuil ploc eólar aca ar oiréadar, aét ó'r šnáct-obair leó šaoine cionntaca 'do šaoirad, šaoirann riad muinntir na h-Éireann, 'šá šcup fa bpeiceamhar aineólar, fá a mbeacta, i rtaoir na neite báinear leó féin 7 le na ríir. Tá fear eile aca 'na uactarán ar éolairte na Críonóirde—ip ruat na n-Šaeóeal an áit rin—agus tá cuio mór

THE MODERN LITERATURE OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

WE shall see in this last volume specimens of the ordinary Irish language of the people, as they have had it for the last couple of hundred years, and as they have it now. There is nothing but modern Irish to be found in this volume, and hence the reader must form his own opinion of the old Irish literature by the help of the English translations that have been given in the other volumes. We give here no old Irish, because it is too difficult to understand for any person who has not made a special study of it.

There are stories, songs and sayings of the people themselves to be found in this book, and a great many of these have been written down by scholars from the mouths of old people in Ireland who did not know how to read and write their own language. But there is another portion of the book which is the work of the cleverest writers, the work of writers who are making a modern literature for the people of Ireland to-day, such as Father Peter O'Leary, James Doyle, Conan Maol (O'Shea), Patrick O'Leary, Thomas Hayes, Father Dinneen, Miss O'Farrelly, Tadhg O'Donoghue, and others.

It is a very difficult thing to put correct tasteful English upon Irish, for it is my opinion that there are no two languages in the lands of Christendom which differ more between themselves than they do. And although they have been so long standing side by side upon one island, very little is the trace that either of them has left upon the other, and it is very little that the people who speak them have learned from one another either.

The schools of Ireland also, are, alas, under the dominance of people to whom the English Government has given the control over them, and these people have always been against the Irish, and against the language of the country. Not one

eile aca na ndaoimib-uairle paróðre gan don eólar rpeirialta aca ar rgoilteib ná ar rgoilgeaét; agus do coirmeaig ríad Gaedheilg do múnad inna rgoilteib, no do labairt leir na rgoiláib, go dtiti no ceatar de bliadantaib ó foim. Tá aetruaó ann anoir, 7 go, dtuair Dia dúinn go mbéir pé buan! Ni mearaim go raib don tip eile ar talam na Cpiortuigeaéta ríam, a raib a leitéir rin de rgannail le feicint innti agus do bí i n-Éirinn—máigi-rtirde 7 máigi-rteara rgoile nac raib focal Gaedheilge aca, as “múnad”! páirtirde nac raib focal béarla aca! Ni h-iongnad sup oibreaó amac rrioraó na Litirdeacta ar na daoimib, agus sup ruaisgeaó arta gac oibear, gliocar, epionaét, agus rtuaim do táinig anuar cuca ó n-a rinnrearaib ríompa. Aét anoir,—mar geall ar Connrad na Gaedheilge—tá an Gaedheilg, as teaét cuici péin arí; agus ir roiléir é anoir, do’n doim an raó, má tá Éire le beir ’na náiríun ar leir, no le beir ’na ruó ar bí aét ’na condae gránna Sacraaig, (agus i as déanam aetir go raon rann ruar an nóraib na Sacraaé) go scaitir rí iompóó ar a teangair péin arí 7 Litirdeact nuad éap ó innti.

Agus tá Éire as toruagó ar rin do déanam éana péin, agus tá romplairde ar a bfuil rí d’a déanam inna leabair ro. Ni’l ionnta ro go léir (obair na ndeic mbliadán ro cuair tarrainn) aét céad-bláta an earraig. Tá an Samrad le teaét rór le congnam Dé.

RIG AN FÁSADIS Dúib:

Labráir O floinn, ó Beul-áé-na-muice (Swinford i mbeurla) d’innir an rgeul ro do ríóinriar O Concúbaig i mb’l’ácluin, ó a bfuair mipe é.

Nuair bí O Concúbaig ’na rí ar Éirinn bí pé ’na cómnuirde i Ráé-éruaéain Connaét. Bí don mac amáin aige, aét nuair d’fár pé ruar, bí pé ríadain, agus níor feuo an rí rímaét do éur air, mar beirdeá a coir péin aige inr gac uile nio:

of them knows anything about it, more than so many asses or bullocks. Four of these men are judges from the courts of law, who have no particle of knowledge about education; but since their ordinary work is to condemn the guilty, they condemn the people of Ireland, sentencing them to life-long ignorance about the things that concern themselves and their country. Another of them is the Provost of Trinity College, that place that is *Fuath na nGaedheal*, and a great number more of them are wealthy country gentlemen, without any special knowledge of schools or scholarship; and these men practically forbade the Irish language to be taught in the schools or to be spoken to the scholars until three or four years ago. A change has come now. God grant that it may be a lasting one!

I do not think that there was ever any other country in the lands of Christendom in which such a scandal was to be witnessed as in Ireland—masters and mistresses of schools who did not know a word of Irish, “teaching” (!) children who did not know a word of English! It is no wonder that the spirit of literature was banished out of the people, and that all instruction, intelligence, wisdom and natural ability, that had come down to them from their ancestors before them, were driven out of them. But now—thanks to the Gaelic League—the Irish language is coming to itself again, and it is evident at last to the whole world that if Ireland is to be a nation apart, or anything at all except an ugly English county, (imitating, in a manner lifeless, feeble, and cold, the manners of the English), she *must* turn to her own language again, and create herself a new literature in it.

And Ireland is beginning to do this, even already, and there are specimens of what she is doing in this book. These—the works of the last ten years—are yet nothing but the first spring blossoms. The summer is to come with the help of God.

THE KING OF THE BLACK DESERT.

This story was told by one Laurence O’Flynn, from near Swinford, in the County Mayo, to my friend, the late F. O’Conor, of Athlone, from whom I got it in Irish. It is the eleventh story in the “*Sgeuluidhe Gaodhalach*.”—Douglas Hyde.

When O’Conor was king over Ireland, he was living in Rathcroghan of Connacht. He had one son, but he, when he grew up, was wild, and the king could not control him, because he would have his own will in everything.

Don maidin amāin ċuairō ré amac,

Δ εὐ le na ċoir
Δ ῥεαβας ἀρ ἄ βοῖρ
Δ'ῥ ἄ ḡapall bḡeās tūb ὁ'ἄ iomḡam,

aġur ὁ'imḡiġ ré ἀρ ἄġairō, ἄᡥ ᡥabāil pāinn ἄbḡāin ὁō réin ᡥo
ḡtāinġ ré ḡom pao le ῥᡥeḡḡac mōῥ ὁō bī ἄᡥ ῥār ἀρ ḡῥuḡḡ
ᡥleanna. ḡī ῥean-ḡuine liḡ ḡna ῥuḡḡe ἄᡥ bun na ῥᡥeḡḡe, ἄᡥur
ḡuḡair; ḡ ré: “Δ mic an ῥiġ, mā ḡiġ leḡḡ imiῥḡ ḡom māḡ ἄ'ῥ
ḡiġ leḡḡ ἄbḡān ὁō ᡥabāil, buḡ māḡ liom ḡluḡḡe ὁ'imḡiḡ leḡḡ.”
ᡥaḡil mac an ῥiġ ᡥur ῥean-ḡuine mi-ḡéilluḡe ὁō bī ann, ἄᡥur
ḡuῥḡḡiġ ré, ḡaiḡ ῥḡuan ḡar ᡥeḡᡥ, ἄᡥur ῥuḡḡ ῥiḡῥ le ḡaḡiḡ an
ḡῥean-ḡuine liḡ. ḡappāinġ ῥeῥḡean paca ḡāῥḡairō amac ἄᡥur
ὁ' ῥiḡῥuḡiġ: “An ḡḡiġ leḡḡ iḡḡ ῥo ὁ'imḡiḡ?”

“ḡiġ liom,” ἀρ ῥan mac-ῥiġ.

“ḡῥeḡḡ imedḡḡamaḡiḡ ἄῥ?” ἀρ ῥan ῥean-ḡuine liḡ.

“ḡiḡ ἄρ biḡ iῥ mian leḡḡ,” ἀρ ῥan mac-ῥiġ.

“Māḡ ᡥo leḡῥ, mā ᡥḡōḡaiġim-ῥe ḡaiḡῥiḡ ḡuῥa ḡiḡ ἄρ biḡ ἄ
iḡῥῥar mé ḡeunām ḡam, ἄᡥur mā ᡥḡōḡaiġeann ḡuῥa, ḡaiḡῥiḡ
miῥe ḡiḡ ἄρ biḡ iḡῥῥar ḡuῥa ḡῥm ḡeunām ḡuḡῥe,” ἀρ ῥan ῥean-
ḡuine liḡ.

“ḡḡ mé ῥāῥḡa,” ἀρ ῥan mac-ῥiġ.

ḡ'imḡiḡ ῥiḡḡ an ḡluḡḡe ἄᡥur ḡuail an mac ῥiġ an ῥean ḡuine
liḡ. Ann ῥin ḡuḡairḡ ré, “ḡῥeḡḡ ὁō buḡ mian leḡḡ miῥe ὁō
ḡeunām ḡuḡḡ, Δ mic an ῥiġ?”

“ḡi iḡῥῥarō mé ḡῥ ḡiḡ ἄρ biḡ ὁō ḡeunām ḡam,” ἀρ ῥan
mac-ῥiġ, “ῥaḡḡim naḡ ḡῥuḡ ḡū ionnānn mōῥān ὁō ḡeunām.”

“ḡḡ bac leiῥ ῥin,” ἀρ ῥan ῥean ḡuine, “ḡaiḡῥiḡ ḡū iḡῥῥarō
ḡῥm ῥuḡ ḡiġin ὁō ḡeunām, ḡiḡῥ ḡaḡḡ mé ᡥeall ḡῥiām nār ῥeḡḡ
mé Δ iḡc.”

Mār ḡuḡairḡ mé, ῥaḡḡ an mac ῥiġ ᡥur ῥean ḡuine miḡéilluḡ
ὁō bī ann, ἄᡥur le na ῥāῥuġḡḡ ḡuḡairḡ ré leiῥ?

“ḡain an ḡeann ḡe mo leḡῥmḡḡaiῥ ἄᡥur ḡuῥ ḡeann ᡥabair
uῥḡḡ ἄρ ῥeḡḡ ῥeḡḡḡmāine.”

“ḡeunῥḡḡ ῥin ḡuḡḡ,” ἀρ ῥan ῥean ḡuine liḡ:

ḡuairō an mac ῥiġ ἄᡥ māῥḡuḡᡥeḡḡ ἄρ ἄ ḡapall;

Δ εὐ le na ċoir
Δ ῥεαβας ἀρ ἄ βοῖρ,

ἄᡥur ḡuᡥ ré ἄ ἄġairō ἀρ ἄiḡ eile, ἄᡥur ḡiḡḡ ḡuḡḡiġ ré ḡiḡḡ mō
ἀρ an ῥean ḡuine liḡ, ᡥo ḡtāinġ ré ἄ-baile.

ῥuair ῥé ᡥāῥ ἄᡥur ḡῥōn mōῥ in ῥan ᡥaiῥḡeḡḡ: ḡ'innḡ na
ῥeḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ ὁō ᡥo ḡtāinġ ḡῥaḡḡḡeḡḡḡḡ ḡῥeḡḡ ῥan ῥeḡḡḡ
ḡn ἄiḡ ἄ ῥaiḡ an ḡainῥiḡḡḡan ἄᡥur ᡥur ῥé ḡeann ᡥabair uῥḡḡ
i n-ἄiḡ ἄ ḡinn ῥéin:

One morning he went out

His hound at his foot,
And his hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he went forward, singing a verse of a song to himself, until he came as far as a big bush that was growing on the brink of a glen. There was a gray old man sitting at the foot of the bush, and he said, "King's son, if you are able to play as well as you are able to sing songs, I should like to play a game with you." The King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and he alighted, threw bridle over branch, and sat down by the side of the gray old man.

The old man drew out a pack of cards and asked, "Can you play these?"

"I can," said the King's son.

"What shall we play for?" said the gray old man.

"Anything you wish," says the King's son.

"All right; if I win, you must do for me anything I shall ask of you, and if you win I must do for you anything you ask of me," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," says the King's son.

They played the game, and the King's son beat the gray old man. Then he said, "What would you like me to do for you, King's son?"

"I won't ask you to do anything for me," says the King's son, "I think that you are not able to do much."

"Don't mind that," said the old man. "You must ask me to do something. I never lost a bet yet that I wasn't able to pay it."

As I said, the King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and to satisfy him he said to him—"Take the head of my stepmother and put a goat's head on her for a week."

"I'll do that for you," said the gray old man.

The King's son went a-riding on his horse

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand—

and he faced for another place, and never thought more about the gray old man until he came home.

He found a cry and great grief before him in the castle. The servants told him that an enchanter had come into the room where the Queen was, and had put a goat's head on her in place of her own head.

“Ůar mo láim̃, ir ionŋantac̃ an nĩd̃ é riñ,” ar ran mac riś,
 “d̃a mberōinñ ’ran mbaile do bainpinñ an ceann d̃é le mo clair̃-
 eam̃.” Ůi b̃rōn mōr ar an riś aśur c̃uir ré f̃ior ar c̃ōmairleōir
 c̃riona aśur Ů’f̃iarpuis̃ ré d̃é an riab̃ f̃ior aise cia an c̃aol̃c̃árta
 an nĩd̃ reo Ůo’n bainp̃ioŋain. “Ůo d̃eim̃in nĩ c̃is liom riñ inn-
 react̃ Ůuit̃,” ar reir̃ean, “ir obair̃ Ůraoir̃deact̃a é.”

Niōr leis̃ an mac riś air̃ f̃éin Ůo riab̃ eōlar ar bĩt̃ aise ar an
 Ůc̃uir̃, act̃ ar maroiñ am̃arac̃ Ů’im̃c̃is̃ ré am̃ac̃,

A c̃ú le na c̃oir̃
 A f̃eabac̃ ar a b̃oir̃
 ’S a c̃apall̃ b̃reāŋ Ůuib̃ Ů’á iom̃c̃ar̃,

aśur niōr c̃arpm̃is̃ ré r̃rian Ůo Ůt̃áim̃is̃ ré c̃ōm̃ f̃ar̃da leir̃ an
 r̃ŋeic̃ m̃ōir̃ ar b̃ruac̃ an ŋleanna. Ůi an rean Ůuine liat̃ ’na f̃ur̃de
 ann riñ f̃aol̃ an r̃ŋeic̃ aśur Ůubair̃t̃ ré: “A m̃ic̃ an riś, mb̃eir̃
 cluic̃e aśad̃ anōiú?” Ůuir̃ling̃ an mac riś aśur Ůubair̃t̃:
 “Ůeir̃.” Leir̃ riñ, c̃air̃ ré an r̃rian c̃ar̃ ŋeug̃, aśur f̃uir̃d̃ f̃ior le
 t̃aol̃ib̃ an t̃rean Ůuine. C̃arpm̃is̃ reir̃ean na c̃ár̃dair̃d̃ am̃ac̃, aśur
 Ů’f̃iarpuis̃ Ůe’n mac riś an b̃ruair̃ ré an nĩd̃ Ůo ŋñōc̃ais̃ ré anōe:
 “T̃á riñ ceair̃t̃ Ůo leōr̃,” ar ran mac riś.

“Im̃eōr̃amaoiõ ar an n̄geall̃ ceuōna anōiú,” ar ran rean
 Ůuine liat̃.

“T̃á mé fárt̃a,” ar ran mac riś:

Ů’im̃ir̃ riad̃, aśur ŋñōc̃ais̃ an mac riś. “C̃r̃eādo Ůo buō m̃ian
 leat̃ m̃ipe Ůo d̃eunam̃ Ůuit̃ an t̃-am̃ ro?” ar ran rean Ůuine
 liat̃. Smuāiñ an mac riś aśur Ůubair̃t̃ leir̃ f̃éin, “Ůeup̃f̃air̃d̃ mé
 obair̃ c̃ruair̃d̃ Ůō an t̃-am̃ ro.” Ann riñ Ůubair̃t̃ ré: “T̃á p̃áir̃c̃
 react̃ n̄ac̃ra ar c̃úl c̃air̃leāiñ m̃’act̃ar̃, biōd̃ r̃i liōnt̃a ar m̃aioiñ.
 am̃arac̃ le bat̃ (buaib̃) ŋan doñ beir̃t̃ aca Ůo beir̃t̃ ar doñ d̃act̃, ar
 doñ āir̃de, no ar doñ doir̃ am̃āiñ.”

“Ůeir̃d̃ riñ d̃eunt̃a,” ar ran rean Ůuine liat̃:

C̃uair̃d̃ an mac riś aś m̃ar̃c̃uir̃ŋeact̃ ar a c̃apall̃,

A c̃ú le na c̃oir̃
 A f̃eabac̃ ar a b̃oir̃,

aśur c̃ug̃ aśair̃d̃ a-baile. Ůi an riś Ůo b̃r̃ōnac̃ i Ůtaol̃ib̃ na bain-
 p̃ioŋna. Ůi Ůoēt̃uir̃iōd̃ ar n̄uile āit̃ i n̄-ċir̃inñ, act̃ niōr̃ f̃eud̃
 riad̃ doñ m̃air̃t̃ Ůo d̃eunam̃ Ůi.

Ar m̃aioiñ, l̃á ar na m̃āir̃ac̃, c̃uair̃d̃ m̃aor̃ an riś am̃ac̃ Ůo m̃oc̃,
 aśur c̃ōnnair̃c̃ ré an p̃áir̃c̃ ar c̃úl an c̃air̃leāiñ liōnt̃a le bat̃
 (buaib̃) aśur ŋan doñ beir̃t̃ aca d̃e ’n d̃act̃ ceuōna no d̃e’n doir̃
 reuōna, no d̃e’n āir̃de ceuōna. Ů’im̃c̃is̃ ré ar̃ceac̃, aśur Ů’inñir̃
 c̃é an r̃ŋeul̃ ionŋantac̃ Ůo’n riś. “Ůeir̃riś aśur c̃iom̃āiñ iad̃
 am̃ac̃,” ar ran riś. F̃uair̃ an m̃aor̃ r̃ir̃, aśur c̃uair̃d̃ ré leō aś

"By my hand, but that's a wonderful thing," says the King's son. "If I had been at home I'd have whipped the head off him with my sword."

There was great grief on the King, and he sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know how the thing happened to the Queen.

"Indeed, I cannot tell you that," said he, "it's a work of enchantment."

The King's son did not let on that he had any knowledge of the matter, but on the morrow morning he went out

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein until he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was sitting there under the bush and said, "King's son, will you have a game to-day?" The King's son got down and said, "I will." With that he threw bridle over branch and sat down by the side of the old man. He drew out the cards and asked the King's son did he get the thing he had won yesterday.

"That's all right," says the King's son.

"We'll play for the same bet to-day," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," said the King's son.

They played—the King's son won. "What would you like me to do for you this time?" says the gray old man. The King's son thought and said to himself, "I'll give him a hard job this time." Then he said, "there's a field of seven acres at the back of my father's castle, let it be filled to-morrow morning with cows, and no two of them to be of one colour or one height or one age."

"That shall be done," says the gray old man.

The King's son went riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,

and faced for home. The King was sorrowful about the Queen; there were doctors out of every place in Ireland, but they could not do her any good.

On the morning of the next day the King's herd went out early, and he saw the field at the back of the castle filled with cows, and no two of them of the same color, the same age, or the same height. He went in and told the King the wonderful news. "Go and drive them out," says the King. The herd got men, and went with them driving out the cows,

tiomáine na mbó amac, áct ní luaite éirífeadh ré amac ar don taoib iad 'ná tiuceadh ríad arcead ar an taoib eile. Éuair an maor do'n ríġ arís, agus dubhairt leir nađ bfeudadh an méad fear b'í i n-Éirinn na bađ rin do b'í ran b'áirce do éur amac. "Ír bađ o'raoideadta iad," ar ran ríġ.

Nuair éonairce an mac-ríġ na bađ, dubhairt ré leir féin: "Béir cluice eile asann leir an sean duine liad anoiú." O'imciġ ré amac an máirín rin,

A éú le na éoir
A feadhac ar a éoir
A' r a éapall b'eadġ duđ o'á ioméar,

agus níor éarraig ré rrian go o'táinig ré éom fada leir an r'geic móir ar b'ruac an ġleanna. B'í an sean duine liad ann rin noime agus o'iar rí ré ar an mbeirceadh cluice cárdair aige.

"Béir," ar ran mac ríġ; "áct tá fíor asad go maíť go o'ciġ liom tú bualađ as imirť cárdá."

"Béir cluice eile asann," ar ran sean duine liad. "Ar imir tú liad'róir ariam?"

"O'impear go deimín," ar ran mac ríġ; "áct raolím go b'ruil tura ró sean le liad'róir o'imirť, agus éor leir rin ní'l don áit asann ann ró le n'imirť."

"Má tá tura úmál le n-imirť, ġeobair mife áit," ar ran sean duine liad.

"Táim úmál," ar ran mac ríġ.

"Lean mife," ar ran sean duine liad.

Lean an mac ríġ é t'ró an n'gleann, go o'táingadar go enoc b'eadġ ġlar. Ann rin, éarraig ré amac plaicín o'raoideadta, agus dubhairť foela náir éur mac an ríġ, agus faoi éeann móimí, o'orgail an enoc agus éuair an beirť arcead, agus éuair ríad t'ró a lán de nállaib b'eadġa go o'táingadar amac i n'áiríoin. B'í ġad uile níđ níor b'eadġa 'ná éeile in ran n'áiríoin rin, agus as bun an ġáiríoin b'í áit le liad'róir o'imirť.

Cait ríad píora ariġio ruar le feicirť cia aca mbeirceadh lán-arciġ aige, 7 fuair an sean duine liad rin.

Torairġ ríad ann rin, agus níor r'ead ar sean duine ġur ġnóciġ ré an cluice. Ní raib fíor as an 'nac ríġ éreád do deunfadh ré. Faoi deoir o'fíarraig ré de'n t'rean-duine éreád do buđ maíť leir é do deunam do.

"Ír mife Riġ ar an b'árac Duđ, agus cairťró tura mé féin agus m'áit-cómmurde o'fáġail amac faoi éeann lá agus bliadain, nó ġeobair mife tura amac agus caillťró tú do éeann."

Ann rin éur ré an mac ríġ amac an bealađ ceurona a n'eadairť ré arcead. O'ruir an enoc ġlar 'na o'iaġ agus o'imciġ an sean duine liad ar amairce.

but no sooner would he put them out on one side than they would come in on the other. The herd went to the King again, and told him that all the men that were in Ireland would not be able to put out these cows that were in the field. "They're enchanted cows," said the King.

When the King's son saw the cows he said to himself, "I'll have another game with the gray man to-day!" That morning he went out,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein till he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was there before him, and asked him would he have a game of cards.

"I will," says the King's son, "but you know well that I can beat you playing cards."

"We'll have another game, then," says the gray old man. "Did you ever play ball?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son: "but I think that you are too old to play ball, and, besides that, we have no place here to play it."

"If you're contented to play, I'll find a place," says the gray old man.

"I'm contented," says the King's son.

"Follow me," says the gray old man.

The King's son followed him through the glen until he came to a fine green hill. There he drew out a little enchanted rod, spoke some words which the King's son did not understand, and after a moment the hill opened and the two went in, and they passed through a number of splendid halls until they came out into a garden. There was everything finer than another in that garden, and at the bottom of the garden there was a place for playing ball. They threw up a piece of silver to see who would have hand-in, and the gray old man got it.

They began then, and the gray old man never stopped until he won out the game. The King's son did not know what he would do. At last he asked the old man what would he desire him to do for him.

"I am King over the Black Desert, and you must find out myself and my dwelling-place within a year and a day, or I shall find you out and you shall lose your head."

Then he brought the King's son out the same way by which he went in. The green hill closed behind them, and the gray old man disappeared out of sight.

Ċuairò an mac piġ aġ marcuigeadt ar a ċapall,

Δ εὐ λε na ċoir,
Δ φαδὰς ar a boir,

aġur é b'pónac zo leór.

An trācñona rin, 'do b'reacñuiġ an piġ zo pailb b'pón aġur buairōreacò mōri ar an mac ós, aġur nuair ċuairò ré 'na ċoñlacò, ċualairò an piġ aġur ġac uile 'duine 'do bi in fan ġcairleān trōm-ōrnaoil aġur pāmālarò uairò. B'i an piġ faoi b'pón ceann ġabair 'do beic ar an mbainpiōġain, acēt buò mēara é reacēt n-uairē nuair 'o'innir an mac 'dó an rġeul, mar tārila ó tūr zo 'deireacò.

Ċuairò ré pīor ar ċōmairleoiri epīona, aġur 'o'fiarpuig ré 'dē an pailb pīor aige cia an āit a pailb an Riġ ar an b'fārac Ōuib 'na ċōmnurde.

"Nī'l, zo 'deimīn," ar reirean; "acēt ċōm cinnē a'r tād pūball (ēarball) ar an ġeac muna b'fāgarò an t-oirōre ós an 'ōraoirō-ēacōir rin amac, cailpīrò ré a ċeann."

B'i b'pón mōri i ġcairleān an piġ an lā rin. B'i ceann ġabair ar an mbainpiōġain, aġur an mac-piġ 'dul aġ tōpuiġeadt 'ōraoirō-ēacōira, ġan pīor an 'ōtiucpāò ré ar air zo 'deò.

Tar ēir reacēmāine [to] baineacò an ceann ġabair 'de'n bāinpiōġain, aġur cuireacò a ceann pēin uirri. Nuair ċualairò pī an ēaor ar cuireacò an ceann ġabair uirri, tāinig fūac mōri uirri anāġairò an mīc piġ, aġur 'dubairt pī: "Nār tēġairò ré ar air beò nā marb."

Ar maroin, 'Dia luain, 'o'fāġ ré a 'deannaacēt aġ a ātair aġur aġ a ġaol, bi a mālā-piūbail ceanġailte ar a 'ōpūim, aġur 'o'imēig ré,

Δ εὐ λε na ċoir
Δ φαδὰς ar a boir
Δ'r a ċapall b'reāġ Ōuib 'o'ā iomēari.

ġiūbail ré an lā rin zo pailb an ġpian imēigē faoi rġāile na ġenoc, aġur zo pailb 'ōpēacōar na h-oirōce aġ teacēt, ġan pīor aige cia'n āit a b'puiġreacò ré lōirēin. B'reacñuiġ ré coill mōri ar tēoirō a lāimē clē, aġur tārpaing ré uirri ċōm tapa aġur 'o'fēurò ré, le pūil an oirōce 'do cāiteam faoi fāġacò na ġerann. ġuirò ré pīor faoi būn epāinn mōri 'ōpac, 'o'fōrġail ré a mālā-piūbail le biacō ġ 'deoc 'do cāiteam, nuair ċōnnairc ré iolar mōri aġ teacēt cuige.

"Nā biō'ō paitēior opt pōmām-ra, a mīc piġ. Aicēnigim tū, ir tū mac lī ċōncubair piġ ēireann. Ir capairò mē, aġur mā tēġann tū 'do ċapall 'ōam-ra le tabairt le n'ite 'do cēitēre ēanlāit opācā

The King's son went home, riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,

and he sorrowful enough.

That evening the King observed that there was grief and great trouble on his young son, and when he went to sleep the King and every person that was in the castle heard heavy sighing and ravings from him. The King was in grief—a goat's head to be on the Queen; but he was seven times worse when they told him the (whole) story how it happened from beginning to end.

He sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know where the King of the Black Desert was living.

"I do not, indeed," said he, "but as sure as there's a tail on a cat, unless the young heir finds out that enchanter he will lose his head."

There was great grief that day in the castle of the King. There was a goat's head on the Queen, and the King's son was going searching for an enchanter, without knowing whether he would ever come back.

After a week the goat's head was taken off the Queen, and her own head was put upon her. When she heard of how the goat's head was put upon her, a great hate came upon her against the King's son, and she said, "That he may never come back alive or dead!"

Of a Monday morning he left his blessing with his father and his kindred, his traveling bag was bound upon his shoulder, and he went,

His hound at his foot,
His hawk on his hand,
And his fine black horse to bear him.

He walked that day until the sun was gone beneath the shadow of the hills and till the darkness of the night was coming, without knowing where he could get lodgings. He noticed a large wood on his left-hand side, and he drew towards it as quickly as he could, hoping to spend the night under the shelter of the trees. He sat down at the foot of a large oak tree, and opened his traveling bag to take some food and drink, when he saw a great eagle coming towards him.

"Do not be afraid of me, King's son; I know you, you are the son of O'Connor, King of Ireland. I am a friend, and if you grant me your horse to give to eat to four hungry birds

atá aśam, béarparó mipe níor fuide 'ná do béarparó do capall tú, aśur b'éiríu go gcuipinn tú ar lois an té atá tú 'tóruiś-eaét."

"Tis leat an capall do beit aśao aśur fáilte," ar ran mac riś, "cíó ſur brónaé mé aś rśaramaint leir."

"Tá go maít, beiró mipe ann ro ar maíoin amárac le h-éiríge na ſpéine." Ann rin o'fórgail rí a gob móir, ruś ſpeim ar an ſcapall, buail a óá éaoib anaśaró a céile, leaénuis a rśiaéán, aśur o'iméiś ar amárc.

O'it aśur o'ól an mac riś a fáit, cuir an mála-riúbail faoi na céann, aśur níor b'rao a ſaib ré 'na coolaó, aśur níor oúiríś ré go o'táinis an t-iolar aśur ſur oubairt: "Tá ré i n-am oúinn beit 'ś iméaét, tá airtéar faoa rómainn, beir ſpeim ar do mála aśur léim ruar ar mo o'ruim."

"Aét, mo brón!" ar reirean, "cait'iró mé rśaramaint le mo cú aśur le mo ſeaóac."

"Ná bíoó brón ort," ar rípe; "beiró ríao ann ro rómao nuair éiuarar tú ar air."

Ann rin léim ré ruar ar a o'ruim, ġlāc rípe rśiaéán, aśur ar go brát léite 'ran aér. ſuś rí é éar énoaib aśur ġleannraib, éar muiir móir aśur éar coilltib, ſur faoil ré go ſaib ré aś o'eireao an o'main. Nuair bí an ġruan aś o'ul faoi rśáile na ſenoc, táinis rí go talam i lár fáraíś móir, aśur oubairt leir: "lean an capán ar éaoib do láime o'eire, aśur béarparó ré tú go teaé capao. Cait'iró mipe fílleao ar air le rólaéar do m'éanlaít."

lean reirean an capán, aśur níor b'rao aśur o'táinis ré go o'ti an teaé, aśur éuaíó ré airtéac. Bí rean-o'aine liaé 'na fuide 'ran ſcoirneull; o'éiríś ré 7 oubairt, "Ceuo míle fáilte rómao, a míc Riś ar Rát-Éruaéan Connaét."

"Ní'l eólar aśam-ra ort," ar ran mac riś.

"Bí aítne aśam-ra ar do ſean-aéair," ar ran rean o'aine liaé; "ruiró ríor; ir o'óis go b'fuil carit aśur ocrur ort."

"Ní'l mé raor uaéa," ar ran mac riś. Buail an rean o'aine a óá boir anaśaró a céile, aśur táinis beirt ſeirbireao, aśur leag-aóar boir le maírt-ſeóil, caoir-ſeóil, muic-ſeóil aśur le neart aráin i láéair an míc riś, aśur oubairt an rean o'aine leir: "It aśur ól do fáit, b'éiríu go mbuo faoa go b'fuiś'iró tú a leitéro arír." O'it aśur o'ól ré o'ipeao aśur buó mian leir, aśur éuś buiréaéar ar a ſon:

Ann rin oubairt an rean o'aine, "tá tú o'ul aś tóruiśeaét Riś an fÁraíś Ōuib; teiríś aś coolaó anoir, aśur raéaró mipe tpe mo leabraib le ſeúaint an o'tis liom áit-co'mnuíde an riś

that I have, I shall bear you farther than your horse would bear you, and, perhaps, I would put you on the track of him you are looking for."

"You can have the horse, and welcome," says the King's son, "although I am sorrowful at parting from him."

"All right, I shall be here to-morrow at sunrise." With that she opened her great gob, caught hold of the horse, struck in his two sides against one another, took wing, and disappeared out of sight.

The King's son ate and drank his enough, put his traveling bag under his head, and it was not long till he was asleep, and he never woke until the eagle came and said, "It is time for us to be going, there is a long journey before us; take hold of your bag and leap up upon my back."

"But my grief!" says he, "I must part from my hound and my hawk."

"Do not be grieved," says she, "they will be here before you when you come back."

Then he leaped up on her back; she took wing, and off and away with her through the air. She brought him across hills and hollows, over a great sea, and over woods, till he thought that he was at the end of the world. When the sun was going under the shadow of the hills she came to earth in the midst of a great desert, and said to him, "Follow the path on your right-hand side, and it will bring you to the house of a friend. I must return again to provide for my birds."

He followed the path, and it was not long till he came to the house, he went in. There was a gray old man sitting in the corner. He rose and said, "A hundred thousand welcomes to you, King's son, from Ratheroghan of Connacht."

"I have no knowledge of you," said the King's son.

"I was acquainted with your grandfather," said the gray old man. "Sit down; no doubt there is hunger and thirst on you."

"I am not free from them," said the King's son.

The old man then smote his two palms against one another, and two servants came and laid a board with beef, mutton, pork, and plenty of bread before the King's son, and the old man said to him, "Eat and drink your enough. Perhaps it may be a long time before you get the like again."

He ate and drank as much as he desired, and thanked him for it.

Then the old man said, "You are going seeking for the King of the Black Desert; go to sleep now, and I will go

rin o'fáġail amac." Ann rin, buail pé a bopa; táinig reirbireac, aġur dubairt pé leir "Tabair an mac riġ so o'ci a feompa." Ċus pé so feompa bpeaġ é, aġur nior bpaða ġuri ċuit pé 'na co'ola'o.

Ari mai'oin, lá ari na má'pac, táinig an rean uine aġur dubairt: "Éiriġ, tá airtcar pava róma'o. Cai'p'ro tú cūġ ceu'o mile 'deunam' poi'm meadon-lae."

"Ní feutorainn é 'do 'deunam'," ari ran mac riġ:

"Má'r marpac mai't tú, béarparo mipe capall uuit béarpar tú an t-airtcar."

"Deunpao mari 'béarpar tura," ari ran mac riġ.

Ċus an rean uine neart le n'ite aġur le n'ól o'o, aġur nuair bi pé pá'ac, ċus re ġearpián beaġ bān o'o, aġur dubairt: "Tabair ceu'o a ċinn o'o'n ġearpián, aġur nuair r'coppar pé, péac ruar 'ran aéri aġur reicp'ro tú t'ri ealair'e co'm ġeal le r'neac'ta. Ir iao rin t'ri ingeana Riġ an f'áraiġ Ōuib. Béro naipicín ġlar i mbeul eala aca, rin i an ingean ir óiġe, aġur ní'l neac beo o'feutorpao tú 'do tabairt so tiġ Riġ an f'áraiġ Ōuib a'c't i. Nuair r'coppar an ġearpián, béro tú i ngar 'do lo'c; tiucpar'o na t'ri ealair'e so talam ari bpuac an lo'ca rin, aġur deunpao t'pú'r mná (ban) óġ o'io'b péin, aġur pa'c'ar'o r'iao ar'p'ac' 'ran lo'c aġ r'nám aġur aġ r'ine. Congbaġ 'do fúil ari an naipicín ġlar aġur nuair ġeob'ar tú na mná óġa 'ran lo'c, teiriġ aġur f'áġ an naipicín aġur ná r'ġar leir. Teiriġ i b'pola'c pa'oi é'p'ann aġur nuair tiucpar'o na mná óġa amac, deunpao'ro beirt aca ealair'e o'io'b péin aġur m'ceó'c'ar'o r'iao 'ran aéri. Ann rin, 'béarpar'o an ingean ir óiġe, "Deunpao'ro mé n'ro ari bi't o'o'n té 'béarpar mo naipicín 'dam." Tar i lá'c'ari ann rin, aġur tabair an naipicín o'i, ġ abair na'c b'p'uil ní'o ari bi't aġ teartál uait, a'c't 'do tabairt so tiġ a h-a'c'ari, aġur innir o'i ġuri mac riġ tú ari t'ri cū'ma'c'taġ."

Rinne an mac riġ ġac ní'o mari dubairt an rean uine leir, aġur nuair ċus pé an naipicín o'ingin Riġ an f'áraiġ Ōuib, dubairt pé: "Ir mipe mac lli Con'cubair, Riġ Con'na'c't. Tabair mé so o'ci o'a'c'ari: pava mé o'a'c'ar'uiġeac't."

"Nār b'p'earr uuit mé ní'o éiġin eile 'do 'deunam' uuit?" ari r'ipe.

"Ní'l aon ní'o eile aġ teartál uaim," ari reir'ean.

"Ma tair'béanam an teac uuit na'c mbe'ro tú pá'c'ta?" ari r'ipe.

"Béir'eo," ari reir'ean.

"Anoir," ari r'ipe, "ari o'anam ná h-innir 'do m' a'c'ari ġuri mipe 'do ċus cūm a ċiġe-rean tú, aġur béro mipe mo c'ap'ao' mair' uuit; aġur leiġ o'it péin," ari r'ipe, "so b'p'uil mó'r-cū'ma'c't o'p'aoir'eoac't aġao'."

"Deunpao mari 'beir tú," ari reir'ean.

through my books to see if I can find out the dwelling-place of that King." Then he smote his palms (together), and a servant came, and he told him, "Take the King's son to his chamber." He took him to a fine chamber, and it was not long till he fell asleep.

On the morning of the next day the old man came and said, "Rise up, there is a long journey before you. You must do five hundred miles before midday."

"I could not do it," said the King's son.

"If you are a good rider I will give you a horse that will bring you over the journey."

"I will do as you say," said the King's son.

The old man gave him plenty to eat and to drink and, when he was satisfied, he gave him a little white garran and said, "Give the garran his head, and when he stops look up into the air, and you will see three swans as white as snow. Those are the three daughters of the King of the Black Desert. There will be a green napkin in the mouth of one of them, that is the youngest daughter, and there is not anyone alive except her who could bring you to the house of the King of the Black Desert. When the garran stops you will be near a lake, the three swans will come to land on the brink of that lake, and they will make three young women of themselves, and they will go into the lake swimming and dancing. Keep your eye on the green napkin, and when you get the young women in the lake go and get the napkin, and do not part with it. Go into hiding under a tree, and when the young women will come out two of them will make swans of themselves, and will go away in the air. Then the youngest daughter will say, 'I will do anything for him who will give me my napkin.' Come forward then and give her the napkin, and say that there is nothing you want but to bring you to her father's house, and tell her that you are a king's son from a powerful country."

The King's son did everything as the old man desired him, and when he gave the napkin to the daughter of the King of the Black Desert he said, "I am the son of O'Connor, King of Connacht. Bring me to your father. Long am I seeking him."

"Would not it be better for me to do something else for you?" said she.

"I do not want anything else," said he.

"If I show you the house will you not be satisfied?" said she.

Ann rin sinne rí eala ůí féin aśur ůubairt: “Léim ruar ar mo muin, aśur cuir ůo lámá faoi mo muinéal, aśur congbaíś spēim cpaarů.”

Rinne ré amlairů, aśur épaít rí a rġiaćána, 7 ar ůo bpać léite éar énocaiů a’r éar ġleanntaiů, éar muir aśur éar fléibůiů, ůo ůćáiníś rí ůo talam mar ůo bí an ġpian aś ůul faoi. Ann rin ůubairt rí leir: “An ůfeiceann tú an teac móir rin ćall? Sin teac m’áćar. Ślán leat. Am ar bíć ůéirdear baůal orġ, bírů mire le ůo ćaůiů.” Ann rin ů’imćíś rí uairů.

Ćuarů an mac ġiś ćum an ġiġe, ćuarů arćeac, aśur ćia ů’feic-řeac ré ann rin ’na řuirde i ġcaćaůoir ġir, acć an řeān ůuine liać ů’imir na ćářaůar aśur an liaćřůůů leir.

“řeicim, a ġiic ġiś,” ar řeireān, “ůo ůřuair tú mé amac řoiñ lá aśur bliadain. Cá řaů ů ů’řāġ tú an baile?”

“Ar maiůin anůiů, nuair bí mé aś éirġe ar mo leabuirů, ćonn-aiġe mé ćuaś-ćeacća, ġinne mé léim, řġar mé mo ůá ćoir air, aśur řleamnaíś mé ćom řaůa leir řeo.”

“ůar mo lám, ir móir an ġairġirdeacć ůo ġinne tú,” ar řan řeān řiś.

“ů’řeuůřainn řuů nior ionġantaíġe ’nā rin ůo ůeunam, ůā n-ůřřůćain,” ar řan mac ġiś.

“Ćā ġří neite aśam ůuit ůeunam,” ar řan řeān řiś, “7 mār řéůoir leat iaů ůo ůeunam, bíů řůġa mo ćřiůir inġeān aśaů mar ġnaůoi, aśur muna ůćiś leat iaů ůo ůeunam, ćaillřů tú ůo ćeānn mar ćaill cuir ġait ůe ůaůinib ůġa řůmaů.”

Ann rin ůubairt ré, “Ųí bíonn ite nā ůl in mo ćiġ-ře, acć aůn uair amāin řan řreacćřmain, aśur bí ré aśainn ar maiůin anůiů.”

“Ir ćuma liom-řa,” ar řan mac ġiś; “ćiś liom ġřiorġaů ůo ůeunam ar řeacć ġiora ůā mberdeacć cpaarůů orġ.”

“Ir ůůiś ůo ůćiś leat ůul ġan ćůůlaů mar an ġceutůa?” ar řan řeān řiś.

“Ćiś liom ġan amřar,” ar řan mac ġiś:

“Bíů leabuirů cpaarů aśaů anůć mar řin,” ar řan řeān řiś; “ćar liom ůo ůćairbėānřarů mé ůuit é.” Ĳuġ ré amac ann rin é, 7 ćairbėān ré ůů cpaann móir aśur ġablůis air, 7 ůub-airt: “Ćeirġ ruar ann rin aśur ćůůail in řan ġřablůis, aśur bí řéůů le n-éirġe na ġřéime.”

Ćuarů ré ruar in řan ġřablůis, acć ćom liać aśur bí an řeān řiś ’na ćůůlaů, ćáiníś an inġeān ůġ aśur ćuġ arćeac ůo řeomřa břeāġ é, aśur ćongbaíś rí ann rin é ůo řaiů an řeān řiś ar ġi éirġe. Ann rin cuir rí é amac arir i ġřablůis an éřainn:

Le n-éirġe na ġřéime, ćáiníś an řeān řiś ćuġe aśur ůubairt;

"I will be satisfied," said he.

"Now," said she, "upon your life do not tell my father that it was I who brought you to his house, and I shall be a good friend to you, but let on," said she, "that you have great powers of enchantment."

"I will do as you say," says he.

Then she made a swan of herself and said, "Leap up on my back and put your hands under my neck, and keep a hard hold."

He did so, and she shook her wings, and off and away with her over hills and over glens, over sea and over mountains, until she came to earth as the sun was going under. Then she said to him, "Do you see that great house yonder? That is my father's house. Farewell. Any time you are in danger I shall be at your side." Then she went from him.

The King's son came to the house and went in, and whom should he see sitting in a golden chair but the gray old man who had played the cards and the ball with him.

"King's son," said he, "I see that you found me out before the day and the year. How long since you left home?"

"This morning when I was rising out of my bed I saw a rainbow; I gave a leap, spread my two legs on it and slid as far as this."

"By my hand, it was a great feat you performed," said the old King.

"I could do a more wonderful thing than that if I chose," said the King's son.

"I have three things for you to do," says the old King, "and if you are able to do them you shall have the choice of my three daughters for wife, and unless you are able to do them you shall lose your head, as a good many other young men have lost it before you."

Then he said, "there be's neither eating nor drinking in my house except once in the week, and we had it this morning."

"It's all one to me," said the King's son, "I could fast for a month if I were on a pinch."

"No doubt you can go without sleep also," says the old King.

"I can, without doubt," said the King's son.

"You shall have a hard bed to-night, then," says the old King. "Come with me till I show it to you." He brought him out then and showed him a great tree with a fork in it, and said, "Get up there and sleep in the fork, and be ready with the rise of the sun."

“Tá anuair anoir, 7 tá liom-ra go dtairbéanfaid mé dúit an níos atá agad le deunam anois.”

Tug ré an mac nís go bpuac loca 7 tairbéar ré dó rean-éairleán, agus dubairt leir, “Cait zac uile cloc ’ran gcairleán rin amac ’ran loc, 7 biod ré deunta agad real má dtéirdeann an srian faoi, tráchnóna.” D’imtis ré uaid ann rin:

Torais an mac nís ag obair, aet bi na cloca greamuigste d’a céile com cnuaid rin, náir feud ré don cloc aca do tógbáil, agus dá mberdeas ré ag obair go dtí an lá ro, ní berdeas cloc ar an gcairleán. Suid ré fíor ann rin ag rnuaineas créas do buó éoir dó deunam, agus níor bfaa go dtáinis ingean an t-rean-nís eirge, 7 dubairt, “Cad é pát do bhoín?” D’innir ré d’i an obair do bi aige le deunam. “Na cuirteas rin bhoín ort; deunfaid mire é,” ar ríre. Ann rin tug rí arán, mairefeoil 7 fion d’ó, tairpains amac plaitin tairbdeascta, buail buille ar an t-rean-éairleán, agus faoi ceann móimio bi zac uile cloc dé ar bun an loca. “Anoir,” ar ríre, “ná h-innir do m’áir gur mire do rinne an obair dúit.”

Nuair bi an srian ag dul faoi, tráchnóna, táinis an rean nís agus dubairt: “Feicim go bfuil d’obair lae deunta agad.”

“Tá,” ar ran mac nís, “cis liom obair ar bit do deunam.”

Saol an rean nís anoir go maib cūmáet mór tairbdeascta ag an mac nís, agus dubairt leir, “Sé d’obair lae amárac na cloca do tógbáil ar an loc, agus an cairleán do eir ar bun mar bi rí ceana.”

Tug ré an mac nís a-baile agus dubairt leir, “Teirís do coislaó ’ran áit a maib tú an oirde aréir.”

Nuair éirí an rean-nís na coislaó táinis an ingean ós agus tug arteaó é cum a reomra féin, agus congbaís ann rin é go maib an rean nís ar tí éirge ar maidin; ann rin eir rí amac arí é i ngablóis an crainn.”

Le h-eirge na greine, táinis an rean nís 7 dubairt: “Tá ré i n-am dúit dul. gclonn d’oirre.”

“Ní’l deirir ar bit orm,” ar ran mac nís, “mar tá fíor agam go dtis liom m obair lae deunam go réir.”

Éirí ré go bpuac an loca ann rin, aet níor feud ré cloc d’feiceál, bi an t-uirge com duib rin. Suid ré fíor ar tairpains; agus níor bfaa go dtáinis fionnguala, buó h-é rin ainn ingine an t-rean nís, eirge, agus dubairt: “Cad tá agad le deunam anois?” D’innir ré d’i, agus dubairt rí: “Ná biod bhoín ort; cis liom-ra an obair rin deunam dúit.” Ann rin tug rí d’ó arán, mairefeoil, agus caoirfeoil agus fion. Ann rin tairpains rí amac an t-plaitin tairbdeascta, buail uirge an loca léite, agus

He went up into the fork, but as soon as the old King was asleep the young daughter came and brought him into a fine room and kept him there until the old King was about to rise. Then she put him out again into the fork of the tree.

With the rise of the sun the old King came to him and said, "Come down now, and come with me until I show you the thing that you have to do to-day."

He brought the King's son to the brink of a lake and showed him an old castle, and said to him, "Throw every stone in that castle out into the loch, and let you have it done before the sun goes down in the evening." He went away from him then.

The King's son began working, but the stones were stuck to one another so fast that he was not able to raise one of them, and if he were to be working until this day, there would not be one stone out of the castle. He sat down then, thinking what he ought to do, and it was not long until the daughter of the old King came to him and said, "What is the cause of your grief?" He told her the work which he had to do. "Let that put no grief on you, I will do it," said she. Then she gave him bread, meat, and wine, pulled out a little enchanted rod, struck a blow on the old castle, and in a moment every stone of it was at the bottom of the lake. "Now," said she, "do not tell my father that it was I who did the work for you."

When the sun was going down in the evening, the old King came and said, "I see that you have your day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son; "I can do any work at all."

The old King thought now that the King's son had great powers of enchantment, and he said to him, "Your day's work for to-morrow is to lift the stones out of the loch, and to set up the castle again as it was before."

He brought the King's son home and said to him, "Go to sleep in the place where you were last night."

When the old King went to sleep the young daughter came and brought him into her own chamber and kept him there till the old King was about to rise in the morning. Then she put him out again in the fork of the tree.

At sunrise the old King came and said, "It's time for you to get to work."

"There's no hurry on me at all," says the King's son, "because I know I can readily do my day's work."

He went then to the brink of the lake, but he was not able to see a stone, the water was that black. He sat down on a rock, and it was not long until Finnuala—that was the name

ḡaoi éeann móimíó bí an rean-éairleán ar bun mar bí ré an lá poimé. Ann rin dubairt rí leir: “Ar ó’anam, ná h-innir do m’áair ḡo nvearnaró mipe an obair reo óuit, nó ḡo bpuil eólar ar bit ḡḡao orḡ.”

ḡráénoḡa an láé rin, táimis an rean riḡ ḡḡur dubairt, “feirim ḡo bpuil obair an láé óeunta ḡḡao.”

“Tá,” ar ran mac riḡ, “obair fáí-óeunta í rin!”

Ann rin fáoil an rean riḡ ḡo riab níor mó éumáéé ḡraoiró-eáéa ḡḡ an mac riḡ ‘ná do bí aige féin, ḡḡur dubairt ré: “Ní’l áéé áon ruó eile ḡḡao le óeunam.” ḡḡḡ ré á-baile ann rin é, ḡ éuir ré é le coular i ḡḡablóis an érainn, áéé táimis fionnḡuala ḡ éuir rí in á reompa féin é, ḡḡur ar maroin, éuir rí amáé árir ar an ḡḡeann é. le h-éirḡe ná ḡréine, táimis an rean riḡ éuir ḡḡur dubairt leir: “ḡar liom ḡo ḡairbéanparó mé óuit ó’obair láé.”

ḡḡḡ ré an mac riḡ ḡo ḡleann móir, ḡḡur éairbéan do ḡobar, ḡ dubairt: “Éail mo mááair-móir fáinne in ran ḡobar rin, ḡḡur fáḡ óam é real má óéiró an ḡrian faoi, ḡráénoḡa.”

Anoir bí an ḡobar ro céuó ḡrois ar óuimé ḡḡur fíce ḡrois éiméioll, ḡḡur bí ré líonta le h-uirḡe, ḡḡur bí arḡ ar ifruonn ḡḡ fairé an fáinne.

Nuair ó’iméis an rean riḡ, táimis fionnḡuala ḡḡur ó’fiarruiḡ, “Cao tá ḡḡao le óeunam anoir?” Ó’innir ré óí, ḡḡur dubairt rí, “Ír óeacair an obair í rin, áéé óeunparó mé mo óicéioll le do óeata do fááail.” An rin ḡḡḡ rí do máirḡféóil, árán, ḡḡur fion. Rinne rí ruóéáé * óí féin ḡḡur éuairó ríor ‘ran ḡobar. Níor bpaḡa ḡo bpaairó ré óeataé ḡḡur tinnḡeáé ḡḡ teáéé amáé ar an ḡobar, ḡḡur ḡoran ann mar ḡoirneáé áro, ḡḡur óuine ar bit do óeiróeáó ḡḡ éirḡeáéé leir an ḡoran rin fáoilpéáó ré ḡo riab arḡ ifrinn ḡḡ ḡroio.

Faoi éeann tamail, ó’iméis an óeataé, éoirḡ an tinnḡeáé ḡḡur an ḡoirneáé, ḡḡur táimis fionnḡuala anoir leir an bpaíinne. Séáéairó rí an fáinne do mac an riḡ, ḡḡur dubairt rí: “ḡnóéais mé an cat, ḡ tá do óeata fáááila, áéé feuc, tá lairóiréin mo láime óeipe bpirte. Áéé b’éiróir ḡur áóamail an níó ḡur bpiréáó é. Nuair tiuepar m’áair, ná tabair an fáinne do, áéé baḡair é ḡo cruairó. Óeairparó ré tú ann rin le do óean do óoḡáó, ḡḡur reó an éaoi óeunpar tú do roḡa. Óeiró mipe ḡḡur mo óeiróirópaáa i reompa, óeiró poll ar an ḡorap, ḡ éuirrimíó uile ár láma amáé mar éruimirḡin. Cuirpíó ḡura do lám ḡrío an bpoll, ḡḡur an lám éonḡbóéar tú ḡréim uirri nuair fóḡḡólaró

* Ruóéáé no ruíreáé = “Cioḡáé marb,” róiré éin uirḡe.

of the old King's daughter—came to him and said, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "Let there be no grief on you. I can do that work for you." Then she gave him bread, beef, mutton, and wine. After that she drew out the little enchanted rod, smote the water of the lake with it, and in a moment the old castle was set up as it had been the day before. Then she said to him—"On your life, don't tell my father that I did this work for you, or that you have any knowledge of me at all."

On the evening of that day the old King came and said, "I see that you have the day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son, "that was an easy-done job."

Then the old King thought that the King's son had more power of enchantment than he had himself, and he said, "You have only one other thing to do." He brought him home then, and put him to sleep in the fork of the tree, but Finnuuala came and put him in her own chamber, and in the morning she sent him out again into the tree. At sunrise the old King came to him and said: "Come with me till I show you your day's work."

He brought the King's son to a great glen, and showed him a well, and said, "My grandmother lost a ring in that well, and do you get it for me before the sun goes under this morning."

Now, this well was one hundred feet deep and twenty feet round about, and it was filled with water, and there was an army out of hell watching the ring.

When the old King went away Finnuuala came and asked, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "That is a difficult task, but I shall do my best to save your life." Then she gave him beef, bread, and wine. Then she made a sea-bird of herself, and went down into the well. It was not long till he saw smoke and lightning coming up out of the well, and (he heard) a sound like loud thunder, and anyone who would be listening to that noise he would think that the army of hell was fighting.

At the end of a while the smoke went away, the lightning and thunder ceased, and Finnuuala came up with the ring. She handed the ring to the King's son, and said, "I won the battle, and your life is saved. But, look, the little finger of my right hand is broken; but perhaps it is a lucky thing that it was broken. When my father comes do not give him the ring, but threaten him stoutly. He will bring you then to choose your wife, and this is how you shall make your choice. I and my sisters will be in a room, there will be a

m'áitir an doimh, is í sin lámh an té beirdear aghao mar mhac;
Tis leat mife d'áitne ar mo laithicéin bhirte."

"Tis liom, agus spáó mo éiríde tú, a fionnguala," ar ran mac iú:

Tráchnóna an lae sin, táinig an fear iú agus d'fhiapuit: "An bfuair tú páinne mo mátar móire?"

"Fuairéar go deimhin," ar ran mac iú; "bí arim 'sá cúimhac ar ipuonn, aet buail mife iad, agus buailfinn a feacht n-oipead. Nac bfuil fíor aghao sup Connacac mé?"

"Tabair dam an páinne," ar ran fear iú.

"Go deimhin, ní éubhad," ar feirean; "éiríde mé go cruaidh ar a fion; aet tabair dam-ra mó bean. Teartaig' uaim beir ag iméadac."

Tus an fear iú arcead é, agus dubairt, "Tá mo éiríde inéan 'ran feomra sin is' láitir. Tá lámh sáe doin aca finte amac, agus an té éongbóear tú spéim uirru go bporólaid mife an doimh, sin í do bean."

Cuir an mac iú a lámh trío an bpoil do bí ar an doimh, agus fuair pé speim ar lámh an laithicéin bhirte, agus éongbais speim cruaidh air, sup fíoráil an fear iú doimh an treomra:

"S í feó mo bean," ar ran mac iú; "tabair dam anoir rppé d'ingine."

"Ní' de rppé aici le fágaíl aet caoil-eac donn le ríu do éiríde abairt, agus nár éagaid ríu ar air, beó ná marb, go feó!"

Cuaidh an mac iú 7 fionnguala ar marcuigeaet ar an gcaoil-eac donn; agus níor bhad go dtáingadair go dtí an coill 'n ar pás an mac iú a cú agus a feabac. Bí ríad ann sin poime, mar don le na capall breáig dub. Cuir pé an t-eac caoil donn ar air ann sin. Cuir pé fionnguala ag marcuigeaet ar a capall, agus léim ruar, é péin,

A cú le n-a coir
A feabac ar a boir,

agus níor ríad pé go dtáinig pé go Ráe Éruacáin:

Bí fáilte mór poime ann sin, agus níor bhad sup pórad é péin agus fionnguala. Cuit ríad beata fada feunmair,—aet is beag má tá loig an tpean-éirleáin le fágaíl anoir i Ráe Éruacáin Connacac:

hole in the door, and we shall all put our hands out in a cluster. You will put your hand through the hole, and the hand that you will keep hold of when my father will open the door that is the hand of her you shall have for wife. You can know me by my broken little finger."

"I can; and the love of my heart you are, Finnuala," says the King's son.

On the evening of that day the old King came and asked, "Did you get my grandmother's ring?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "there was an army out of hell guarding it, but I beat them; and I would beat seven times as many. Don't you know I'm a Connachtman?"

"Give me the ring," says the old King.

"Indeed I won't give it," says he; "I fought hard for it; but do you give me my wife, I want to be going."

The old King brought him in and said, "My three daughters are in that room before you. The hand of each of them is stretched out, and she on whom you will keep your hold until I open the door, that one is your wife."

The King's son thrust his hand through the hole that was in the door, and caught hold of the hand with the broken little finger, and kept a tight hold of it until the old King opened the door of the room.

"This is my wife," said the King's son. "Give me now your daughter's fortune."

"She has no fortune to get, but the brown slender steed to bring you home, and that ye may never come back, alive or dead!"

The King's son and Finnuala went riding on the brown slender steed, and it was not long till they came to the wood where the King's son left his hound and his hawk. They were there before him, together with his fine black horse. He sent the brown slender steed back then. He set Finnuala riding on his horse, and leaped up himself.

His hound at his heel,
His hawk on his hand,

and he never stopped till he came to Rathcroghan.

There was great welcome before him there, and it was not long till himself and Finnuala were married. They spent a long prosperous life; but it is scarcely that (even) the track of this old castle is to be found to-day in Rathcroghan of Connacht.

A SĠĠĠĠĠĠ AN CŪIL ĊEANGAILTE

A SĠĠĠĠĠĠ AN CŪIL ĊEANGAILTE
 LE A PAIḂ MÉ PEAL I N-ÉINPEACCT;
 CUAID TU 'PÉIR, AN BEALAC RO,
 'S NI TÁINIS TU 'DO M'FEUCÁINT.
 ŠAOIL MÉ NAĆ N'DEUNPAIDĊE DOĆAP 'DUIT
 'DÁ 'DTIUCPÁ, A'R MÉ 'O' IAPPAID,
 'S ŠUR B'I 'DO PÓIGIN TABAIRPEAD RÓLÁR
 'DÁ MBERĊINN I LÁR AN FIAḂPAIR;

'DÁ MBERĊEAD MAOIN AŠAM-PA
 AŠUR AIRGEAD ANN MO PÓCA
 'DEUNPAINN BÓITPÍN AIT-ŠIOPPAĆ
 ŠO DOPIAR TIŠE MO PÓDIPÍN,
 MAP PŪIL LE 'DIA ŠO Š-CLUINNPINN-PE
 TOPANN BINN A BPÓIGE,
 'S IR PAO AN LÁ Ó ĊOVAIL MÉ
 AĆT AŠ PŪIL LE BLAR 'DO PÓIGE;

A'R PAOIL ME A PÓDIPÍN
 ŠO MBUD ŠEALAC AŠUR ŠPIAN TU;
 A'R PAOIL MÉ 'NNA 'DIAŠ PÍN
 ŠO MBUD PNEACCTA AP AN TPILAD TU;
 A'R PAOIL MÉ 'NN A 'DIAŠ PÍN
 ŠO MBUD LÓCPANN O 'DIA TU,
 NO ŠUR AB TU AN PEULT-EÓLAIR
 AŠ OUL PÓHAM A'R MO 'DIAŠ TU;

ŠEALL TU PÍODA 'R PAITIN 'DAM
 CALLAIDĊE 'R BPÓŠA APDA,
 A'R ŠEALL TU TAP ÉIR PÍN
 ŠO LEANPÁ TPÍO AN TPNÁM MÉ;
 NI MAP PÍN AĆÁ MÉ
 AĆT MO PŠEAC I MBEUL BEAPNA;
 ŠAC NÓIN A'R ŠAC MAIDIN
 AŠ FEUCÁINT TIŠE M' AĆAP;

RINGLETED YOUTH OF MY LOVE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

Ringleted youth of my love,
 With thy locks bound loosely behind thee,
 You passed by the road above,
 But you never came in to find me ;
 Where were the harm for you
 If you came for a little to see me ;
 Your kiss is a wakening dew
 Were I ever so ill or so dreamy.

If I had golden store
 I would make a nice little boreen
 To lead straight up to his door,
 The door of the house of my storeen ;
 Hoping to God not to miss
 The sound of his footfall in it,
 I have waited so long for his kiss
 That for days I have slept not a minute.

I thought, O my love ! you were so—
 As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,
 And I thought after that you were snow,
 The cold snow on top of the mountain ;
 And I thought after that you were more
 Like God's lamp shining to find me,
 Or the bright star of knowledge before,
 And the star of knowledge behind me.

You promised me high-heeled shoes,
 And satin and silk, my storeen,
 And to follow me, never to lose,
 Though the ocean were round us roaring ;
 Like a bush in a gap in a wall
 I am now left lonely without thee,
 And this house, I grow dead of, is all
 That I see around or about me.

COIRNÍN NA h-AITINNE.*

A b'ead ó roim, in ran t-pean-aimeir, bí baintreabhad 'd'arbh' ainm b'píro Ní S'rádaig, 'na cómnuidé i sConradé na Sallime; Bí don mac amáin aici 'd'ar b'ainm Taòg. Rugadh é mí tar éir báir a átar i lár coille bige aitinne do bí ag fáir ar éaoib énuic i ngar do'n tíg. Ar an ádhar rin, gáir na daoine Coirnín na h-Aitinne mar lear-ainm air. Táinig tinnear obann ar an mnaoi boict nuair bí sí ag reolaó na mbó ruar ar éaoib an énuic.

Nuair rugadh Taòg bí ré 'na naoideanán b'eadg, agus méadag ré go maic go raib ré ceitpe bliadhna d'aoir, aet ó'n am rin amac níor fáir ré orolac go raib ré trí bliadhna deug, no níor cuir ré cor faoi le coirceim do fíubal, aet d'feutpad ré imteact go tapa go leór ar a d'á láim agus ar a éaoib fíar, agus d'á gcluinfeadh ré don duine ag teact cum an tige, do buailfeadh ré a d'á láim faoi, agus do padadh ré d'aon léim amáin ó'n teine go dtí an dorar; agus do cuirfeadh ceud míle fáilte roim an té táinig. Bí sean móir ag aoir óis an baile air, mar do geirthead ríad speann móir ar, gac uile oirde. Ó'n am bí ré react mbliadhna d'aoir, bí ré dearlámac agus úráirthead d'á mátair, agus d'á mátair-móir do bí 'na cómnuidé i n-aon tíg leir. In ran b'pógmar, téirthead ré ar a lámair agus ar a éaoib-fíar ruar ar éaoib an énuic, 7 bíod ag ite blac na h-aitinne mar gáir. Bí abann beag ann, toir an tead agus an choc, agus do padadh ré de léim tar an abann com h-áirthead le geirfíad.

Buó pean-gogairde an mátair-móir. Bí sí boár agus beag-nac balb, agus b'iomda troir do bíod aici féin agus ag Taòg.

Don lá amáin, duairt an mátair le Taòg, "Caitrò mé, a táirgín, cóim leatair cur ar do b'pírib; tá mé r'griorta ag ceannac b'pírib, agus nuair b'irthead ré deunta agam caitrò tú out go táillir le ceir d'foglaim."

"D'ar m'focal," ar ra Taòg, "ní h-é rin an ceir b'irthead agam. Ní't in ran táillir aet an naomadh cur d'fear. Má tugann tú ceir ar bit dam, deun píobair d'iom—tá r'píir móir agam in ran sceól."

"Bíod mar rin," ar ran mátair:

An lá 'na d'iaig rin, éuar pí cum an baile móir leir an leatir d'fáir, agus nuair fuair buacallir beaga an baile go raib an mátair imtígte, fuaradar poc gáir do bí ag fáirín bacac O Ceallag, agus cuir ríad Coirnín ag marcuigeact air. Ar go

* Ó p'pírib O Connéubair do fuair mé an r'géal ro.

COIRNIN OF THE FURZE

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

LONG ago, in the olden time, there was a widow, whose name was Bridget O'Grady, living in the County Galway. She had an only son, whose name was Teig. He was born a month after his father's death in a little wood of furze that was growing on the side of a hill near the house. For that reason the people called him "Coirnin* of the Furze" as a nickname. The poor woman was suddenly taken ill as she was driving the cows up the side of the hill.

When Teig was born he was a fine infant, and grew well till he was four years of age, but from that time on he did not grow an inch until he was thirteen, nor did he put a foot under him to walk a step, but he was able to go quickly enough on his two hands and his back, and if he would hear anyone coming to the house he would strike his two hands under him, and would go of a single leap from the fire to the door, and he would put a hundred thousand welcomes before whoever came. The youth of the village liked him greatly, for they used to get great amusement out of him every night. From the time he was seven years of age he was handy and useful to his mother, and to his grandmother who was living in the one house with him. In the harvest time he used to go on his hands and his back up the side of the hill, and he used to be eating the furze blossoms like a goat. There was a little river on it there, between the house and the hill, and he used to go over the river of a leap, as airy as a hare.

The grandmother was a silly old woman; she was deaf and almost dumb, and many was the fight herself and Teig used to have.

One day the mother said to Teig, "Teigeen, I must put a leather seat on your breeches; I'm destroyed buying frieze, and as soon as I have it done, you must go to a tailor to learn a trade."

"By my word," says Teig, "that is not the trade I'll have. A tailor is only the ninth part of a man. If you give me a trade at all, make a piper of me. I've a great liking for the music."

"Let it be so," says the mother. The day after that she went to the town to get the leather, and when the little lads of

* Pronounced "Curneen."

briáct leir an bpoc, as meirilt éom h-ápo asur o'péud ré, 7 Coirínín ar a múin as rēseadaoil map dúine ar a ééit, le faitéior so tuitreao ré, asur buacailiró an baile 'na diais. Tus an poc tgaró ar bóán pártóin, asur nuair éonnaire pártóin an poc 7 a máreac as teact. faoil ré sur b'é an rean-buacailiró do bi as aeact 'na éoinne. Níor fíubail pártóin coiréim le react mbliad-anaib pómhe rin, aet, nuair éonnaire ré an poc as teact arteac ar an uopar, éuaró ré o'aon léim amac ar an bpuinneóis, asur gáir ré ar na éomarrannaib é do fábbail o'n diaibail do bi 'na diais:

Bí na buacailiró as gáiróe 7 as seadao bor sur éuir ríao an poc ar míre, asur amac áir leir ar an teac. Nuair éonnaire pártóin é as teact an uara uair, ar so briáct leir, asur an poc asur Coirínín ar a múin 'na diairó. Bí aóairea fada ar an bpoc, asur bí seim an fíu báiróe as Coirínín oppa. Tus pártóin aghar ar gailim, asur an poc o'a leanamaint. O'éirís an gáir asur éáinis oaoine na mbailte ar gac taoib o'e'n bócar amac, asur a leiréio o'e gáreaoil in paib apuam i seonaoe na gailime. Níor ríao pártóin so nveaoiró ré arteac i seaoir na gailime asur an poc 7 a máreac le na fátaib. Uiró tá mapgaró é asur bí na rráireanna lionca le oaoimib. Tópaís pártóin as glaoaoe asur as gáreaoil ar na oaoimib é do fábbail asur bí ríao-ran as deunam magaró faoil. Éuaró re ruar rráiró asur anuar rráiró eile asur bí as mteact so paib an gíuan as uol faoil 'ran tráénóna:

Éonnaire Coirínín úbla breaíga ar élar, asur rean-bean anaice leó, asur éáinis uúil móp, ar, cuir o'e na n-úblaib do beir aige: gaoil ré a seim ar aóaireaban puic asur éuaró ré o'e léim ar élar na n-úball. Ar so briáct leir an t-rean-bean asur o'pás rí na n-úbla 'na diais, óir bí rí teact-mapb leir an rēannrao.

Níor bpaia bí Coirínín as ite na n-úball nuair éáinis a mátair i látair, asur nuair éonnaire rí Coirínín, seair rí loir na cpoire uirp fém, 7 oubairc, "I n-aimm Dé, a Coirínín, ead do tus ann ro éú?"

"Fiafpuis rin o'e pártóin O Ceallais asur o'a poc gabair; tá an t-ao oir, a mátair, nac bpuil mo múineul bpuirce."

Éuir rí Coirínín arteac in a rráirge asur tus agharó ar an mbailte.

Aet ir arteac an nio éápla do pártóin O Ceallais. Nuair rēar Coirínín leir an bpoc, lean ré pártóin amac ar an mbócar móp, éáinis ruar leir, éuir a o'a aóaire faoil, eair ar a ópuim é, asur níor fear so o'éáinis ré a-bailte. Tuipung pártóin as an uopar, asur éuir an poc mapb ar an tairpís: Éuaró pártóin 'na éoulaó, óir bí ré teact-mapb asur bí ré mall 'ran oiróe, asur

the village found that the mother was gone, they got a buck goat that belonged to lame Paddy Kelly, and they put Coirnin riding on it. Off and away with the buck, bleating as loud as he could, and Coirnin on his back screeching like a person out of his senses, with fear lest he should fall, and the boys of the village after him. The buck faced for Paddy's cottage; and when Paddy saw the buck and his rider coming he thought that it was the old boy that was coming for him. Paddy had not walked a step for seven years before that, but when he saw the buck coming in at the door he went of a single leap out through the window, and called on the neighbors to save him from the devil that was after him.

The boys were laughing and clapping their hands till they set the buck mad, and off again with him, out of the house. When Paddy saw him coming the second time, off and away with him, and the buck with Coirnin on his back after him. There were long horns on the buck, and Coirnin had the "drowning man's grip" on them. Paddy faced for Galway, with the buck following him. The cry rose, and the people of the villages on each side of the road came out, and such shouting there never was before in the County Galway. Paddy never stopped till he came into the City of Galway, and the buck and his rider at his heels. It was a market day, and the streets were filled with people. Paddy began crying and yelling on the people to save him, and they were making a mock of him. He went up one street and down another street, and he was going until the sun was setting in the evening.

Coirnin saw fine apples on a board, and an old woman near them, and there came a great wish on him to have a share of the apples. He loosed his grasp on the buck's horns, and went with a leap on the board of apples. Away for ever with the old woman, and she left the apples behind her, for she was half dead with the fright.

It was not long that Coirnin was eating the apples, when his mother came by, and when she saw Coirnin she cut the sign of the Cross on herself, and she said—"In the name of God, Coirnin, what brought you here?"

"Ask that of Paddy Kelly and his buck goat; there's luck on you, mother, that my neck is not broken."

She put Coirnin into her apron and faced for home.

But it's curious the thing that happened to Paddy Kelly. When Coirnin parted with the buck, the animal followed Paddy out on the high road, came up with him, put his two horns under him, threw Paddy upon his own back, and never stood still

nuair d'éiríḡ ré ar maidin, ní raib an poc le fáḡail beó ná maib ; aḡur dubairt na daoine uile go mbuó poc tḡaoitḡeaḡta do bí ann. Ar éaoi ar bit ḡus ré coirḡḡeaḡt do ḡáirḡin O Ceallaig, puo nac raib aige le reaaḡt mbliatḡnaib noime rin.

ḡuair an rḡeul tḡiḡo an tḡi, go ḡeualair ḡaḡ uile fear, bean, ḡ páirḡe i ḡeontaaḡ na ḡaillme é, aḡur ip iomḡa cur-pior do bí air, noim tḡáḡnḡna an laé rin. Dubairt cuio ḡur poc tḡaoitḡeaḡta do bí i bpoc ḡáirḡin, ḡ go raib ré pann-páirḡeaḡ leir ; dubairt cuio eile go mbuó fear riḡe Coirínín, aḡur go mbuó éoir a tḡḡḡaḡ.

An oirḡe rin, d'innir Coirínín h-uile níḡ i tḡaoib na caoi do ḡus an poc go ḡaillm é, ḡ táimis na buaaḡailḡ go tḡaa ḡriḡiḡo ní ḡiáḡaig, aḡur bí ḡreann mói aca aḡ éirḡeaḡt le Coirínín aḡ innirint i tḡaoib na marḡuigḡeaḡta do bí aige go ḡaillm ar muin puic ḡáirḡin lí Ceallaig, aḡur ḡaḡ níḡ tápla leir ar fear an laé.

An oirḡe rin, nuair ḡuair Coirínín ar a leaburḡ, táimis bpḡon éigín air, aḡur i n-ait coḡalta tḡoraig ré aḡ reirḡil. D'farrpuig a máḡair dḡ eḡaaḡ do bí air. Dubairt reirḡean nac raib fpor aige. "Ní'l opt aḡt fearḡo," ar rḡre ; "rḡop do cuio reirḡil, ḡ leis tḡúinn coḡlaḡ." Aḡt níḡ rḡop ré go maidin.

Ar maidin níḡ fear ré ḡreim d'ite, aḡur dubairt ré le na máḡair, "Raḡao amaḡ, go bḡeicḡo mé an nḡeunpaḡo an t-aḡr maḡ ḡam." "D'éirḡi go nḡeunpaḡo," ar rḡre.

Leir rin, buail ré a tḡá láim paoi, aḡur ḡuair d'aon leim amáin go tḡí an tḡar, aḡur amaḡ leir. ḡus ré aḡair ar na h-aitean-naib, ḡ níḡ rḡao go nḡeaḡair ré arḡeaḡ 'na mearḡ. Síḡ ré é réim roir dḡ rḡeaḡ aḡur níḡ bḡaoa go raib ré 'na coḡlaḡ. Bí bpḡonglóro aige go raib an poc le n-a tḡaoib, aḡ iarḡair caint do cur air. Dúirig ré, aḡt i n-ait an puic bí fear bḡeaḡ ḡruaḡaḡ taob leir, ḡ dubairt ré, "A Coirínín, ná bíḡo eagla opt nḡmam-ra: ip caḡao mé, ḡ tá mé ann ro le cómairḡe do leara do tabairt ouit, má ḡlacann tú uaim í. Tá tú do élaḡíneaḡ ó ruḡaḡ tú, ḡ do éur-maḡair aḡ buaaḡailḡ an baile. Ip mḡre an poc ḡabair do ḡus go ḡaillm tú, aḡt tá mé aḡruigḡe anoir go tḡí an puoḡt in a bḡeiceann tú mé. Ní fearḡainn an t-aḡruḡaḡ d'fáḡail go tḡuḡfainn an marḡuigḡeaḡt rin ouit, aḡur anoir tá cúmaḡt mói aḡam. D'fearḡainn do learuḡaḡ ar ball, aḡt tḡairpaḡ na cómarḡanna go raib tú pann-páirḡeaḡ leir na riḡe, aḡur ní fearḡá an baramail rin baḡnt oíḡ. Tá tú do fuirḡe anoir go tḡíreaḡ in ran áit ar ruḡaḡ tú, ḡ tá poḡa óir i bpḡisreaaḡ tḡoigḡe dḡo' tḡaoib-fiar, aḡt ní'l tú le baḡnt leir go póil, mar ní fearḡá úráro maḡt do tḡeunam tḡe. Teirḡ a-baile anoir aḡur ar maidin amárac, abair le do máḡair go raib bpḡonglóro bḡeaḡ

till he came home. Paddy came off at the door, and the buck fell dead at the threshold. Paddy went to sleep, for he was half dead and it was late in the night, and when he arose in the morning the buck was not to be got alive or dead; and all the people said that it was an enchanted buck that was in it. Anyway it gave power to walk to Paddy Kelly, a thing he had not had for seven years before that.

The story went through the country till every man, woman, and child in the County of Galway heard it, and many was the version that was on it before the evening of that day. Some said it was an enchanted buck that Paddy had, and that he was in league with it; others said that Coirnin was a fairy man, and that it would be right to burn him.

That night Coirnin told everything about the way the buck took him to Galway, and the boys came to Bridget O'Grady's house, and they had great fun listening to Coirnin telling about the ride that he had to Galway on the back of Paddy Kelly's buck, and everything that happened him throughout the day.

That night when Coirnin went to bed some sorrow came over him, and instead of sleeping he began sighing. His mother asked him what was on him. He said that he did not know.

"There's nothing on you but nonsense," says she. "Stop that sighing and let us sleep." But he did not stop till morning.

In the morning he was not able to eat a morsel, and he said to his mother—

"I'll go out till I see if the air will do me good."

"Maybe it would," says she.

With that he struck his hands under him and went of one leap to the door, and out with him. He faced for the furze, and he did not stop till he came in amongst it. He stretched himself between two bushes, and it was not long till he was asleep. He had a dream that the buck was beside him trying to make him talk. He awoke, but instead of the buck there was a fine wizard man beside him, and he said, "Coirnin, don't be afraid of me; I'm a friend, and I'm here to give you profitable counsel if you will take it from me. You are a cripple since you were born, and a laughing-stock to the boys of the village; I am the buck goat that took you to Galway, but I am changed now to the form in which you see me. I was not able to get the change till I should have given you that ride, and now I have great power. I would have cured you on the spot, but the neighbors would have said that you were in

asao go faib luib as fár le coir na h-aibne do bheirfadh riúbal agus lút duit; abair an puo ceudna léi trí maidin anois a céile, agus cneitíodh sí go bfuil ré fíor. Nuair pacar tú as tóruigeaí na luibe geobair tú í as fár taob-fíor de'n cloic mhóir nigeacáin atá as bpuac na h-aibne; tabair leat í agus bfuil í, agus ól an rúg, agus beir tú ionnán pára do pu anasair buacail ar bit in ran bparhárte. Beir iongantar ar na daoib i dtorac, aet ní mairfidh rin a-bpao. Beir tú trí bliadhna deas an lá rin. Tar 'ran oirde eum na h-áite reo; beir an pota óir tógta asam-ra, aet ar do beata congbaig t'innicinn asao féin, agus ná h-innir do duine ar bit go bpuacair tú mipe. Imtíg anoir: Slán leat."

Seall Coirpnín go ndéanfaí ré sac níó dubairt an spuasac beas leir, 7 táinig ré a-baile, lútgáiríeac go leór. Bpactnaig an mátair nac faib ré eom spuasac agus bí ré ful má ndeacair ré amac, agus dubairt sí, "Saoilim, a mic, go ndéanfaí an t-aer maí duit."

"Rinne go deimhin," ar reirean, "agus tabair puo le n'ite dam anoir."

An oirde rin, i n-áit do beir as reitpil. Codail ré go bpeáig, agus ar maidin dubairt ré le n-a mátair, "Bí bpuonglóir bpeáig asam aréir, a mátair."

"Ná tabair don áir ar bpuonglóir," ar ran mátair; "I r contráilta tuiteann ríac amac."

Cait Coirpnín an lá as rmuaineac ar an gcómraí do bí aise leir an nspuasac beas, 7 ar an paróbphear móir do bí le págail aise: Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, dubairt ré le n-a mátair, "Bí an bpuonglóir bpeáig rin asam aréir arí."

"Go méadaigíodh dia an maí, 7 go lagdaigíodh sé an t-olc," ar ran mátair; "cuatair mé go minic dá mbeiríeac an bpuonglóir céadna as duine trí oirde anois a céile, go mbeiríeac sí fíor."

An tríomad maidin, d'éirig Coirpnín go moe agus dubairt ré le n-a mátair, "Bí an bpuonglóir bpeáig rin asam aréir arí, agus, ó tápla go dtáinig ré eugam trí oirde anois a céile, pacair mé le peudaint bfuil don fíruinn innici. Connairc mé luib in mo bpuonglóir do bheirfadh mo riúbal agus mo lút dam."

"An bpuacair tú in ran mbpuonglóir cá faib an luib as fár?" ar ran mátair.

"Connairc go deimhin," ar reirean; "tá sí as fár taob leir an sclóic mhóir nigeacáin atá ar bpuac na h-aibne."

"Go deimhin, ní'l don luib as fár anaice leir an sclóic nigeacáin," ar ran mátair; "bí mé 'ran áit rin go minic, agus ní feurfaí sí beir ann a-san-fíor dam."

league with the fairies, and you would not have been able to take that opinion from them. You are seated now in exactly the same spot you were born in, and there is a pot of gold within a foot of your back, but you are not to touch it yet, because you would not be able to make a good use of it. Go home now, and to-morrow morning tell your mother that you had a fine dream, that there was a herb growing beside the river that would bring walk and activity to you. Tell the same thing to her three mornings after each other, and she will believe that it is true. When you go seeking the herb, you will find it growing down from the big washing stone that is on the edge of the river. Take it with you, and boil it, and drink the juice, and you will be able to run a race against any boy in the parish. There will be wonder on the people at first, but that won't last long. You will be thirteen years old that day. Come in the night to this place. I will have the pot of gold lifted, but for your life keep your intentions to yourself, and don't tell any person at all that you saw me. Go now; farewell."

Coirnin promised that he would do everything the little wizard man told him, and he came home joyous enough. The mother observed that he was not so gloomy as he was before he went out, and she said—

"I think, son, the air did you good."

"It did, indeed," says he, "and give me something to eat now."

That night, instead of being sighing, he slept finely, and in the morning he said to his mother—"I had a fine dream last night, mother."

"Don't give any importance to a dream," says the mother, "it's contrary they fall out."

"Coirnin spent the day thinking on the discourse he had with the little wizard man and of the great riches he was to get. In the morning the next day he said to his mother—"I had that fine dream again last night."

"May God increase the good and may He decrease the bad," says his mother. "I often heard that if a person had the same dream three nights after other, it would be true."

The third morning Coirnin got up early and said to his mother, "I had that fine dream again last night, and since it chanced that it came to me three nights after other I'll go to see if there is any truth in it. I saw an herb in my dream that would give my walk and my activity to me."

“Uéiríodh sup fáir rí ann ó foim,” arsa Coirínín, “asur maéaró mipe dá tóirígeadé.”

Bual ré a dá láim paol, asur éuaró v’adon léim amáin so vóí an tóir, asur amac leir. Ilíor bpaó so paib ré as an tseloic nígeadáin, asur fuair ré an luib. Tús ré léimeanna mar fiaó a mberdeas gádar ’gá leanamaint, as teadé a-baile le teann-lútáipe:

“A mátaí,” ar reirean, “b’fíor dam mo bpuonglóir: fuair mé an luib. Cuir ríor dam an pota asur bpuit dam é.”

Cuir an mátaí an luib ’ran bpoa, asur timéioll cápta uirge leir, asur nuair bí rí bpuíte asur an rúg fuar, v’ól Coirínín é. Ní paib ré móimio in a volg nuair fear ré fuar ar a coraib asur tóiríge ré as pít fuar asur anuar. Bí iongantar mór ar a mátaí. Tóiríge rí as tabairt míle glóir asur altuagá vó Dia; ann rin gáir rí ar na cómarpannaib asur v’innir vóib bpuonglóir Coirínín, asur an éaoi a bfuair ré úráio a cor. Bí lútáipe mór oppa uile, mar bí bpuíto ní gáiríge ’na cómarpan mait asur bí mear aca uile uirri.

An oirde rin, épuinníge buacailiró an baile ardeac le lútáipe vó deunam le Coirínín asur le n-a mátaí. Nuair bíodar uile as cómpáó cia fiúbalpaó ardeac acé páiróin O Ceallais. Bí fiaó uile as camt paol an gaoi a bfuair Coirínín a fiúbal asur lút a énam.

“So veimín ir dam-ra buó éoir vó veit buirdeac; ’ré an epaóó vó tús mo poc-gabair-pe vó vó pinne an obair, asur tá fíor as h-uile duine so vó tús an marcuígeadé vó pinne ré, úráio mó cor ar air dam féin. Oé, mo bpuón! so bfuair mo poc breáde báp!”

“Tús tú h-éiteac,” ar Coirínín, “’rí an luib vó léirgearais mé: Rinne mé bpuonglóir trí oirde anoirais a éile so leirgeadé an luib mé, asur tús le mo mátaí a époetugá so paib mé mo élaíneac tar éir mo teadé’ ó gailim, sup ól mé rúg na luibe.”

“O’péupainn mo mionna tabairt so bpuil mo mac as innpint na fípinne glaine,” ar ran mátaí:

Ann rin tóiríge cáé as deunam maéaró paol páiróin, sup iméis ré amac.

Éuaró gac uile níó so mait le Coirínín asur le n-a mátaí ’na díais reó. Adon oirde amáin nuair éuaró an mátaí asur na cómarpanna ’na gcoolaó, éuaró Coirínín cum na h-aitinne. Bí a épaio, an gpaugac beas, ann rin poime, asur bí an pota óir réir vóó:

“Seó vuit anoir an pota óir; cuir i vóirge é i n-ait ar bit ir toil leat. Tá an oirde ann asur deunpar vuit paó vó beata.”

"Did you see in your dream where the herb was growing?" says the mother.

"I did, indeed," says he; "it's growing beside the big washing stone that's at the edge of the river."

"Indeed there's no herb growing near the washing stone," says his mother. "I was in that place often, and it could not be in it unbeknownst to me."

"Maybe it grew in it since," says Coirnin, "and I'll go to look for it."

He struck his two hands under him, and went at one leap to the door, and out with him. It was not long till he was at the washing stone, and he found the herb. He gave leaps like a deer that a hound would be following, coming home with excessive joy.

"Mother," says he, "my dream was true for me. I got the herb. Put down the pot for me, and boil it for me."

The mother put the herb in the pot and about a quart of water with it, and when it was boiled and the juice cold, Coirnin drank it. It was not a moment inside him when he stood upon his feet and began running up and down. There was great astonishment on his mother. She began giving a thousand glories and praises to God. Then she called the neighbors and told them Coirnin's dream and how he got the use of his feet. There was great joy on them all, for Bridget O'Grady was a good neighbor, and they all had a regard for her.

That night the boys of the village gathered in to make rejoicing with Coirnin and his mother. When they were all discoursing who should walk in but Paddy Kelly! They were all talking of how Coirnin got his walk, and the activity of his bones.

"Indeed, it's to myself he has a right to be thankful; it's the jolting my buck goat gave him that did the work, and everyone knows that the ride he took gave me back the use of my feet again. Och! my grief that my fine buck died!"

"You lie!" says Coirnin; "it's the herb that cured me. I had a dream three nights after other that the herb would cure me, and my mother can prove it that I was a cripple after coming from Galway till I drank the juice of the herb."

"I'd take my oath that my son is telling the clean truth," says his mother. Then each of the people began mocking Paddy, till he went out.

Everything went well with Coirnin and his mother after that. One night, when his mother and the neighbors went

"Saoilim go bpáirpáir mé é in ran bpoll a pairé ré ann," ar ra Coirínín "aé b'éarrpáir mé ponn dé a-baile liom."

"Ná tabair leat fóir é, aé bíod bhuonglóir eile agha mar bí agha ceana, agha, 'na diais rin, tís leat ponn dé do tabairt leat. Ceannais an talam ro agha cuir teac ar bun in ran mball ar iugad tú, agha ní feicir tú féin ná don duine i n-aon tís leat, lá boét fad do beata. Slán leat anoir—ní feicir tú mé níor mó."

Cuir Coirínín an pota pior in ran bpoll, agha créapós or a cionn, agha táinig ré a-baile.

Ar maidin, dubairt ré le n-a mátair: "Bí bhuonglóir eile agha aréir aréir," 7 an treap maidin, dubairt ré léi, "Tá mo bhuonglóir pior anoir san amhar, bí sí agha aréir go díreac mar bí sí agha an dá uair eile; rin trí uaire anóir a céile, agha tís liom é reo innreac duic naé b'feicir tú lá boét fad do beata; aé ní tís liom don iud eile do fad leat o'a éadib."

An oirde rin, éadib ré cum an .ota óir, 7 tús lán rporáin dé abail leir, agha ar maidin tús ré do'n mátair é. "Tá níor mó," agha ré, "in ran áit a dtáinig rin ar, agha geobair mé duic é nuair b'éirdear ré agha teapál uait, aé ná cuir don éir oim o'a éadib."

Níor b'fada 'na diais reo, gur ceannais b'igir ní f'adais bó bainne 7 cuir ar feupac í. Éadib sí féin agha Coirínín ar agha go maic, agha nuair bí ré fice bliadan o'aoir, ceannais ré gab-altar móir talman timéioil na h-aitinne, agha cuir teac b'ead ar bun ar an mball ar iugad é. Seal gearr 'na diais rin fóir ré bean. Bí muirgin móir aise, agha nuair fuair re b'ar le rean-aoir, o'fás ré óir agha aghaio agha a éloinn, agha ní f'adair don duine do éomnais in ran tís rin lá boét agha

to sleep, Coirnin went to the furze. His friend the little wizard was there before him, and the pot of gold was ready for him. "Here now is the pot of gold for you, stow it away in any place you like; there's as much in it as will do you throughout your life."

"I think I'll leave it in the hole where it was," says Coirnin, "but I'll bring a share of it home with me."

"Don't take it with you yet, but have another dream like the one you had already, and after that you can take a share with you. Buy this ground and set up a house on the spot where you were born, and neither you yourself nor anyone in the same house with you will ever see a day's poverty during your life. Farewell to you now; you shall see me no more."

Coirnin put the pot down in the hole and clay on the top of it, and came home.

In the morning he said to his mother—"I had another dream last night, but I won't tell it to you till I see if I will have it again three nights after other."

"The second morning he said—"I had the dream again last night;" and the third morning he said to her—"My dream is true now without doubt. I had it last night just as I had it the two other times, that's three times after one another, and I can tell you this—that you won't see a poor day during your life, but I cannot tell you anything else about it."

That night he went to the pot of gold, and brought the full of a purse of it home with him, and in the morning he gave it to his mother. "I have more," says he, "in the place where that came from, and I'll get it for you when you'll be wanting it, but ask no question of me about it."

It was not long after this till Bridget O'Grady bought a milch cow and put her on grass. She herself and Coirnin went on well, and when he was twenty years of age he bought a large holding of land round the furze, and set up a fine house on the spot where he was born. A short time after that he married a wife. He had a large family, and when he died of old age he left gold and silver to his children, and not a person who lived in that house saw a poor day ever.

béan an fíor ruairð:

Tá ríad o'd ríad
 Sur tu ráilín pocair i mbróis,
 Tá ríad o'd ríad
 Sur tu béilín tana na bpóis.
 Tá ríad o'd ríad
 A míle spád go dtug tu dam cúl;
 Cíó go bfuil fear le páisail
 'S leir an táilliúr Béan an fíor Ruairð:

Do tugar naoi mí
 I bpríorún, ceangailte cnuarð,
 Doltaíó ar mo éalaid
 Agus míle glar ar rúo ruar,
 Tabairfainn-re ríde
 Mar tabairfá eala coir cuain;
 Le fonn do beit rínte
 Sior le Béan an fíor Ruairð.

Saoil mire a deuo-fearc
 Go mbeid' don tigeap roir mé 'r tu
 Saoil mé 'nna déis-rin
 Go mbreugfá mo leanó ar do glúin;
 Mallaét Rí Neime
 Ar an té rin bain díom-ra mo clú;
 Sin, agus uile go léir
 Luét bréige cuir roir mé 'r tu.

Tá cpann ann ran ngláiróin
 Air a bpránn duilleabair a'r bláé buide;
 An uair leagaim mo lám air
 Ir láir naé mbuireann mo éiríde;
 'S é rólár go báp
 A'r é o'páigail o flaitéar anuap
 Don póisín amáin,
 A'r é o'páigail o Béan an fíor Ruairð:

Adt go dtis lá an traoigail
 'Nna reubfap cnuic agus cuain,
 Tiocfáirí rmúit ar an ngréin
 'S beid na neulita com' ouð leir an ngual;
 Beid an fáirge tirm
 A'r tiocfáirí na bhlónta 'r na truaig'
 'S beid an táilliúr as rgreaoac
 An lá rin faoi Béan an fíor Ruairð:

THE RED MAN'S WIFE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

'Tis what they say,
 Thy little heel fits in a shoe,
 'Tis what they say,
 Thy little mouth kisses well, too.
 'Tis what they say,
 Thousand loves that you leave me to rue;
 That the tailor went the way
 That the wife of the Red man knew.
 Nine months did I spend
 In a prison closed tightly and bound;
 Bolts on my smalls*
 And a thousand locks frowning around;
 But o'er the tide
 I would leap with the leap of a swan,
 Could I once set my side
 By the bride of the Red-haired man.
 I thought, O my life,
 That one house between us love would be;
 And I thought I would find
 You once coaxing my child on your knee;
 But now the curse of the High One
 On him let it be,
 And on all of the band of the liars
 Who put silence between you and me.
 There grows a tree in the garden
 With blossoms that tremble and shake,
 I lay my hand on its bark
 And I feel that my heart must break.
 On one wish alone
 My soul through the long months ran,
 One little kiss
 From the wife of the Red-haired man.
 But the day of doom shall come,
 And hills and harbors be rent;
 A mist shall fall on the sun
 From the dark clouds heavily sent;
 The sea shall be dry,
 And earth under mourning and ban;
 Then loud shall he cry
 For the wife of the Red-haired man.

* There are three "smalls," the wrists, elbows, and ankles. In Irish romantic literature we often meet mention of men being bound "with the binding of the three smalls."

RIDIRE NA GELEAS.*

Bí feistméar [nó tuine-uapat] ann san tír aige ní raib aige aet don mac ainm. Éinís pé reó [Ríoirpe na gelear] eirge ardeac tmacóna oróce, agus o'iaip pé loircein uó fém agus do'n dá'-p'-eug uó bí i n-éimfeacé leir.

"Buapac tiom map tá pé ašam le c'asaro," ar san feistméar, "aet tiubparó mé uirt e agus uó o' dá'-p'-eug." Fúe ruipear péiró uóiró eom maic a'p bí pé aige, agus nuair bí an ruipear caite, o'iaip an Ríoirpe ar an dá'-p'-eug ro eirge ruar agus piora sairgróeacé uó deunam uó'n fear ro, as cairbeánc na nšionapra bí aca.

O'eiug an dá'-p'-eug agus iunneacóar sairgróeacé uó, agus ní paca an tuine reo ariam piora sairgróeacé map iao rin, "maireacó," aoirp an tuine-uapat, fear an aige, "nóir bfeairp tiom an oirceac ro [uó fearóirpear] 'na uá mberóeacó mó mac ionnán rin [uó] deunam."

"Leis tiom-pa é," ar Ríoirpe na gelear, "šo ceann lá agus bliadain, agus beró pé eom maic le ceacéar uó na buacaitib reó acá ašam."

"Leisreacó," ar san tuine-uapat, "aet šo uótiubparó tu ar aip eugam é i šceann na bliadna."

"O tiubparó," ar Ríoirpe na gelear, "ar aip eugacó é."

Fúe bfeacpape ar maron, lá ar na mápac, uóiró, nuair bíoróar as uirt as iméacé, agus leis an tuine-uapat an mac leó, agus o'fan riao amuis lá agus bliadain.

I šceann a' lá agus bliadain éinís riao aip a-baile eirge, agus a mac fém i n-éimfeacé leó. Bí pé [as] fairé oppa, agus bí páitee pompa aige, agus bí oróce maic aca. Nuair bíoróar capéir a ruipeir, dubairp Ríoirpe na gelear leir an dá'-p'-eug eirge ruar aip agus sairgróeacé uó deunam uó'n tuine-uapat uó bí cabairp an ruipeir uóiró. Anoir bí a mac fém ann, ffeirpín, agus bí pé i nšam uó beró eom maic le ceacéar aca. "Ní'l pé 'na sairgróeacé por eom maic le mó eurt-pe fear, aet leis tiom-pa é," ar Ríoirpe na gelear, "ar fearó lá agus bliadain eile."

"Leisreacó," ar feirpéan, "aet šo uótiubparó tu ar aip eugam é i šceann an lá agus bliadain." Dubairp pé šo uótiubparó.

O'iméis riao leó, an lá ar na mápac 'péir bró na marone, agus o'fanacóar amuis lá agus bliadain eile. Agus i šceann an lá agus bliadain eonnapé an tuine-uapat an comtuacóar as ceacé

* Tá an rgeul ro pocat ar focal šo uiréac map uó ruarpear agus map uó ruipear pior é ó beul mapéan Ruaró bí šionnapmáe (pioré i mbeupla), i šceonac na šaillme.

THE KNIGHT OF THE TRICKS.

Written down word for word by me from the dictation of Martin Rua O Gillarna, or "Forde," near Monivea, Co. Galway (a small farmer, about 50 years old, Irish-speaking only).—DOUGLAS HYDE.

THERE was a farmer [*read* gentleman] in the country, and he had only one son. And this man [the Knight of the Tricks] came in to see him, on the evening of a night, and asked lodgings for himself and the twelve who were along with him.

"I think it miserable how I have it for you," said the gentleman, "but I'll give it to you and to your twelve." Supper was got ready for them, as good as he had it, and when the supper was eaten, the knight asked these twelve to rise up and perform a piece of exercise for this man, showing the deeds [accomplishments] they had.

The twelve rose up and performed feats for him, and this man had never seen any feat like them. "Musha," says the gentleman, the man of the house, "I wouldn't sooner [own] all this much riches, than that my son should be able to do that."

"Leave him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "till the end of a year and a day, and he will be as good as any of these boys that I have."

"I will," says the gentleman, "but [on condition] that you must bring him back to me at the end of the year."

"Oh, I will bring him back to you," said the Knight of the Tricks.

Breakfast was got for them in the morning, of the next day when they were going a-departing, and the gentleman let the son with them, and they remained away a day and a year.

At the end of the day and the year, they came home again to him, and his own son along with them. He was watching for them, and had a welcome for them, and they had a good night. When they were after their supper, the Knight of the Tricks told the twelve to rise up and perform feats for the gentleman who was giving them the supper. Now his own son was there also, and he was near to being as good as any of them.

"He is not yet a champion as good as my men are, but let him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "for another day and a year."

"I will," said he, "but that you will bring him back to me at the end of the day and a year." He said he would bring him.

cuige arís. Tús ré fáilte agus ruipéar doib, le lúcháirte iad do beit ar ais arís agus a mac leó.

Caitheadar an ruipéar, agus nuair bíodar 'néir a ruipéir, tuidairt ré le n-a cuir fear éiríse ruar agus píora gairgídeacta do deunam do'n duine-uapal do bí tabairt na gnaomúileact (?) doib. O'éiríse riad ruar, trí fíri deus, agus ba é a mac an fear do b'fearr de'n méad rin. Ní raib fear ar bí ionnánn ceart do baint de áct Ríoripe na gcleap féin.

Deir an duine-uapal, "ní'l fear ar bí áca ionnánn gairgídeact do deunam le mo mac féin."

"Ní'l, go deimhin," ar Ríoripe na gcleap "don fear ionnánn a deunam áct mipe; agus má leigean tu d'ám-ra é lá agus bliadain eile, beiró ré 'na gairgídeact com maic liom féin."

"Mairead, leigfead," ar ran duine-uapal, "leigfid mé leac é," aoiré ré.

Aniur, níor iarr ré ais, an t-am ro, a tabairt ar ais arís, mar sinne ré na h-amannta eile, agus níor cuir ré ann a gearraib é.

I gceann an lá agus bliadain, bí an duine-uapal as panamaint agus as rúil le n-a mac, áct ní táinig an mac ná Ríoripe na gcleap. Bí an t-áair, ann rin, faoi imníde móir nac raib an mac as teact a-baile cuige, agus tuidairt ré: "ré b'é áit de'n domán a bfuil ré, caitfid mé a fágaíl amad."

O'iméis ré ann rin agus bí ré as imteact gur áit ré trí oirde agus trí lá as riúbal. Táinig ann rin arthead i n-áit a raib áruir bpeáig, agus amuis anaigair an doiruir móir bí trí fíri deus as bualaó báire ann; agus fear ré as feudaint ar na trí fearraib deus o'á bualaó, agus bí don fear amáin o'á bualaó le oá-'p-'eus áca. Táinig ré 'ran áit a rabadair arthead ann a mears ann rin, agus 'ré a mac féin bí as bualaó an báire leir an oá-'p-'eus eile.

Cuir ré fáilte poim an áair ann rin: "O! a áair," aoiré ré, "ní'l don fágaíl agad oim. Ní sinne tura," aoiré ré, "do gnaá (gnó) ceart; nuair bí tu [as] deunam marraib leiréan níor iarr tu ais; mipe [do] tabairt ar ais eusad."

"I'p fíor rin," aoiré an t-áair:

"Aniur," aoiré an mac, "ní bfuigfid tu feudaint oim anoct, áct deunfar trí colaim deus oinn agus caitfidéar gnaá coince ar an uilár agus deirraib Ríoripe na gcleap má aicnígeann tu do mac oim rin [= ann a mears-ran] go bfuigfid tú é. Ní beiró mipe as íte don gnaá agus beiró na cinn eile as íte. Beiró mipe dul anonn 'r anall 'r as bualaó ppioca ann ran-gcuir eile

They went away with themselves the next day, after their morning's meal, and they remained away for another day and a year. And at the end of the day and a year the gentleman saw the company coming to him again. He gave them a welcome and a supper, for joy them to be back again and his son with them.

They ate their supper, and when they were after their supper he said to the men to rise up and perform some feats for the gentleman who was showing them this kindness. They rose up, thirteen men, and his son was the best man of all the lot. There was no man at all able to take the right from him [overcome him] but the Knight of the Tricks himself.

Says the gentleman then, "There's not a man of them able to perform feats with my own son."

"There is not indeed one man," says the Knight of the Tricks, "able to do it but me, and if you leave him to me for another day and a year he will be a champion as good as myself."

"Musha, then I will," says the gentleman, "I'll let him with you," says he.

Now this time he did not ask him to take him back, as he had done the other times, and he did not put it in his conditions.

At the end of the day and the year the gentleman was waiting and hoping for his son, but neither the son nor the Knight of the Tricks came. The father was then in great anxiety lest his son was not coming home at all to him, and he said, "whatever place in the world he is in, I must find him out."

He departed then, and he was going until he spent three days and three nights traveling. He then came into a place where there was a fine dwelling, and outside of it, over against the great door, there were thirteen men playing hurley, and he stood looking at the thirteen men playing, and there was a single man hurling against twelve of them. He came in amongst them then, to the place where they were, and it was his own son that was playing against the other twelve.

He welcomed his father then. "Oh, father," says he, "you have no getting of me, you did not do," says he, "your business right: when you were making your bargain with him you did not ask him to bring me back to you."

"That is true," says the father.

"Now," said the son, "you won't get a sight of me to-night, but thirteen pigeons will be made of us, and grains of oats thrown on the floor, and the Knight of the Tricks will say that

de na colamaib. Geobair tu do rogan agus déanfaid tu leir
 sup b'é mé tógfaí tu. Sin é an comartha beirim duit, i n-é
 go n-áitneófaid tu mire amearg na scolam eile, agus ma tógann
 tu go ceart, beid mé agao an uair rin."

D'fás an mac é ann rin, agus táinig pé ardeac ann ran teac,
 agus cuir Ríodipe na gceolap fáilte poime. Dubairt an duine-
 uapal go dtáinig pé ag iarraid a mic nuair nac otus an Ríodipe
 ar air leir é i gceann na bliana. "Níor cuir tu rin ann ran
 maraí," ar ran Ríodipe, "acé ó táinig tu com fada rin d'a
 iarraid, caiteir pé beir agao, má 'r féidir leat a tógao amac."
 Rug pé ardeac ann rin é go reompa a paid trí colaim deus ann,
 agus dubairt pé leir, a roga colaim do tógao amac, agus dá
 h-é a mac féin do tógao pé go dtuicfaid leir a congáil.
 Bí na colaim uile ag piocead na ngrána coirce de'n uilár, acé
 don ceann amáin do bí gabail tairt agus ag bualaí ppioca ann
 ran scuio eile aca. Do tóg an duine-uapal an ceann rin. "Tá
 do mac gnótaigte agao," ar ran Ríodipe.

Cait ríad an oirde rin buil (?) a céile, agus d'imtigh an duine-
 uapal agus a mac an lá ar na márac agus d'fásad Ríodipe na
 gceolap. Nuair bí ríad ag dul a-baile ann rin, táinig ríad go
 baile-mór, agus bí donac ann, agus nuair biodar dul ardeac ann
 ran donac d'iarr an mac ar a ádair ppeang do ceannac agus do
 deunam adartair dó. "Deunfaid mire rtail diom féin," adair
 pé, "agus díolfaid tu mé ar an donac ro. Tuicfaid Ríodipe na
 gceolap eusao ar an donac—tá pé do d' leanamaint anoir—agus
 ceannófaid pé mire uait. Nuair beirdear tu 's am' díol, ná
 tabair an t-adartair uait acé congáil eusao féin é, agus [ir]
 féidir liom-ra teac ar air eusao—acé an t-adartair do cong-
 áil."

Rinne an mac rtail de féin ann rin, agus fuair an t-adair
 adartair agus cuir pé air é. Tarraing pé ruar ann rin ar an
 donac é, agus ir gearr do bí pé 'na fearam ann rin, nuair táinig
 Ríodipe na gceolap eusao agus d'iarr pé cia méad do beirdear ar
 an rtail aige. "Trí ceud púnta" deir an duine-uapal. "Tiú-
 bfaid mire rin duit," deir Ríodipe na gceolap—tiúbfaid pé ruo
 ar bit dó ag rúil go bfuigfead pé an mac ar air, mar bí fíor
 aige go maic sup b'é do bí ann ran rtail. "Tiúbfaid mire duit
 é ar an airgid rin," ar ran duine-uapal, "acé ní tiúbfaid mé
 an t-adartair." "Dú ceart an t-adartair do tabairt," ar ran
 Ríodipe:

D'imtigh an Ríodipe ann rin agus an rtail leir, agus d'imtigh an
 duine-uapal ar a bealaí féin ag dul a-baile. Acé ní paid pé
 acé amuis ar an donac 'ran am a dtáinig an mac ruar leir air.

if you recognise your son amongst those, you shall get him. I will not be eating my grain, but the others will be eating. I will be going back and forwards and picking at the rest of the pigeons. You shall get your choice, and you will tell him that it is I you will take. That is the sign I give you now, so that you may know me amongst the other pigeons, and if you choose right you will have me then."

The son left him after that, and he came into the house, and the Knight of the Tricks bade him welcome. The gentleman said that he was come looking for his son, since the Knight did not bring him back with him at the end of the year. "You did not put that in the bargain," said the Knight, "but since you are come so far to look for him you must have him if you can choose him out." He brought him in then to the room where the thirteen pigeons were, and told him to choose out his choice pigeon, and if it was his own son he should choose that he might keep him. The other pigeons were picking grains of oats off the floor, all but one, who was going round and picking at the others. The gentleman chose that one. "You have your son gained," said the Knight.

They spent that night together, and the gentleman and his son departed next day and left the Knight of the Tricks. When they were going home then, they came to a town, and there was a fair in it, and when they were going into the fair the son asked the father to buy a rope and make a halter for him. "I'll make a stallion of myself," said he, "and you will sell me at this fair. The Knight of the Tricks will come up to you on the fair—he is following you now—and he will buy me from you. When you will be selling me don't give away the halter, but keep it for yourself, and I can come back to you—only you to keep the halter."

The son made a stallion of himself then, and the father got the halter and put it on him. He drew him up after that on the fair, and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him, and asked him how much would he be wanting for the stallion. "Three hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," said the Knight of Tricks—he would give him anything at all hoping that he might get the son back, for he knew well that it was he that was in the stallion. "I'll give him to you at that money," said the gentleman, "but I won't give the halter." "It were right to give the halter," said the Knight.

The Knight went away then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman departed on his own road going home, but he

“A áclair,” a veir ré, “cá mé ar pasáil anoiú agá, aét cá aonac ann a leicéirí reo d’áir amaraé agus pacamaoro arceac ann.”

An lá ar na mapac, nuair biotar ag toul arceac ann pan aonac eile, dubairt an mac: “Deunparó mé pcal tiom fein agus tiucparó Rrōipe na gcelear arur dom’ ceannaé. Tiúbparó pé aigsió ar bíe oim a iappar cu, aét cuir ann pan mapac nac tiucbparó cupa an t-áclair do.” Cappaingearar fuar ar an aonac ann pin, agus pinne pe pcal tóe fein agus cuir an t-áclair áclair ar agus ip gearr do bí pe ann, ‘na fearam, nuair táinig Rrōipe na gcelear éinge agus d’riappuis pe tóe cia méac do beicéac ar an pcal aige. “Sé ceuó púnta,” ar pan duine-uapal. “Tiúbparó mipe rin tuic,” a veir ré. “Aét ní tiúbparó mé an t-áclair tuic.” “Dúó ceair an t-áclair áclair arceac ‘pan mapac,” ar an Rrōipe, aét ní bfuair pé é.

D’iméig Rrōipe na gcelear ann rin agus an pcal leir, agus d’iméig an duine-uapal ar a beataé ag toul a-baite, aét ní faib pé i mbeapna a’ cor am ag toul amac ar an aonac am [nuair] a tóinig an mac arir fuar leir.

“Cá go maic, áclair” a veir ré, “cá an uair reo gnótaigé agaim, aét ní’l fíor agam ceuó deunpar an lá-amaraé linn. Tá aonac ann a leicéirí reo d’áir amaraé agus cappaingamaoro ann.”

Cuadarar mar pin ar an aonac an lá ar n-a mápac, agus pinne an mac pcal tóe fein, agus cuir an t-áclair áclair ar, agus ip gearr do bí pe ‘na fearam ar an aonac i n-am táinig Rrōipe na gcelear arur éinge. D’riappuis an Rrōipe cia méac do beicéac pé ag iapparó ar an pcal bpeas pin do bí aige ann pan áclair: “Naol gearr púnta cá mipe ag iapparó ar,” ar pan duine-uapal: Níor faoi pé go tiucbparó pé pin do. Aét ní éongbóac aigsió ar bíe an pcal o’n Rrōipe. “Tiúbparó mé pin tuic,” a veir ré. Cuir pé a lám ann a paca agus eus pe an naol gearr púnta do, agus pug pé ar an pcal leir an lám eile, agus d’iméig pé leir éom tuat pin gur deapmao an duine-uapal é do cuir ann pan mapac an t-áclair áclair ar ar do.

D’pan pé ag rúil go bfillpeac an mac, aét níor fill pé. Tug pé fuar é ann pin agus dubairt pé nac faib aon maic do trupón (?) [beic ag pail] go bpe leir, ná le n-a ceac ar ar arir go bpe.

Tug Rrōipe na gcelear ann pin an mac leir, agus bí pé áclair tóe uile póipe pionnir agus opoc-upíre do, agus ní leigpeac pé é ar bopó le aon duine ag ite a beata, aét bí pé ann pin ceantailce, agus an lá leigpeac pé na gaisríis eile amac, ní leigpeac

was only just out of the fair when the son came up to him again. "Father," says he, "you have got me to-day, but there is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we'll go to it."

The next day when they were going into the other fair, the son said, "I will make a stallion of myself, and the Knight of the Tricks will come again to buy me. He'll give you any money that you may ask for me, but put it in the bargain that you will not give him the halter." They drew up on the fair then, and he made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him; and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came to him and asked him how much he'd be wanting for the stallion. "Six hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," says he; "but I won't give you the halter," said the gentleman. "It were only right to give the halter into the bargain," said the Knight, but he did not get it.

The Knight of the Tricks departed then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman went on his way, going home; but he was not as far as the custom-gap, going out of the fair, when the son came up with him again.

"It is well, father," says he, "we have gained this time, but I don't know what will to-morrow do with us. There is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we will go down to it."

They went to the fair accordingly next day, and the son made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him, and it was short he was standing on the fair when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him again. The Knight asked how much he would be wanting for that fine stallion that he had there by the halter. "Nine hundred pounds I'm asking for him," says the gentleman. He never thought he would give him that. But no money would keep the stallion from the Knight. "I'll give you that," says he. He put his hand in his pocket and gave him the nine hundred pounds, and with the other hand he seized the stallion and went off with him so quick that the gentleman forgot to put it into his bargain that he should give him back the halter.

He waited, hoping the son would return, but he did not. He gave him up then, and said that there was no good for him to be expecting him for ever, or expecting him to ever come back again.

The Knight of the Tricks then took away the son with him, and was giving him all sorts of punishment and bad usage, and would not let him [sit down] at table with anyone to eat

pé eipean leó. Bí pé feál faoi map rin, agus Ríoripe na gceolap as eua tpoé-meap aip agus as cabairt uile póipt pionnúp wó.

Tuic pé amac sup mciš Ríoripe na gceolap an lá pó ap baile, agus w'fásbaró pé eipean ann ran bpuinneóis ip áipte 'ran teac, 'n áic nac paib puó ap bíe le pášail aige; agus é ceangailte ann rin, ruap i n-áipte. Agus nuair bí 'é uile wíne mcišle ann rin, agus san ap an t-ppáto aet é féin agus an eailin, w'iapp pé woeó uirge i n-ainm wé, ap an gceailin. Dubairt an eailin go mberóeod páiteíor uirpi wá bfašaró a mášipteiri amac í, go map-bóeacó pé í.

"Ni éloiptró wíne ap bíe go wéó é," aoeip pé, "ná bíotó páiteíor ap bíe ópt, ni uife mureóeap [= mneórap] wó é." Tug pi ruap an woeó uirge éuige ann rin, agus nuair éuip pé a élois-ionn ann ran uirge, as ól an uirge, pinne pé eapeon wé féin agus éuair pé ptop ann ran poiteac. Bí ptopán beas uirge taob amuis wé 'n wopur bí [as] pte go nweacáto pé apteac ann ran abainn, agus éaic pi amac ann ran ptopán šac a paib w'fugteac 'ran poiteac aic. Bí peipean as mteacé ann pur agus é 'na eapeuin ann ran abainn, as tappaingt a-baile.

Nuair éamš Ríoripe na gceolap a-baile, éuairó pé ruap go bpeic-peacó pé an fear w'fás pé ceangailte, agus ni bpuair pé é pomie ann: W'riappuig pé wé 'n eailin ap aipš pi é as mteacé. Dubairt an eailin nap aipš, aet go wéus pi féin bpaon uirge ruap éuige.

"Agus cá 'p éuip tu an fuigteac wó bí ašaró?" aoeip pé.

"Éaic mé 'ran ptopán amac é," ap pite.

"Tá pé mcišle 'na eapeuin ann ran abainn," aoeip pé, "šleup-aigtró ruap," aoeip pé, leip an wá-'p-'eug šairširóeac, "go leanfamaoio é."

Rinneadap wá mabaró wéus uirge wíob féin agus leanadap ann ran abainn é; agus nuair bíodap as teacé ruap leip ann ran abainn w'éipš pé 'na eun ap an abainn ann ran aep.

Nuair ruap riad rin amac sup mciš pé ap an abainn, pinneadap wá feabae wéus wíob féin agus w'mcišgeadap anwairš an éin—uirpós wó pinne pé wé féin—agus bíodap as teacé ruap leip.

Nuair ruap pé iao as teannacó leip, agus nac paib pé ionnánwut uacá, bí páiteíor móp aip. Bí bean as éacáto amuis ap páipe baim: Tuipitš pé 'nuar ap an aep, ó beic 'na eun, i nšar wó'n coirce, agus pinne pé špána coirce wé féin.

Tuipitš riad féin 'na wíamš agus pinneadap wá éeapc-ppancac

his food, but he was there tied, and the day he would let the other champions out he would not let him out with them. He was like this for a long time and the Knight of the Tricks putting dishonor on him, and giving him every kind of punishment.

It fell out that on this day [of which we are going to tell] the Knight of the Tricks went from home, and left him at the window that was highest in the house, where he had nothing at all to get, and him tied there, up on high. And then when everybody was gone away and nobody left on the street (*i.e.*, about the place) but himself and a servant-girl, he asked the girl, in the name of God, for a drink of water. The girl said that if her master were to find it out he would kill her.

"Nobody shall ever hear it," says he: "don't be a bit afraid, it's not I who'll tell him." She brought up the drink of water to him then, and when he put his head into the water, drinking the water, he made an eel of himself, and he went down into the vessel. There was a little streamlet of water beside the door, that was running until it went into the river, and she cast out into the little stream all the remains that she had in the vessel. He kept going, then, and he an eel, in the river, drawing towards home.

When the Knight of the Tricks came home, he went up to see the man he had left bound, and he did not find him there before him. He asked the girl if she felt [perceived] him going, or if she perceived anything that gave him leave to go. The girl said that she perceived nothing, but that she herself brought a drop of water up to him.

"And where did you put the leavings that you had?" says he.

"I threw it out into the little stream," says she.

"He's gone as an eel into the river," says he. "Prepare yourselves," says he to the twelve champions, "till we follow him."

They made twelve water-dogs of themselves, and they followed him in the river, and when they were coming up with him in the river, he rose up as a bird, out of the river into the air.

When they found this out, that he had gone out of the river, they made twelve hawks of themselves, and pursued after the bird—it was a lark he made of himself—and they were coming up to him.

When he found them closing on him, and that he was not able to escape from them, there was great terror on him.

deus díobh féin, [agus bí an Ríoripe 'na coileac-francae]. Tóraig-easdaí ag ite an cóirce ann sin agus faoil ríad é beir ite aca, aet ní ríad. Bí ríad ag ite an cóirce go ríad ríad i ngar do beir rátae.

Nuair mear reiréan go ríad a ráit ite aca, agus nae ríadadair ionnán móran eile do deunam, d'éiríu ré ríad agus rinne ré ríonnac de féin, agus bair ré an cloigíonn de'n dá francae deus agus de'n coileac:

Bí ceo aise d'ul a-baile d'á aetair ann sin nuair bíodair uile marb aise. Agus sin deir Ríoripe na gcleap.

There was a woman winnowing [oats] out in a bare field. He descended out of the air from being a bird, near to the oats, and he made a grain of oats of himself.

They themselves descended after him, and made twelve turkeys of themselves, and the Knight was the turkey cock. They began eating the oats, and they thought that they had him eaten, but they had not. They were eating the oats until they were near to being satiated.

When he considered that they had enough eaten and that they were not able to do much more, he rose up and made a fox of himself, and took the heads off the twelve turkeys and turkey cock.

He had leave to go home to his father then, when he had them all killed. And that is the end of the Knight of Tricks.

MO BHRÓN AIR AN BPAIRGE

Mo bhrón air an bpairste
 Ir é tá mór,
 Ir é sabail roir mé
 'S mo míle rtor.

O'fágað 'ran mbaile mé
 Deunam bpoim,
 San don truil tar páile liom
 Coirde ná go deó.

Mo léun nac bfuil mire
 'Sur mo múirín bán
 I s-cúige laigean
 No i s-conradé an Chláin.

Mo bhrón nac bfuil mire
 'Sur mo míle spád
 Air borro loingse
 Truall go 'Mericá

Leabuid luáera
 B'i púm spéir,
 Agus cait mé amac é
 Le tear an laé.

Táinig mo spád-ra
 Le mo taeb
 Sualair gualain
 Agus beul ar beula

MY GRIEF ON THE SEA.*

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

My grief on the sea,
 How the waves of it roll!
 For they heave between me
 And the love of my soul!

Abandoned, forsaken,
 To grief and to care,
 Will the sea ever waken
 Relief from despair?

My grief and my trouble!
 Would he and I were
 In the province of Leinster
 Or county of Clare.

Were I and my darling—
 Oh, heart-bitter wound!—
 On board of the ship
 For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes
 All last night I lay,
 And I flung it abroad
 With the heat of the day.

And my love came behind me—
 He came from the South;
 His breast to my bosom.
 His mouth to my mouth.

* *Literally:* My grief on the sea, It is it that is big. It is it that is going between me And my thousand treasures. I was left at home Making grief, Without any hope of (going) over sea with me, For ever and aye. My grief that I am not, And my white moorneen, In the province of Leinster Or County of Clare. My sorrow I am not, And my thousand loves On board of a ship Voyaging to America. A bed of rushes Was under me last night And I threw it out With the heat of the day. My love came To my side, Shoulder to shoulder And mouth on mouth. ["Love Songs of Connacht."]

AN BUACAILL DO BÍ A BPAO AR A MÁTAR.*

A bpaó ó foir bí lánamain póirta dar b' ainm páorais agus nuála ní ciapaéain. Bíodas ar bliadain agus fíde póirta san don clann do beir aca, agus bí brón mór orra, mar nac paid don oirde aca le na gcuro rairbhur o' fásbáil aige. Bí dá acra talman, bó, agus péipe sábar aca, agus bí tuairm aca go rabas ar rairbhur.

Don oirde amáin, bí páorais teacé a-baile o teacé tuine muinntir, agus nuair táinig pé eom fada leir an poitig maol, táinig sean tuine liat amac agus tuidairt: "Go mbeannaisib Dia duit." "Go mbeannaisib Dia 'sur Muiré duit," ar páorais. "Cad atá ag cur bróin ort?" ar sean tuine. "Níl morán go deimhin," ar páorais, "ní beiré mé a bpaó beó, agus ní'l mac 'ná ingean le caomead mo diais nuair geobar mé báp." "B' éoir nac mberdeá mar rin," ar sean tuine. "Faraor! beirdeas," ar páorais, "táim bliadain agus fíde póirta, agus ní'l don coramlac fóp." "Slac m'focal-ra go mbeiré mac ós ag do mnaoi, cpi páite o'n oirde anoct." Cuair páorais a-baile, lútgáirde go leór, agus o'muir an rseul do nuála. "Ara! ní paid ann ran tpean tuine acé sogaille, a bí ag deunam mag-aíó ort," ar nuála. "Ir maic an rseuluid an aimir," ar páorais.

Bí go maic agus ní paid go h-ole; real má (pul) ndeacáir leir-bliadain éart, connair páorais go paid nuála dul oirde do taidairt bó, agus bí bróo mór air. Coruis pé ag cur na feilme i n-ortugad, agus ag fásbáil sac nio péir le h-agaíó an oirde óis. An lá táinig tinnear ciomne ar nuála, bí páorais ag cur eamain óis a látar dorair an tige. Nuair táinig an rseul eirge go paid mac ós ag nuála, bí an oirde rin lútgáirde air gur tuit pé marb le tinnear eirde.

Bí brón mór air nuála, agus tuidairt pí leir an naordeanán:

"Ní coirgeiré mé tu óm' éic go mbeiré tu ionánn an eamain do bí o' átar ag cur nuair fuair pé báp do tairpains ar na fíeá-maib."

Sonacá páirín ar an naordeanán, agus eus an mátar éic do go paid pé feacé mbliadna o'aoir. Ann rin eus pí amac é le feucaint an paid pé ionánn an eamain do tairpains, acé ní paid. Níor euir rin don oroc-meirneac ar an mátar, eus pí arceac é;

* O fear dar b'ainm bláca, i n-aice le baile-an-ríóba, gConoae muig-eó.

THE BOY WHO WAS LONG ON HIS MOTHER.

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

THERE was long ago a married couple of the name of Patrick and Nuala O'Keerahan. They were a year and twenty married, without having any children, and there was great grief on them because they had no heir to leave their share of riches to. They had two acres of land, a cow, and a pair of goats, and they supposed that they were rich.

One night Patrick was coming home from a friend's house, and when he was come as far as the ruined churchyard, there came out a gray old man and said, "God save you."

"God and Mary save you," says Patrick.

"-What's putting grief on you?" says the old man.

"There isn't much indeed putting grief on me," says Patrick, "but I won't be long alive, and I have neither son nor daughter to keen after me when I find death."

"Perhaps you won't be so," says the old man.

"Alas! I will," says Patrick, "I'm a year and twenty married, and there's no sign yet."

"Take my word that your wife will have a young son three-quarters of a year from this very night."

Patrick went home, joyous enough, and told the story to Nuala.

"Arrah, there was nothing in the old man but a dotard who was making a mock of you," says Nuala.

"Well, 'time is a good story-teller,'" said Patrick.

It was well, and it was not ill. Before half a year went by Patrick saw that Nuala was going to give him an heir, and there was great pride on him. He began putting the farm in order and leaving everything ready for the young heir. The day that sickness came on Nuala, Patrick was planting a young tree before the door of the house. When the news came to him that Nuala had a young son, there was that much joy on him that he fell dead with heart-disease.

There was great grief on Nuala, and she said to the infant, "I will not wean you from my breast until you will be able to pull up out of the roots the tree that your father was planting when he died."

The infant was called Paudyeen, or little Pat, and the mother nursed him at her breast until he was seven years old. Then she brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not. That put no discouragement on the mother; she brought him in, and nursed him for seven years

asur tug cíod feacht mbliadhna eile 'dó, asur ní raib don buacail ann ran tír ionánn teacht ruar leir i n-obair:

Faoi ceann deirid na ceit're bliadhna deus tug a má'tair amac é, le feuchaint an raib pé ionánn an crann 'do tarrainis, aet ní raib, mar bí an crann i n-éir mair, asur as fár so móir. Níor cuir rin don 'poc-mirneac ar an má'tair.

Tug sí cíod feacht mbliadhna eile 'dó, asur faoi ceann deirid an ama rin, bí pé com móir asur com láirir le faeac:

Tug an má'tair amac é asur duhairt: "Mur (muna) bfuil tu ionánn an crann rin 'to tarrainis anoir, ní tiúbaird mé don b'pao eile eice duit." Cuir páirín rmuairle ar a lámair, asur fuair s'neim ar bun an crainn: An ceud-iarraird 'do tug pé, éairt pé an talam feacht b'p'irre ar sac taoib dé, asur leir an 'p'ara iarraird tós pé an crann ar na r'p'eamair, asur timcioll fice tonna de éir'p'óis leir. "S'pád mo éir'ide tu," ar ran má'tair; "ir piú eice bliadhain asur fice tu." "A má'tair," ar páirín, "o'ib'p'is tu so cruaird le biad asur deoc 'do tabhairt dam-ra ó r'p'sad mé, asur tá pé i n-am 'dam anoir ruo éigin 'do 'deunam duit-re, ann 'do r'ean-laeitib. Ir é peó an ceud-crann 'do tarrainis mé asur 'deunfaird mé mairde láime 'dam péin dé." Ann rin fuair pé ráb asur tuas, asur s'earr an crann, as fásbail timcioll fice t'p'ois de 'n bun, asur bí cnar air, com móir le túr de na túraib cruinne 'do bídeac i n-éirinn an t-am rin. Bí or cionn tonna meadacain ann ran mairde láime nuair bí pé s'leup'ta as páirín.

Ar mairin, lá ar na má'rac, fuair páirín s'neim ar a mairde, o'fás a beannaet as a má'tair, asur o'imt'is as t'p'uirgeaet r'p'irvire. Bí pé as r'íubal so 'táinis pé so cairleán pi's laigean: O'f'airp'uis an pi's dé cas 'do bí pé 'iarraird: "As iarraird oirre, má pé 'do toil," ar páirín: "Bfuil don ceir' asao?" ar ran pi's. "Ní'l," ar páirín, "aet t'is liom obair ar bit 'dā n'p'earnaird fear airiam 'deunam." "Deunfaird mé mar'p'sad leat," ar ran pi's, "mā t'is leat h-uile n'ro a op'p'oc'ar m'p'e duit a 'deunam ar feac pé mī, deunfaird mé 'do meadacan péin o'p' duit, asur m'ingean mar m'naoi-p'p'ra, aet muna o'is leat sac n'ro 'do 'deunam, caill'p'ir tu 'do ceann." "Táim pá'ra leir an mar'p'sad 'n," ar páirín. "Téir ar'p'ac 'ran r'p'iodól, asur bí as bualad coirce 'do na ba (buaib) so mbéir 'do ceud-p'ronn péir." " "

Cuaird páirín ar'p'ac, asur fuair an r'uirte, aet ní raib an r'uirtin aet mar é'p'at'nin i lám pá'p'rais; asur duhairt pé leir péin," ir fearr mo mairde-lám 'nā an s'leup rin." T'p'uis pé as bualad leir an mairde-lám' asur níor b'pao so raib an méad

more, and there was not a lad in the country who was able to keep up with him in his work.

At the end of fourteen years his mother brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not, for the tree was in good soil, and growing greatly. That put no discouragement on the mother.

She nursed him for seven more years, and at the end of that time he was as large and as strong as a giant.

His mother brought him out then and said, "Unless you are able to pull up that tree now, I will never nurse you again."

Paudyeen spat on his hands, and got a hold of the bottom of the tree, and the first effort he made he shook the ground for seven perches on each side of it, and at the second effort he lifted the tree from the roots, and about twenty ton of clay along with it.

"The love of my heart you are," said the mother, "you're worth nursing for one and twenty years."

"Mother," says Paudyeen, "you worked hard to give me food and drink since I was born, and it is time now for me to do something for you in your old days. This is the first tree I ever pulled up, and I'll make myself a hand-stick of it. Then he got a saw and axe, and cut the tree, leaving about twenty feet of the bottom, and there was a knob on it as big as a round tower of the round towers that used to be in Erin at that time. There was above a ton weight in the hand-stick when Paudyeen had it dressed.

On the morning of the next day, Paudyeen caught a hold of his stick, left his blessing with his mother, and went away in search of service. He was traveling till he came to the castle of the King of Leinster. The king asked him what he was looking for. "Looking for work, if you please," says Paudyeen.

"Have you e'er a trade?" says the king.

"No," says Paudyeen, "but I can do any work in life that ever man did."

"I'll make a bargain with you," says the king; "if you can do everything that I'll order you to do during six months, I'll give you your own weight in gold, and my daughter as your married wife; but if you are not able to do each thing you shall lose your head."

"I'm satisfied with that bargain," says Paudyeen.

"Go into the barn, and be threshing oats for the cows till your breakfast is ready."

Paudyeen went in and got the flail, and the flailleen was

do bí ann fan ríobol buailte aise. Ann rin éuaró ré amac ann fan n'gartha asur éopuís as bualaó na r'áca coipee asur epuit-neacéa, sup éuir pé c'íeoanna spáin ar feaó na típe. Táinís an n'ís amac asur dubairc, "Coipe do lámh, a'ceipim, no r'smuorparó tu mé. Téiró asur beir cúpla buiceuó uirge cum na rearb-fósanta ar an loé úo r'íor, asur béiró an leite ruar go léor nuair éiuépar tu ar air." U'feuc pároin éaric, asur éonnaire pé uá báipille móir folam, le coir baila. Fuair pé spem oppa, ceann aca ann saé lámh, éuaró cum an loéa, asur éus iao líonta go cúl uopair an éarpleám. Bí ionántar ar an n'ís nuair éonnaire pé párois as ceacé, asur dubairc pé leir: "Téiró arceac, tá an leite péiró uuit." Éuaró pároin arceac, asur éuaró an n'ís cum Dailt slie do bí aise, asur o'innir pé uó an maraó do pinne pé le pároin, asur o'fíarpuís pé ué, epueó do buó éóir uó tabairc le uéunam do pároin. "Abair leir uol r'íor asur an loé do éaoómaó, asur é uó beir uéunta aise, real má u'éiró an spian faoi, an t'raénóna ro."

Šair an n'ís ar pároin asur dubairc leir: "Taódm an loé rin r'íor asur buó pé uéunta asao real má u'éiró an spian faoi an t'raénóna ro." "Maic go léor," ar pároin, "acé cia an áit a éuipéar mé an t-uirge?" "Cuip ann fan n'gleann móir acá i n'gar uó'n loé é," ar fan n'ís. Ní raib r'oir an gleann asur an loé acé r'gonpa, asur bíóeac na uaoine as uéunam bótair-coipe ué. Fuair pároin buiceuó, picóro asur lárúe, asur éuaró cum an loéa. Bí bun an gleanna coérom le bun an loéa. Éuaró pároin arceac 'fan n'gleann asur pinne poll arceac go bun an loéa. Ann rin éuir pé a uéul ar an bpoll, éarpaing anál r'aoa, asur níor fás pé b'raon uirge, iars, ná báó, ann fan loé, nár éarpaing pé amac leir an anál rin, asur nár éuir pé arceac 'ra' n'gleann. Ann rin uún pé ruar an poll.

Nuair u'feuc an n'ís r'íor, éonnaire pé an loé éom típm le boir uó lámhe, asur níor b'as go u'éáinís pároin éuirge asur dubairc: "Tá an obair rin epíocénuigé, caó uéunpar mé uuit anoir?" "Ní'l aon iuto eile le uéunam asao anuú, acé béiró neaire asao le uéunam amárac." An oiréce rin, éuir an n'ís r'íor ar ar n'Dail slie, asur o'innir uó an éaoi ar éaoóm pároin an loé, asur naé raib r'íor aise epueó uó b'éarparó pé uó le uéunam. "Tá r'íor asam-ra an n'ir naé mbéiró pé ionánn a uéunam, ar maroin amárac, tabair r'spíubinn uó cum uó u'earb'ácar i n'šailtín, abair leir uá péiró tónna epuit-neacéa uó tabairc éusao, asur a beir ar air ann ró faoi éeann ceitpe uaire ar píro. Tabair an t'rean-láir asur a éáire uó, asur t'is leat beir éinnce naé u'ciuéparó pé ar air." Ar maroin, lá ar na márac, šair an n'ís

only like a *trancen* in Paudyeen's hand, and he said to himself, "My hand-stick is better than that contrivance." He began threshing with the hand-stick, and it was not long till he had all that was in the barn threshed. Then he went out into the garden and began threshing the stacks of oats and wheat, so that he sent showers of grain throughout the country.

The king came out and said, "Hold your hand, or you'll destroy me. Go and bring a couple of buckets of water to the servants out of that loch down there, and the stirabout will be sufficiently cool when you come back."

Paudyeen looked round, and he saw two great empty barrels beside the wall. He caught hold of them, one in each hand, went to the lake, and brought them filled to the back of the castle door. There was wonder on the king when he saw Paudyeen arriving, and he said to him, "Go in, the stirabout's ready for you."

Paudyeen went in, but the king went to a Dall Glic, or cunning blind man that he had, and told him the bargain that he made with Paudyeen, and asked him what he ought to give Paudyeen to do.

"Tell him to go down and teem [bail out] that lake, and him to have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

The king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Teem that lake down there, and let you have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

"Very well," says Paudyeen, "but where shall I put the water."

"Put it into the great glen that is near the lake," says the king.

There was nothing but a seance [ditch-bank] between the glen and the lake, and the people used to make a foot-road of it.

Paudyeen got a bucket, a pickaxe, and a loy [narrow spade], and he went to the lake. The bottom of the glen was even with the bottom of the lake. Paudyeen went into the glen and made a hole in the bottom of the lake. Then he put his mouth to the hole, drew a long breath, and never left boat, fish, or drop of water in the lake that he did not draw out through his body, and cast into the glen. Then he closed up the hole.

When the king looked down he saw the lake as dry as the palm of your hand, and it was not long till Paudyeen came to him and said, "That work is finished, what shall I do now?"

"You have nothing else to do to-day, but you shall have plenty to do to-morrow."

páirín, agus tug an ríribinn uó, agus dubhairt leir, “fás an láir agus an cáirt agus téir go Sallim. Tabair an ríribinn seo dom’ dearbhrátair, agus abair leir dá fícró tonna éruit-neaceta do tabairt tuit, agus bí ar air ann go faoi ceann ceitíre uaire ar fícró.”

Fuair páirín an láir agus an cáirt, agus cuaird ar an mbótar. Ní raib an láir ionánn níor mó ná ceitíre míle ran uair do fíubal. Céangail páirín an láir ar an gcairt, cuir ar a gualain é, agus ar go brát leir, tar cnocaiú agus gleanncaib, go ndéacair ré go Sallim. Tug ré an lictir do dearbhrátair an rí, fuair an éruit-neaceta agus cuir ar an gcairt é. Nuair cuir ré an láir faoi an gcairt, junnead dá leir d’á d’ruim. Cuir páirín an éruit-neaceta ann ran ríoból. Nuair cuaird muinntir an cáirleáin ‘na scoola, cuaird páirín cum an cuain, agus níor fás ré ríabha ar an loingear náir tug ré leir. Ann rin ríomair ré faoi an ríoból, céangail na ríabha ca timéioill air, agus ar go brát leir, agus an ríoból agus gac a raib ann ar a d’ruim. Cuaird ré tar cnocaiú agus gleanncaib, agus níor ríop gur fás ré an ríoból i látair cáirleáin an rí. Bí laeáin, ceapca, agus gírd-eaca ann ran ríoból. Ar maidin go mod, d’feud an rí amac ar a feompa agus creud d’feicfead ré aceta ríoból a dearbhrátair.

“M’ anam ó’n diabal,” ar ran rí “ré rin an fear ir iongantaisge ‘ran domán.” Táinig ré anuair agus fuair páirín le na maidne ann a láim, ‘na fearam le coir an ríoból:

“An dtug tu an éruit-neaceta eugam?” ar ran rí.

“Tugair,” ar páirín, “aceta tá an trean-láir marb.” Ann rin d’innir ré do’n rí gac níó d’á ndéanair ré ó d’iméig ré go dtáinig ré ar air.

Ní raib fíor as an rí creud do deunfáó ré, agus d’iméig ré cum an dáill glic, agus dubhairt leir, “mur (muna) n-innrigeann tu dam níó nac mbéir an fear rin ionnán a deunam, bainfir mé an ceann díot.”

Smuain an dáill glic tamall agus dubhairt, “abair leir go bfuil do dearbhrátair i n-irpuonn, agus go mbuó maid leat amarc do beir asad air, agus abair leir é do tabairt eugad, go mbéir amarc asad air; nuair a geobar ríad in n-irpuonn é, ní leigfir ríad do teaceta ar air.”

Sáir an rí páirín agus dubhairt leir, “tá dearbhrátair dam i n-irpuonn agus tabair eugam é, go mbéir amarc asad air.” “Cia an caoi aitheócair mé do dearbhrátair ó na daoimib eile atá ‘ran áit rin?” ar páirín:

That night the king sent for the Dall Glic, and told him the way that Paudyeen teemed out the lake, and [said] that he did not know what to give him to do.

"I know the thing that he won't be able to do. To-morrow morning give him a writing to your brother in Galway, and tell him to bring you forty tons of wheat, and to be back here in twenty-four hours. Give him the old mare and the cart, and you may be sure he won't come back."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen and gave him the writing and said to him, "Get the mare and the cart, and go to Galway. Give the writing to my brother, and tell him to give you twenty tons of wheat, and be back here in twenty-four hours."

Paudyeen got the mare and the cart, and went on the road. The mare was not able to travel more than four miles in the hour. Paudyeen tied the mare to the cart, put it on his shoulder, and off and away with him over hills and hollows, till he came to Galway. He gave the letter to the king's brother, got the wheat, and put it on the cart. When he put the mare under the cart, there were two halves made of its back [the load was so heavy]. Then Paudyeen put the wheat back into the barn. When the people of the castle went to sleep, Paudyeen went to the harbor, and he never left a chain on the shipping that he did not take with him. Then he dug under the barn [slipped the chains under] and tied them round it, and off and away with him, and the barn with all that was in it on his back. He went over hills and glens, and never stopped till he left the barn in front of the king's castle. There were ducks, hens, and geese in the barn. Early in the morning the king looked out of his room, and what should he see but his brother's barn.

"My soul from the devil," said the king, "but that's the most wonderful man in the world." He came down and found Paudyeen with his stick in his hand standing beside the barn.

"Did you bring me the wheat?" says the king.

"I brought it," says Paudyeen, "but the old mare is dead." Then he told the king everything he had done from the time he went away till he came back.

The king did not know what he should do, and he went to the Dall Glic, and said to him, "Unless you tell me a thing which that man will not be able to do, I will strike the head off you."

The Dall Glic thought for a while and said, "Tell him that your brother is in hell, and that you would like to have a sight of him; and to bring him to you, until you have a

“Tá fiacail fada i gceart-lár a cearbair uachtaraig,” ar ran nís:

Cuir páirín rmuzaire ar a máide, buail an bótar, agus níor b'fao go dtáinig ré go geata ipinn. Buail ré buille ar an ngeata do cuir arteaé amearg na nriabail é, agus níubail ré féin arteaé 'na diais. Nuair éonnairc Deiribú é ag teacht, táinig faicéir air, agus o'farpais ré de creuto do bí a' ceartáil uair:

“Deiribú náir nís laigean atá a' ceartáil uaim,” ar páirín.

“Píoc amac é,” ar Deiribú.

O'feuc páirín tairt, aet fuair ré níor mó ná oá fícto fear a nair fiacail fada i gceart-lár a cearbair uachtaraig aca.

“Ar faicéir nac mbeidead an fear ceart agam,” ar páirín, “tiomáir mé an tiomlán aca liom, agus tís leir an nís a deiribú náir píocaó arca.”

Tiomáin ré oá fícto aca amac nioime, agus níor rtop go dtáinig ré i láir cearleáin an nís. Ann rin gáir ré ar an nís agus tuidair leir, “píoc amac do deiribú náir ar na fir (fearaib) reó.”

Nuair o'feuc an nís agus éonnairc ré na diaibail le h-aóarcaib orra, bí faicéir air, r'snead ré ar páirín agus tuidair, “tabair ar air iao.”

Toruis páirín 'gá mbualad le na máide, gur cuir ré ar air go h-irpionn iao.

Cuair an nís cum an 'Dail glic, agus o'innir do an nio do pinne páirín, agus tuidair leir, “ní tís leat innirint oam don nio nac b'fao ré ionáin a deunam, agus cailpíó tu do éann ar maidin amárac.”

“Tabair iarrad eile oam,” ar ran Dail glic, “agus ní beir an Connacac a b'fao beó. Ar maidin amárac, abair leir, an tobair atá i láir an cearleáin do taó-maó; bíóó fir péir agao, agus nuair a geobar tu pior ann ran tobair é, abair leir na fir (fearaib), an éloc mullinn atá le coir an balla do caiteam pior 'na mullac, agus marbócaó rin é.”

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, gair an nís páirín agus tuidair leir: “tíóó agus taóom an tobair rin tá i láir an cearleáin, agus nuair a beirdear ré deunta agao, beirpíó mé hata nuad 'duir, ir fuarac an cáibín é rin atá orc.”

Bí na fir péir ag an nís le páirín boet do marbóó, oá b'fao raó é.

Cuair páirín go b'fao an tobair, luir pior air a beul faoi;

look at him. But when they get him in hell, they won't let him come back."

The king called Paudyeen and said to him, "I have a brother in hell, and bring him to me until I have a look at him."

"How shall I know your brother from the other people that are in that place?" said Paudyeen.

"He had a long tooth in the very middle of his upper gum," says the king.

Paudyeen spat on his stick, struck the road, and it was not long till he came to the gate of hell. He struck a blow upon the gate which drove it in amongst the devils, and he himself walked in after it. When Belzibub saw him coming there came a fear on him, and he asked him what he was wanting.

"A brother of the King of Leinster is what I am wanting," says he.

"Well, pick him out," says Belzibub.

Paudyeen looked round him, but he found more than forty men who had a long tooth in the very middle of their upper gums.

"For fear I shouldn't have the right man," said Paudyeen, "I'll drive the whole lot of them with me, and the king can pick his brother out from among them."

He drove forty of them out before him, and never stopped till he came to the king's castle. Then he called the king and said to him, "Pick out your brother from these men."

When the king looked and saw the devils with horns on them, there was fear on him. He screamed to Paudyeen, and said, "Bring them back."

Paudyeen began beating them with his stick, till he sent them back to hell.

The king went to the Dall Glic and told him the thing Paudyeen did, and said to him, "You cannot tell me anything that he is not able to do, and you shall lose your head to-morrow morning."

"Give me another trial," says the Dall Glic, "and the Connachtman won't be long alive. Tell him to-morrow morning to teem the well that is before the castle. Let you have men ready, and when you get him down in the well, tell the men to throw down the millstone that is beside the wall on top of him, and that will kill him."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Go and teem that well in front of the castle, and as soon as you have that done I'll give you a new hat; that's a miserable old caubeen that's on you."

agus toruis a5 tarrain5 an uirge arthead ann a beul, agus "dā r5áircaō amac uairō aríur 5o raiō an tobair ionnann agus tirm aise. Bí poinn beas i mbun an tobair nac raiō taōmēta, agus cuairō pāōraiz ríor le na tirmiu5aō. Táinis na fir leir an 5cloic mōir mūilinn agus caitēadair ríor ar mūllac pāōin é. Bí an poll do bí i lāp na cloice 5o oipeac cōm mōir le ceann pāōin, agus faoil pé 5ur b' é an hata nuadō do cait an rí5 ríor cuise, agus 5laōō pé ruar: "cāim buirdeac oíot, a māi5irtir, ar pon an hata nuadō." Ann rin tāinis pé ruar leir an 5cloic mūilinn ar a ceann. Bí brōō mōir aise ar an hata nuadō. Bí ion5antair ar a rí5 agus ar h-uile duine eile, nuair cōnnairc ríad pāōin leir an 5cloic mūilinn ar a ceann.

Bí ríor a5 an rí5 nac raiō lon māit dō lon nīō eile do tabairt do pāōin le deunam, agus duibairt pé leir, "ir tu an reairb-fō5anta ir fearr do bí a5am ariam; nī'l lon nīō eile a5am duit le deunam, agus tar liom-ra, 5o otu5airō mé do tuairtaral duit. Nī'l m' ingean rean 5o leōr le pōraō, aēt nuair a beirdear rí bliadain agus ríde d'aoir, tiz leat í do beir a5aō."

"Nī'l d'ingean a' tearcāl uaim," ar pāōin:

Tuz an rí5 é cum an éirte, an áit a raiō 5o leōr oir, agus duibairt leir: "bain oíot do hata nuadō, agus téirō arthead 'ra' r5ála."

"5o deimīn, nī bainrīō mé mo hata dōim, bponn tura oim é," ar pāōin, "beirdeacó pé cōm māit duit mo bpríte do baint oíom."

Nī raiō an oipeac oir agus a meadōcāō hata pāōin, aēt fōcruis an rí5 leir a5 tabairt dō dā māla oir. Cuir pāōin ceann aca faoi 5ac arcall, ruair 5neim air a māide, an hata nuadō ar a ceann, agus ar 5o brāt leir, tar cnocairō agus gleanntairō, 5o otāinis pé a-baile.

Nuair cōnnairc daoine an baile pāōin a5 teacē leir an 5cloic mūilinn ar a ceann, bí ion5antair mōir oirra; aēt nuair cōnnairc an mātair an dā māla oir, buō beas nār duit rí marb le lūt-5áire: Toruis pāōin, agus cuir pé teac bpeā5 ar bun dō fēin, agus d'ā mātair. Rinne pé ceirpe leir (leatanna) de 'n hata nuadō, agus pinne cloca cūinne dīōb do 'n teac. Congbuis pé a mātair mar mnaoi uairil 5o bpuair rí bār le rean-aoir, agus cait pé fēin beata māit i n5rādō Dē agus na 5-cōmairran.

The king had the men ready to kill poor Paudyeen if they were able.

Paudyeen came to the brink of the well, and lay down with his mouth under, and began drawing the water into his mouth and spouting it out behind him until he had the well all as one as dry. There was a little quantity of water on the bottom of the well that was not teemed, and Paudyeen went down to dry it. The men came then with the great millstone, and threw it down on the top of Paudyeen. The hole that was in the middle of the stone was just as big as Paudyeen's head, and he thought it was the new hat the king had thrown down to him, and called up and said, "I'm thankful to you, master, for the new hat." Then he came up with the millstone on his head. He had great pride out of the new hat. There was wonder on the king and on every one else when they saw the millstone on his head.

The king knew that it was no use for him to give Paudyeen anything else to do, so he said to him, "You're the best servant that ever I had. I've nothing else for you to do, but come with me till I give you your wages. My daughter is not old enough to marry, but when she is one and twenty years of age you can have her."

"I do not want your daughter," said Paudyeen.

The king brought him then to the treasury, where there was plenty of gold, and said, "Take off your new hat and get into the scales."

"Indeed I won't take off my new hat; you gave it to me," said Paudyeen; "you might as well take off my breeches."

There was not as much gold as would weigh Paudyeen's hat, but the king settled with him by giving him two bags of gold. Paudyeen put one of them under each oxter [arm-pit], got hold of his stick—his new hat on his head—and off and away with him over hills and hollows till he came home.

When the people of the village saw Paudyeen coming with the millstone on his head, there was great wonder on them; but when the mother saw the two bags of gold, it was little but she fell dead with joy.

Paudyeen began working, and set up a fine house for himself and his mother. He made four parts of the new hat, and made corner-stones of them for the house. He kept his mother like a lady, until she died of old age; and he spent a good life himself, in the love of God and of the neighbors.

malá néirín:

Dá mbéirínn-pe aip Malá Néirín
 'S mo ceud-ghrád le mo t-aoib;
 I r lágad coirdeólamaoip i n-éinfeadú
 Mar an t-éinín aip an g-oraib.
 'Sé do béilín binn bhuatrac
 Do meudais aip mo pian,
 Agus corlad ciúin ní feudaim,
 So n-éusrad, faraor!

Dá mbéirínn-pe aip na cuantaib
 Mar buo duat dam, geobainn rporc;
 Mo cáirde uile faoi buairdear
 Agus ghuaim orra gac ló:
 Fíor-rghat na n-ghuagac
 Fuair buair a' r clú annr gac gleo,
 'S gur b'é mo éiríde-rig tá 'nna gual duib;
 Agus bean mo t-ghuaise ní'l beo:

Ilac aorínn do na h-éinínib
 A éirígear go h-áir,
 'S a corluigear i n-éinfeadú
 Aip don éraoibín amáin.
 Ní mar rin dam féin
 A' r do m' ceud míle ghrao;
 I r rada ó na céile orrainn
 Éirígear gac lá:

Cao é do bpeactnugad aip na rpeartuib
 Trae tíg tear aip an lá,
 Na aip an lán-mara ag éiríge
 Le h-eudan an éiríde áir?
 Mar rúo bíor an té úo
 A beir an-toil do 'n ghrao
 Mar éirínn aip malá rleib
 Do t-éirígear a blát.

THE BROW OF NEFIN.

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

[“ Love Songs of Connacht.”]

Did I stand on the bald top of Néfin
 And my hundred-times loved one with me,
 We should nestle together as safe in
 Its shade as the birds on a tree.
 From your lips such a music is shaken,
 When you speak it awakens my pain,
 And my eyelids by sleep are forsaken,
 And I seek for my slumber in vain.

But were I on the fields of the ocean
 I should sport on its infinite room,
 I should plow through the billows' commotion
 Though my friends should look dark at my doom.
 For the flower of all maidens of magic
 Is beside me where'er I may be,
 And my heart like a coal is extinguished,
 Not a woman takes pity on me.

How well for the birds in all weather,
 They rise up on high in the air,
 And then sleep upon one bough together
 Without sorrow or trouble or care;
 But so it is not in this world
 For myself and my thousand-times fair,
 For, away, far apart from each other,
 Each day rises barren and bare.

Say, what dost thou think of the heavens
 When the heat overmasters the day,
 Or what when the steam of the tide
 Rises up in the face of the bay?
 Even so is the man who has given
 An inordinate love-gift away,
 Like a tree on a mountain all riven
 Without blossom or leaflet or spray.

AN LACHA DHEARG.

Sgríobh mé an sgeul so, focal ar fhocal, o bheul sean-mhná de mhuinntir Bhriain ag Cill-Aodain, anaice le Coillte-mach i gcondaé Mhuigh-Eó.

An Cḡaoibhín.

Bhí rígh i n-Eirinn, fad ó shoin, agus bhí dá 'r 'éag mac aige. Agus ghabh sé amach lá ag siúbhal anaice le loch, agus chonnaire sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe. Bhí sí [ag] bualadh an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi, agus ag congabháil aoin cheann déag léithe féin.

Agus tháinig an rígh a-bhaile chuig a bhean féin, agus dubhairt sé léithe go bhfacaidh sé iongnadh mór andhiú, go bhfacaidh sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe, agus go raibh sí ag díbirt an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi. Agus dubhairt an bhean leis, "ní de thíir ná de thalamh thú, nach bhfuil fhios agad gur gheall sí ceann do'n *Deachmhaidh* agus go raibh sí chomh cineálta agus go dtug sí amach an dá cheann déag."

"Ní de thíir ná de thalamh thú," ar seisean, "tá dhá cheann déag de mhacaibh agam-sa, agus caithfidh ceann dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*."

"Ní h-ionnann na daoine agus éanacha na genoc le chéile," [ar sise].

Ghabh sé síos ann sin chuig an Sean-Dall Glic, agus dubhairt an Sean-Dall Glic nach ionnann daoine agus éanacha na genoc le chéile. Dubhairt an rígh go gcaithfidh ceann aca dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*, "agus cad é an ceann," ar seisean, "bhéarfais mé chuig an *Deachmhaidh*?"

"Tá do dhá-déag cloinne ag dul chum sgoile, agus abair leo lámh thabhairt i lámh a-chéile, dul chum sgoile, agus an chéad fhear aca bhéidheas 'san mbaile agad go dtiúbhraidh tú dinéar maith dhó, agus cuir an fear deiridh chum bealaigh ann sin."

Rinne sé sin. An t-oidhre do bhí ar deireadh, agus níor fhéad sé an t-oidhre chur chum bealaigh.

Chuir sé amach ag tiomáint ann sin iad, seisean ar gach taoibh agus an taobh do bhí ag gnóthughadh, bhí sé ag tarraing fear [fir] uaithi, agus d'á thabhairt do'n taoibh do bhí ag cailleadh. Faoi dheireadh bhain aon fhear amháin an liathróid de'n aon fhear déag. Dubhairt an t-athair leis, ann sin, "a mhic," ar seisean, "caithfidh tú dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*."

"Ní rachaidh mise chuig an *Deachmhaidh*, a athair," ar seisean

THE RED DUCK.

[Written down in Irish by Douglas Hyde at the dictation of an old woman in County Mayo, and translated from the French of G. Dottin by Charles Welsh.]

ONCE upon a time in Ireland, and a long time ago at that, there was a king who had twelve sons. He went one day to walk by the borders of a lake, and there he saw a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven of them she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

The King went home and told his wife that he had seen a very wonderful thing that day; that he had seen a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

His wife said, "You're neither of people or land. Do you know that she has promised one of her brood to the Deachmhaidh, and that the duck is of such a fine breed that she has hatched out twelve."

"*You're* neither of people or land," he replied. "I have twelve sons, and one of them must certainly go to the Deachmhaidh."

His wife answered him, "People and birds of the hillside are not the same thing."

Then he went to find the old blind diviner, and the old blind diviner told him that the people and the birds of the hillside were not the same.

The King told the old blind diviner that one out of his children must go to the Deachmhaidh. "And what I want to know," said he, "is which one shall I send to the Deachmhaidh."

"Your children are now going to school. Tell them to walk hand-in-hand as they go to school, and that you will give to him who shall be first in the house again a good dinner; and it will be the last one that you will be sending away."

He did so, but it was his son and heir who was the last one, and he could not think of sending his son and heir away. He then sent them to play a hurling match—six on one side and six on the other—and from the side which won he took one away and gave it to the side which lost. At last, a single one swept away the ball from the eleven others. Then he said to that one, "My son, it is you that will be going to the Deachmhaidh."

“ tabhair dham costas, agus rachaidh mé ag féachain m’ fhortún.”

D’imthigh sé ar maidin, agus bhí sé ag slúbhal go dtáinig an oidhche, agus casadh asteach i dteach beag é nach raibh ann acht sean-fhear, agus chuir sé failte roimh Réalandar mac rígh Eireann. “ Níl mall ort ” [ar seisean leis an mac rígh] “ do shaidhbheas do dheanamh amárach má tá aon mhaith ionnat id’ fowl-éiridh, [seilgíre]. Ta inghean rígh an Domhain-Shoir ag tigheacht chuig an loch beag sin shíos, amárach, agus níor tháinig sí le seacht mbliadhnaibh roimhe; agus beidh da cheann déag de mhnaibh-coimhdeacht léithe. Feirigh i bhfolach ann san tseisg go gcaithfidh siad a dá cheann déag de cochaill díobh. Leagfaidh sise a cohall féin leith-thaobh, mar tá [an oiread sin] d’ onóir innti, agus nuair gheobhas tusa amuigh ann san tsnámh iad, éirigh agus beir ar an gcohall: Fillfidh sise, asteach ar ais, agus déarfaidh sí, “ a mhic rígh Eireann tabhair dham mo chochall.” Agus déarfaidh tusa nach dtiubhraídh [tú]. Agus déarfaidh sise leat, “ muna dtugann tú ded’ dheóin go dtiubhraídh tú ded’ aimhdheóin é.” Abair léithe nach dtiubhraídh tú ded’ dheóin, na de d’ aimhdheóin dí é [muna ngeallann sí do phósadh]. Déarfaidh sí, ann sin, nach bhfuil sin le fághail agad mur [=muna] n-aithnigheann tú í arís. Geóbhaidh siad amach uait ann san tsnámh arís, agus déanfaidh siad trí easconna déag díobh féin. Béidh sise ’na rubailín [ear, baillín] suarach ar uachtar; ní thig léithe bheith ar deireadh-mar tá onóir innti, agus beidh sí ag caint leat. Aithneóchaídh tú air sin í, agus abair go dtógfaidh tú í féin i gcómhnuidhe, an ceann a bhéidheas ag caint leat. Déarfaidh sise ann sin, “ Cailte an sgeul, an fear thug a athair do’n Deachmhaidh aréir, geallamhain pósta ag inghin Rígh an Domhain-Shoir andhiú air’ ! ”

[Dubhairt an mac rígh leis an sean-fhear go ndéanfaidh sé gach rud mar dubhairt sé leis. Chuaidh sé amach ar maidin chuig an loch agus tharla h-uile shórt go díreach mar dubhairt an sean-fhear.

Nuair bhí an bhean gnóthaighthe aige] d’imthigh an dá-r’eug cailín a-bhaile. Tharraing sise amach slaitín draoidheachta, agus bhuaíl sí ar dhá bhuachallán buidhe í, agus rinne sí dá chapall marcúigheachta dhíobh.

Bhí siad ag siúbhal ann sin, go dtáinig an oidhche, agus bhí sí ag teach *oncaíl* dí, ar dtuitim na h-oidhche. Agus dubhairt sí le mac rígh Eireann eochair rúma na séad d’ iarraidh ar an *oncal*, agus go bhfuighfeadh sé í féin astigh ann san rúma roimhe. [Ní raibh fhíos ag an oncal, go raibh sise ann, chor ar bith, agus shaoil sé gur ag iarraidh a inghine féin tháinig mac rígh Eireann chulge.]

"I will not be going to the Deachmhaidh," said he. "Give me some money and I will go and make my fortune." He started off the next morning, and walked until it was night, and came to a little house where there was nobody but an old man, who welcomed Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland.

"It will be no delay of you," said he, to the son of the King, "to make your fortune to-morrow morning, if you are any good as a hunter of birds. The daughter of the King of the Eastern World is coming to the little lake you see down there to-morrow morning. She will have twelve women attendants with her. Hide yourself in the rushes until they throw down their twelve hoods and cloaks. The daughter of the King will throw her hood and cloak in a separate place from the rest; and when you see them go in to swim, jump up and take her hood and cloak. The Princess will come to the edge of the lake, and she will say, "Son of the King of Ireland, give me my hood and cloak." And you will tell her then that you will not; and she will say to you, "If you don't give it to me with a good will, you will give it to me with a bad will." Tell her that you will neither give it to her with a good will or a bad will, unless she will promise to marry you. She will then say, that you shall not have her, unless you can recognise her again.

Then she and her attendants will swim away, and they will be changed into thirteen eels. She will be the smallest and the meanest one, but she will lead, because she is a person of honor, and could not follow her train, and she will speak to you. You will recognize her again by this, and you will say that you will marry the eel who has spoken to you. Then she will say, "Oh, unhappy story, he whose father sent him to the Deachmhaidh last night, has to-day received a promise of marriage from the daughter of the King of the Eastern World."

The King's son told the wise old man that he would do all that he told him to do. The next morning he went to the lake, and everything happened as the wise old man had said.

When he had gained the daughter of the King of the Eastern World, the twelve attendants started for home. The Princess drew a magic wand and struck two tufts of yellow ragwort with it, and they were at once turned into two saddle-horses. They travelled on until night was coming, and when night came, they found themselves at the home of an uncle of hers. She told the son of the King of Ireland to ask her uncle for the key of the treasure chamber, and that he would find her in that chamber. The uncle did not know that

Fuair sé an eochair ó'n oncal, agus chuaidh sé asteach, agus fuair sé mar bean bhreágh astigh ann san rúma í. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir. D'iarr sí air, a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd. Rinne sé sin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann go maidin. Nuair tharraing sí amach an biorán ar maidin, dhúisigh sé, agus dubhairt sí leis go raibh fathach mór le marbhadh aige ar son inghine a h-oncail.

Ghabh sé amach chum na coille [ag iarraidh an fhathaigh]. "Fud, fud, féasog!" ar san fathach, "mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhréagaigh bhradaigh."

"Nár ba soirmid (?) bidh ná digh ort, a fhathaigh bhróich!"

"Cad é [is] fearr leat-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga no gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile?"

"Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, 'n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míno uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spága mío-stuamacha ag dul i n-íochtar."

Rug an dias gaisgidheach ar a chéile, agus dá dtéidhfidhe ag amharc ar ghaisge ar bith ná ar chruadh-chómhrac, is orra rachá d'amhare. Dhéanfadh siad cruadhán de 'n bhogán agus bogán den chruadhán, agus tharrógaídh siad toibreacha fíor-uisge tre lár na geloch glas. [Bhí siad ag troid mar sin] gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Eireann nach raibh fear a chaointe ná a shúnte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásgadh do'n fhathach do chuir go dtí na glúna é, agus an dara fásgadh go dtí an básta, agus an tríomhadh fásgadh go meall a bhrághaid go doimhin.

"Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh!"

"Is fíor sin; seóide mac-rígh agus tighearna bhéarfas mé dhuit, acht spórál m'anam dam."

"Do sheóide i láthair a bhodaigh!" "Bhéarfaidh mé cloidh-eamh solais a bhfuil faobhar an ghearrtha agus faobhar an bhearrtha [air agus] treas faobhar, teine 'na chúil, agus ceol ann a mhaide."

"Cia [chaoi] bhféachaidh mé mianach do chloidhímh?"

"Sin thall sean-smotán maide [ata ann sin] le bliadhain agus seacht gcéad bliadhan."

"Ni fheicim aon smota 'san gcoill is mó chuir gráin orm 'na do shean-cheann féin." Bhuaile sé i gcómhgar a chionn a bhinn agus a mhuinéill é. Bhain sé an ceann dé, gan meisge gan mearbhal. Chaith sé naoi n-iomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é.

she was there at all, but he thought it was in search of his own daughter the son of the King of Ireland had come.

He got the key from the uncle; he went in and found her in the chamber in the form of a beautiful woman. They talked together until supper time. She asked him to rest his head on her bosom; he did so, and she trust the pin of sleep into his head, until morning.

When she took out the pin he woke up, and she told him that he had a giant to kill because of her uncle's daughter.

He went out into the woods to seek the giant. "Fud fod fèsòg," said the giant, "I smell the smell of a lying Irish rascal."

"May you be without the food and without the drink, you dirty giant."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, and where your heavy, ill-built hoofs shall be going to the bottom."

The two warriors then attacked each other, and if you would go to see the brave and the fierce fighting, it is there that you would go to see it. They made a hard place of a soft place and a soft place of a hard place, and they made wells of fresh water run over the gray flagstones. And so they went on fighting until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that he had no one who would keene over him if he died, nor who would lay him out or wake him.

Thereupon he gave the giant a terrible grip, and buried him into the ground up to his knees, and then another which buried him up to his waist, and then another which buried him deep up as far as the lump of the throat. "Now for a green turf over your head, giant."

"It is true. The treasures of the sons of the kings and lords I will give them to you, but spare my life."

"The treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you the sword of life, which has an edge to cut and an edge to raze, and a third edge of fire in the back, and music in the handle."

"How shall I try the temper of your sword?"

"There is an old block of wood which has been there for seven hundred years."

"I see no block in the wood which is more frightful than your head." He smote it at the point where the head joins the

“Is fíor sin,” ar san ceann, “da dtéidhinn suas ar an gcolainn arís, a raibh i n-Eirinn ní bhainfeadh siad anuas mé!”

“Is dona an ghaisgidheacht do rinne tú nuair bhí tu shuas!”

Tháinig sé abhaile [agus ceann an fhathaigh ann a láimh] agus dubhairt an t-oncaí go raibh trian d’á inghin gnóthaighthe aige.

“Ní buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh,” ar sé.

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin go dtí a chailín mná féin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann arís go d’ éirigh an la. Bhí dólás mór air nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige leithe go maidin. [Nuair dháisigh sé ar maidin dubhairt sí leis] “ta fathach eile le marbhadh agad, sin d’ obair andiú ar son inghine m’ oncaí arís.”

Cuaidh sé chuinn na coille, agus thainig an fear mór roimhe. “Ful, facl, léasóg! mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhradaigh bhréagaigh ar fud m’ fhóidín dúthaigh!”

“Ní Eireannach bradach ná bréagach mé, acht fear le ceart agus le cóir do bhaint asad-sa.”

“Cia fearr leat, caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga na gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile?”

“Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, ’n áit a mbéilín mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spágá mío-stuamacha ag dul i n-íochtar.”

Bhí siad ag troid ann sin gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Eireann nach raibh fear a chainte ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásgadh do’n fhathach go dtí na glúna, agus an dara fásgadh go dtí an basta, agus an tríomhadh fásgadh go dtí meall a bhrághaid ’san talamh.

“Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh!”

“Is fíor sin, is tu an gaisgidheach is fearr d’á bhfacaidh mé rianh no d’á bhfeicfidh mé choidheche. Agus bhéarfaidh mé scóide mac-rígh agus tighearna dhuit, acht spóráil m’anam.”

“Do sheóide i láthair a bhodaigh!”

“Bhéarfaidh mé each caol donn duit, bhéarfas naoi n-uaire ar an ngaoith roimpi, sul mbeiridh [sul do bheir] an ghaoth na diaigh aon uair amháin uirri.”

Thóg sé an cloidheamh agus chaith sé an ceann dé, agus chuir sé naoi n-iomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é le neart na buille sin.

“Ochón go deó?” ar san ceann, “dá bhfághainn dul suas ar an gcolainn arís, agus a bhfuil i n-Eirinn ní bhéarfadh siad anuas mé.”

neck. He cut off his head without error or mishap; he threw it nine ridges and nine furrows away from him.

"It is true," said the head, "if I could only join my body again, all that is in Ireland could never cut it off."

"It is a wretched business the feat you did perform when you were there." He went to the house with the head of the giant in his hand, and the uncle told him he had gained the third part of his daughter.

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went into the house and sat by the young girl, who again put the pin of sleep into his head until the dawn of day. He had great sorrow because he was not allowed to speak to her until the morning. When he woke up in the morning, she said to him, "You have another giant to kill; that is your task again for the daughter of my uncle."

He went to the wood to seek the giant. "Fud fod fèsòg," said the giant, "I smell the blood of a lying Irish rascal."

"I am neither lying nor a rascally Irishman, but a man who will make you do right and justice."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, where your heavy ill-built hoofs shall be going down."

They fought until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that there was no man to weep for his loss or to lay him out when he was dead. Thereupon he caught the giant in a grip, and forced him up to his knees into the earth; a second sent him in up to his waist, and a third up to the lump of his throat.

"A green turf over your head, giant!"

"It is true that you are the best fighter than I ever saw, or ever shall see, and I will give you the treasures of the sons of kings and lords, but spare my life."

"Give me the treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you my light-brown horse, which will beat the wind in swiftness nine times before the wind can beat him once."

He lifted the sword, cut off the giant's head, and by the force of the blow sent it nine ridges and nine furrows away.

"Alas, what luck," said the head; "if only I got on my body again, all that there is in Ireland could never take me down again."

“Budh bheag an ghaisgidheacht do rinne tú, nuair bhí tú shuas uirri cheana!”

Tháinig sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal amach roimhe arís: “Ta dá dtrian de m’ inghin gnóthuighthe agad anocht.”

“Ní buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh.”

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin ann san rúma, agus fuair sé a chailín mná féin roimhe, agus ní raibh bean ’san domhan budh bhreágh-dha ’ná i. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir, agus dubhairt sí leis tar éis an t-suipéir a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd, agus nuair rinne sé sin chuir sí biorán suain ann go maidin. Bhí sé trioblóideach nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige léithe go maidin. [Nuair dhúisigh sé dubhairt sí leis.] “Tá fathach eile le marbhadh agad ar son inghine m’ oncail arís andiú, agus tú faitchios orm go bhfuighfidh tú cruaidh é seo. Acht seó coileáinín beag maíaidh dhuit, agus leig amach faoi n-a chosaibh é, agus b’ éidir go dtiubhraidh sé congnamh beag duit. Agus amharc ar an meadhon-laé de’n lá, ar do ghualainn dheis, agus geobhaidh tú mise mo cholun geal, agus bhéarfaidh mé congnamh dhuit.”

Chruaidh sé chum na coille agus tháinig an fathach mór chuige. “Ní mharbhbhóchaidh tú mise le do choinín gránna mar mharbh tú mo bheirt dhearbhráthar, a raibh fear aca cúig bliadhna agus fear aca seacht mbliadhna go leith.”

“Fuair mé garbh go leór iad sin féin,” ar sa mac rígh Eireann.

Ghabh siad de na sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile, chuirfeadh siad cith teineadh d’á geroicinn arm agus éadaigh. Nuair tháinig an meadhon-laé, d’amharc sé ar a ghualainn dheis agus chonnaire sé an colum geal. Nuair chonnaire an fathach mór an colum, rinne sé seabhac dé féin, acht rinne sise trí meirrlúin dí féin, de’n choileán, agus de mhac rígh Eireann, agus throid siad leis an seabhac ann san aér, agus thuirling siad ar an talamh arís. Dubhairt an fathach mór ann sin, “is tú an fear gan chéill, ead é ’n sórt *act-ál* atá agad, thú féin agus an dá ruidín gránna sin? Níl aen fhear le fághail le mise do mharbhadh acht Réalandar mac rígh Eireann.”

“Mise an fear sin.”

“Má’s tú é,” ar san fathach. “tarrnóchaidh [tarrongaidh] tú an cloidheamh so.” Sháith sé a chloidheamh asteach ’san gcarraig, agus dubhairt, “tarraing an cloidheamh so má ’s tú Réalandar.”

"It was a pretty small good you did when you were up there before."

He went to the house then, and the uncle came out to meet him, and said, "You have gained two-thirds of my daughter."

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went indoors then, and in the room he found his young girl before him, and there was no woman in the whole world who was more beautiful than she. They talked until supper-time, and after supper she told him to lay his head upon her breast, and when he had done so, she put the pin of sleep into his head until morning. He was vexed because he was not allowed to speak to her until morning.

When he was awake again, she said to him, "You have yet another giant to kill for the daughter of my uncle to-day, but I fear that it will be hard for you; but here is a little dog for you, let him follow at your heels, and it is possible that he may be of some use to you; and in the middle of the day look over your right shoulder: you will find me there in the form of a white dove, and I will bring you help."

He went to the wood, and the great giant came to him. "You will not kill me with your horrible little dog, as you have killed my two other brothers, one of whom was five years old and the other seven and a half."

"I found them, nevertheless, fierce enough," said the son of the King of Ireland. Then each of them plunged their gray steel knives at each other's sides, and they would send a rain of fire out of their skins, their arms and their clothes.

When the middle of the day came, he looked upon his right shoulder, and he saw the white dove. When the giant saw the dove he changed himself into a falcon; but she made three hawks, one of herself, one of the little dog, and one of the son of the King of Ireland, and they fought with the falcon in the air, until they came down to earth again.

"You are a fool," the great giant said then. "What joke are you playing me, you and those two wretched little things? The man that could kill me is not to be found, except Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland."

"I am that man!"

"If you are," said the giant, "you will pull out this sword."

He plunged his sword into a rock, and said, "Pull out the sword if you are Réalander."

Tharraing sé an cloidheamh, agus bhuail sé an fathach mór leis, agus chaith sé an ceann dé. Bhí sé féin loite. Bhí gearradh mór faoi bhonn a chích' deas [deise]. Tharraing sí amach buideull beag iocshláinte, agus chneasaigh sí é. Chuaidh sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal roimhe.

“Tá m'inghean gnóthuighthe agad anocht.”

“Ní buidheach díot-sa atá mise a bhodaigh.”

Ghabh sé asteach ann a rúma féin, agus fuair sé a bhean astigh ann roimhe.

CAOINEAD NA TRI MUIRE.

[From Douglas Hyde's "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

RACAMAIOID CUM AN TPLEIBHE

SO MOÉ AR MAIDIN AMÁRAÉ;

(Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

“A PEADAIR NA N-ABTAL

AN BPACAIR TU MO ŠRÁD ŠEAL ?”

(Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

“MAIREAD ! A MHAIGHEAN,

CONNAIPE MÉ AR BALL É,

(Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

AŠUR BÍ RÉ ŠADČA ŠO CPUIAR

I LÁR A NÁMAD,

(Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

“BÍ LUÓAR 'NA AICE

AŠUR RUŠ RÉ ŠPEIM LÁIM' AIR,”

(Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

“MAIREAD A LÚDÁIR BPADAIŠ

CPEUO DO PINNE MO ŠRÁD OPT ?”

(Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

Literally: We shall go to the mountains early in the morning to-morrow, ochone and ochone, O! Peter of the apostles, did you see my white Love. Ochone and ochone, O!

Musha, O Mother, I did see him just now, ochone and ochone, O! And he was caught firmly in the midst of his enemies, ochone and ochone, O!

Judas was near him, and he took a hold of his hand, ochone, etc. “Musha, O vile Judas, what did my love do to you, ochone,” etc.

He never did anything to child or infant, ochone, etc. And he put anger on his mother never, ochone, etc.

He pulled out the sword and smote the great giant, and cut off his head. He was wounded himself; he had a great cut above his right breast; she drew out a little bottle of balsam and cured him.

He went into the house then and the uncle said to him, "You have gained my daughter this evening."

"I am not at all grateful to you for it, you churl."

He went into his room and there found his wife before him.

THE KEENING OF THE THREE MARYS.

A Traditional Folk Ballad.

Taken down from O'Kearney, a schoolmaster near Belmullet, Co. Mayo.
[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

Let us go to the mountain
All early on the morrow,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
"Hast thou seen my bright darling,
O Peter, good apostle?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)*

"Aye! truly, O Mother,
Have I seen him lately,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
Caught by his foemen,
They had bound him straitly."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Judas, as in friendship
Shook hands, to disarm him."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)
O Judas! vile Judas!
My love did never harm him,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

* This is nearly in the curious wild metre of the original. "Agus," = "and," is pronounced "oggus." In another version of this piece, which I heard from my friend Michael MacRuaidhrigh, the *cur-fá* ran most curiously, *dech dech agus dech uch an*, after the first two lines, and *dech dech, agus, dech on o* after the next two. Thus:—

leasad anuair i n-ucó a mácar é
(Oc, oc, agus oc uc an)
Sabadó a leic. a dá múirne agus caoinigíde.
(Oc oc, agus oc on ó.)

"Ní dearnaid ré ariamh
 Dada ar leanb ná páirté,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)
 Ašur níor cuir ré fearš
 Ariamh ar a máčair,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

Nuair fuair na deamain amac
 Šo mbuó i féin a máčair,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)
 Šóšadar fuar
 Ar a nšualnió šo n-ápo i;
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó!)

Ašur buailceadar ríor
 Ar élocáib ná ríároe i
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó!)
 Cuair rí i laige
 Ašur bí a šlúna šearrta
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó!)

"Buailió mé féin
 Ašur ná bain le mo máčair."
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó!)
 "Buailrimio tu féin.
 A' r marbóeamaoio do máčair,
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó!)

Štróiceadar an bhráig leó
 An lá rin ó n-a láčair;
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó!)
 Aét do lean an maighean
 Iad ann ran bparac
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó!)

"Cia an bean i rin
 'Nár noiaig ann ran bparac?"
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó!)
 "Šo veimín má tá bean ar bit ann
 'Sí mo máčair,"
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó!)

They tore with them the captive, that day from her presence, ochone, etc. But the Virgin followed them, into the wilderness, ochone, etc.

What woman is that after us in the wilderness, ochone, etc. Indeed, if there is any woman in it, it is my mother, ochone, etc.

No child has he injured,
Not the babe in the cradle,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
Nor angered his mother
Since his birth in the stable.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons discovered
That she was his mother,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
They raised her on their shoulders,
The one with the other ;
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

And they cast her down fiercely
On the stones all forlorn,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
And she lay and she fainted
With her knees cut and torn.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

“ For myself, ye may beat me,
But, oh, touch not my mother.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
“ Yourself—we shall beat you,
But we’ll slaughter your mother.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

They dragged him off captive,
And they left her tears flowing,
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
But the Virgin pursued them,
Through the wilderness going.
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

“ Oh, who is yon woman ?
Through the waste comes another.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)
“ If there comes any woman
It is surely my mother.”
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons found out that she herself was his mother, ochone, etc., they lifted her up upon their shoulders on high, ochone, etc.

And they smote her down upon the stones of the street, ochone, etc. She went into a faint, and her knees were cut, ochone, etc.

Beat myself, but do not touch my mother, ochone, etc. We shall beat yourself, and we shall kill your mother, ochone, etc.

"A Eóin, feuc, fásaim ort
Cúram mo máthair,
(Oé ón aḡur oc ón ó!)
Congbais uaim i
So ḡcriochódair mé an páir reó,"
(Oéón aḡur oc ón ó!)

Nuair eualair an maighean
An ceileabrad cráirte,
(Oéón aḡur oc ón ó!)
Tus ri léim tar an ngáirde
Aḡur léim* so crann na páire
(Oéón aḡur oc ón ó!)

Cia n-é an fear breáḡ rin
Ar crann na páire
(Oéón aḡur oc ón ó!)
An é nac n-aithneḡeann tu
Do mac a máthair?
(Oéón aḡur oc ón ó!)

An é rin mo leab
A d'iomcar mé trí ráite;
(Oéón aḡur oc ón ó!)
No an é rin an leab
Do h-oilead i n-uét máire?
(Oéón aḡur oc ón ó!)

* * * * *

Caiteadair anuar é
Na rpoilab ḡáirre
(Oéón aḡur oc ón ó!)

"Sin eugair anoir é
Aḡur caoinisr buir ráit air,"
(Oéón, aḡur oc ón ó!)

ḡlaor ar na trí muire
So ḡcaoinfimid ar ngáirde ḡeal
(Oéón, aḡur oc ón ó!)

Tá do éir mná-caointe
Le breit fór a máthair
(Oéón, aḡur oc ón ó!)

Is that my child that I carried for three-quarters of a year, ochone, etc. Or is that the child that was reared in the bosom of Mary, ochone, etc.

O Owen (*i.e.*, John) see, I leave to thee the care of my mother, ochone, etc. Keep her from me until I finish this passion, ochone, etc.

When the Virgin heard the sorrowful notes, ochone, etc. She gave a leap past the guard, and the second leap to the tree of the passion, ochone, etc.

"O John, care her, keep her,
Who comes in this fashion,"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

But oh, hold her from me
Till I finish this passion."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

When the Virgin had heard him
And his sorrowful saying,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

She sprang past his keepers
To the tree of his slaying.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"What fine man hangs there
In the dust and the smother?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"And do you not know him?
He is your son, O Mother."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Oh, is that the child whom
I bore in this bosom,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Or is that the child who
Was Mary's fresh blossom?"
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

They cast him down from them,
A mass of limbs bleeding.
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"There now he is for you,
Now go and be keening."
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Go call the three Marys
Till we keene him forlorn,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

O mother, thy keepers
Are yet to be born,
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Who is that fine man on the tree of the passion, ochone, etc. Is it that you do not recognise your son. O mother, ochone, etc.

They threw him down [a mass of] cut limbs, ochone, etc. There he is for you now, and keene your enough over him, ochone, etc.

Call the three Marys until we keene our bright love, ochone, etc. Thy share of woman-keepers are yet to be born, ochone, etc.

Thou shalt be with me yet in the garden of Paradise, ochone, etc. Until thou be a . . . (?) woman in the bright city of the graces, ochone, and ochone, etc.

Béir tu liom-ra
 So fóil i ngáirdeín pántair:
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)
 So raið tu do bean iomráð (?)
 I gcátair gíl na ngrára
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

TOBAR MUIRE:

A b'ead ó fóin do bí tobar beannaigíte i mBaile an tobair,* i gconradé muiš eó. Bí mainirtir ann ran áit a b'fuil an tobar anoir, ašur ir ar loigs altóra na mainirte do b'uir an tobar amac. Bí an mainirtir ar tsoib énuic, áct nuair táinig Críomail ašur a éuir r'ghioradóir cum na tíre reó, leašadar an mainirtir, ašur níor fášadar cloc or cionn cloice de'n altóir náir cáit-eadar ríor.

Bliadain ó'n lá do leašadar an altóir, 'ré rin lá féil mhuire 'ran earrac, 'reao b'uir an tobar amac ar loigs na h-altóra, ašur ir iongantac an ruo le ráð nac raið b'raon uirge ann ran rpué do bí aš bun an énuic ó'n lá do b'uir an tobar amac.

Bí brátair boct aš toul na rliše an lá ceurona, ašur éuair pé ar a bealac le paiuir do ráð ar loigs na h-altóra beannaigíte, ašur bí iongantar móir air nuair éonnairc re tobar breáš ann a h-áit. Éuair pé ar a glúnaib ašur torais pé aš ráð a paiore nuair éualair pé gút aš ráð, "cuir díot do b'róša, tá tu ar talam beannaigíte, tá tu ar b'ruac Tobair mhuire, ašur tá léigear na mílte caoc ann. Béir duine léigeara le uirge an tobair rin anašair gac uile duine d'éirt aipionn i látar na h-altóra do bí ann ran áit ann a b'fuil an tobar anoir, má bíonn riad tumta t'pí h-uair ann, i n-ainm an átar an mlic ašur an Spioraid Naoim."

Nuair bí a paioreaca ráirte aš an mb'rátar d'feuc pé ruar

* This is not the Roscommon Ballintubber, celebrated for the ancient castle of the O'Conors, which is called in Irish "Baile-an-tobair Uí Chonchubhair," or "O'Conor's Ballintubber," but a place near the middle of the County Mayo, celebrated for its splendid abbey, founded by one of the Mac a' Mhilidhs, a name taken by the Stauntons [Mac-a-Veely, i.e., "son of the warrior," now pronounced so that no remains of any vulgar Irish sound may cling to it, as "Mac Evilly!]. The prophecy is current in Mayo that when the abbey is re-roofed Ireland shall be free. My

Thyself shall come with me
 Into Paradise garden.
 (Ochone agus ochone, O!)
 To a fair place in heaven
 At the side of thy darling.
 (Ochone agus ochone, O!)

MARY'S WELL.

A Religious Folk Tale.

[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

[Taken down from Próinsias O'Conchubhair.]

LONG ago there was a blessed well in Ballintubber (*i.e.*, town of the well),* in the County Mayo. There was once a monastery in the place where the well is now, and it was on the spot where stood the altar of the monastery that the well broke out. The monastery was on the side of a hill, but when Cromwell and his band of destroyers came to this county, they overthrew the monastery, and never left stone on top of stone in the altar that they did not throw down.

A year from the day that they threw down the altar—that was Lady Day in spring—the well broke out on the site of the altar, and it is a wonderful thing to say, but there was not one drop of water in the stream that was at the foot of the hill from the day that the well broke out.

There was a poor friar going the road the same day, and he went out of his way to say a prayer upon the site of the blessed altar, and there was great wonder on him when he saw a fine well in its place. He fell on his knees and began to say his paternoster, when he heard a voice saying: "Put off your brogues, you are upon blessed ground, you are on the brink of Mary's Well, and there is the curing of thousands of blind in it; there shall be a person cured by the water of that well for every person who heard Mass in front of the altar that was in the place where the well is now, if they be dipped three times in it, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit."

When the friar had his prayers said, he looked up and

friend, Colonel Maurice Moore, told me that when he was a young boy he often wondered why the people did not roof the abbey and so free Ireland without any more trouble. The tomb of the notorious Shaun-na-Sagart, the priest hunter, which is not far from it, is still pointed out by the people. It is probably he who is the "spy" in this story, though his name is not mentioned.

asur connaire colum mór sléagal ar éann gúbair i ngar dó: buò h-í an colum do bí as caint. Bí an brácair gleurta i neudaisib-breíge, mar bí luac ar a ceann, com mór asur do bí ar ceann maora-alla.

Ar éoi ar bí ó'fuaasair ré an rgeul do daoine an baile bis, asur níor bfaa do ndeacair ré trío an tír. Buò boct an áit í, asur ní raib áct boctán as na daoine, asur iad líonta le deatac. Ar an ábair rin bí euid maic de daoine caoča ann. Le clappolar, lá ar na márac, bí or cionn dá fícto daoine ann, as tobar Mhuire, asur ní raib fear ná bean aca nac óctámis ar air le maora maic.

Óuair elú tobar Mhuire trío an tír, asur níor bfaa do raib oilitreaca ó gac uile condaé as teact go Tobar Mhuire, asur ní deacair don neac aca ar air san beic léigeara; asur faoi ceann tamail do bídeac daoine ar tíorair eile féin, as teact go óci Tobar Mhuire.

Bí fear mi-éireoméac 'na cómnuide i ngar do baile-an-tobar. Duine uaral do bí ann, asur níor éireo ré i léigear an tobar beannaigste. Dubairt re nac raib ann áct pirtreóga, asur le masac do deunam ar na daoine tug ré arall dall do bí aige cum an tobar asur cum a ceann faoi an uirge. Fuair an t-arall maora, áct tugac an masacóir a-baile com dall le bun do bpoige.

Faoi ceann bliadna tuic ré amac go raib pasair as obair mar gárdadóir as an duine-uaral do bí dall. Bí an pasair gleurta mar fear-oibre, asur ní raib fíor as duine ar bí go mbuó pasair do bí ann: don lá amáin bí an duine uaral bpeóirte asur o'iar ré ar a fearbpoiganta é do tabairt amac 'ran ngáirda: Nuair táimis ré cum na h-áite a raib an pasair as obair, fuir ré fíor: "Nac mór an truaig é," ar reirean, "nac ócis liom mo gáirda breas ó'feiceál!"

Slac an gárdadóir truaig óó asur dubairt, "Tá fíor asam cá bfuil fear do léigreóac tu, áct tá luac ar a ceann mar geall ar a éiredeam."

"Beirim-re m'focal nac ndunfair mife rpiódeadóireact air asur iocfair mé go maic é ar ron a trioblóirte," ar ran duine uaral:

"Áct b'éirir náir maic leat dul trío an trlige-plánaigste atá aige," ar ran gárdadóir:

"Ír cuma liom cia an trlige atá aige má tugann ré mo maora dam," ar ran duine uaral:

Anoir, bí oioé-clú ar an duine-uaral, mar bmaic ré a lán de

saw a large white dove upon a fir tree near him. It was the dove who was speaking. The friar was dressed in false clothes, because there was a price on his head, as great as on the head of a wild-dog.

At any rate he proclaimed the story to the people of the little village, and it was not long till it went out through the country. It was a poor place, and the people in it had nothing [to live in] but huts, and these filled with smoke. On that account there were a great many weak-eyed people amongst them. With the dawn, on the next day, there were about forty people at Mary's Well, and there was never man nor woman of them but came back with good sight.

The fame of Mary's Well went through the country, and it was not long till there were pilgrims from every county coming to it, and nobody went back without being cured; and at the end of a little time even people from other countries used to be coming to it.

There was an unbeliever living near Mary's Well. It was a gentleman he was, and he did not believe in the cure. He said there was nothing in it but pishtrogues (charms), and to make a mock of the people he brought a blind ass, that he had, to the well, and he dipped its head under the water. The ass got its sight, but the scoffer was brought home as blind as the sole of your shoe.

At the end of a year it so happened that there was a priest working as a gardener with the gentleman who was blind. The priest was dressed like a workman, and nobody at all knew that it was a priest who was in it. One day the gentleman was sickly, and he asked his servant to take him out into the garden. When he came to the place where the priest was working he sat down. "Isn't it a great pity," says he, "that I cannot see my fine garden?"

The gardener took compassion on him, and said, "I know where there is a man who would cure you, but there is a price on his head on account of his religion."

"I give my word that I'll do no spying on him, and I'll pay him well for his trouble," said the gentleman.

"But perhaps you would not like to go through the mode-of-cūring that he has," says the gardener.

"I don't care what mode he has, if he gives me my sight," said the gentleman.

Now, the gentleman had an evil character, because he

fasarthaibh roimhe rin; Bingham an t-ainm do bí ari. Ar éadai ar bí é glac an fasartha meirneac agus dubhairt, “Díod do cóirte réid ar maidin amárac, agus tiomáinríd mire tu go dtí áit do léisir, ní tís le cóirteóir ná le don duine eile beir i láthair áit mire, agus ná h-innir d’aon duine ar bí cá bfuil tu as dul, nó ríor cad é do gnaite (gnó).”

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, bí cóirte Bingham réid, agus éadai ré féin artea, leir an ngarbhóir d’a tiomáint. “Fan, tura, ann fan mbaile an t-am ro,” ar ré leir an g-cóirteóir, “agus tiomáinríd an gárbhóir mé.” Bí an cóirteóir ’na bíteamnac, agus bí éadai ari, agus glac ré rún go mbeidead ré as faise na cóirte, le págal amac cia an áit ríad ríad le dul. Bí a gheur beannaighe as an fasartha, taob-arciis de’n eudac eile. Nuair éadadai go Tobar Mhuire dubhairt an fasartha leir, “Ír fasartha mire, tá mé dul le do ríadac d’págal duit ’ran áit ar éadai tu é.” Ann rin cum ré tpi uaire ann ran tobar é, i n-ainm an ádai an ille agus an Spioraio Naomh, agus éadai a ríadac éise com maid agus bí ré ariam.

“Beuprad mé ceo púnt duit,” ar ra Bingham, “com luat agus ríadac mé a-baile.”

Bí an cóirteóir as faise, agus com luat agus connairc ré an fasartha ann a gheur beannaighe, éadai ré go luat an díse agus brait ré an fasartha. Do gabad agus do crocad é gan briteam gan briteamnar. D’feudad an fear do bí tar éir a ríadac d’págal ar ari, an fasartha do ríadac, áit níor labair ré focal ar a ríon.

Timéioll míora ’na díse réid, éadai fasartha eile go Bingham agus é gheurta mar gárbhóir, agus d’iari ré obair ar Bingham agus fuair uair í. Áit ní ríad ré a b’ad ann a feirbír go dtárla b’oc-pu do Bingham. Éadai ré amac don lá amáin as ríadai tpi na páirceannaibh, agus do carad cailín mairead, ingean fíri b’í, ari, agus rinne ré marluad uirri, agus d’pás leat-marí í. Bí tpiúir dearb’adai as an gcailín, agus éadadai mionna go marbhóad ríad é com luat agus geobair tpi ari. Ní ríad a b’ad le panamaint aca. Gabadai é ran áit ceudna ar marlaig ré an cailín, agus érocadai é ar épann, agus d’págadai ann rin é ’na érocad.

Ar maidin, an lá ar na márac, bí míliúinríd de míoltógaibh cruinnighe, mar énoc móir, timéioll an épann, agus níor feud duine ar bí dul anáice leir, mar gheall ar an mbolad b’éan do bí timéioll na h-áite, agus duine ar bí do ríadac anáice leir, do dailfad na míoltóga é.

betrayed a number of priests before that. Bingham was the name that was on him. However, the priest took courage, and said, "Let your coach be ready on to-morrow morning, and I will drive you to the place of the cure; neither coachman nor anyone else may be present but myself, and do not tell to anyone at all where you are going, or give anyone a knowledge of what is your business."

On the morning of the next day Bingham's coach was ready, and he himself got into it, with the gardener driving him. "Do you remain at home this time," says he to the coachman, "and the gardener will drive me." The coachman was a villain, and there was jealousy on him. He conceived the idea of watching the coach to see what way they were to go. His blessed vestments were on the priest, inside of his other clothes. When they came to Mary's Well the priest said to him, "I am going to get back your sight for you in the place where you lost it." Then he dipped him three times in the well, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and his sight came to him as well as ever it was.

"I'll give you a hundred pounds," said Bingham, "as soon as I go home."

The coachman was watching, and as soon as he saw the priest in his blessed vestments, he went to the people of the law, and betrayed the priest. He was taken and hanged, without judge, without judgment. The man who was after getting back his sight could have saved the priest, but he did not speak a word in his behalf.

About a month after this, another priest came to Bingham, and he dressed like a gardener, and he asked work of Bingham, and got it from him; but he was not long in his service until an evil thing happened to Bingham. He went out one day walking through his fields, and there met him a good-looking girl, the daughter of a poor man, and he assaulted her, and left her half dead. The girl had three brothers, and they took an oath that they would kill him as soon as they could get hold of him. They had not long to wait. They caught him in the same place where he assaulted the girl, and hanged him on a tree, and left him there hanging.

On the morning of the next day millions of flies were gathered like a great hill round about the tree, and nobody could go near it on account of the foul smell that was round the place, and, anyone who would go near it, the midges would blind him.



Tairis bean agus mac Bingham ceo púnt d'aon duine do bheirte an corp amach. Rinne cuid mairt daoine iarraidh air rin do deunam, aet níor feudoadap. Fuair ríad púdar le crachad ar na mioltógaib, agus geuga crann le na mbualad, aet níor feudoadap a rgarad, ná dul com rada leir an gcraann. Bí an breuntar an éirige níor meara, agus bí eagla ar na cómharrannaib go tciubhad na mioltóga agus an corp breun pláig orra.

Bí an dara ragar aet ná gáradadair as Bingham 'ran am ro, aet ní raib fíor as luét an tige sup ragar do bí ann, óir da mbeirtead fíor as luét an tige no as na rprideadadair, do geobad ríad agus do éirfad ríad é. Cuair na Catoilcig go bean Bingham agus dubadadap léi go raib eolar aca ar duine do díbredead na mioltóga. "Tabair eugam é," ar ríre, "agus má'r féidir leir na mioltóga do díbir ní h-é an duair rin geobar re aet a reat n-orrad.

"Aet," ar ríad-ran, "dā mbeir' fíor as luét-an-tige agus dā ngabadaoir é, do éirfadadair é, mar éir ríad an fear do fuair raadap a fúl ar air do." "Aet," ar ríre, "nac breuorad ré na mioltóga do díbir gan fíor as luét-an-tige?"

"Ní'l fíor agann," ar ríad-ran, "go nglacfamaoio cómairle leir."

An oide rin glacadap cómairle leir an ragar, agus d'innir ríad do cad dubairt bean Bingham.

"Ní'l agam aet beata raogalta le cailleanaint," ar ran ragar, "agus beirtead mé i ar pon na ndaoine boet, óir beir pláig ann ran tír muna geuirtead mé díbir ar na mioltógaib. Ar maidin amárac, beir iarraidh agam i n-ainm Dé iad do díbir, agus tá muinigin agam agus doetear i nDia go rábáirad ré mé ó mo cuid námao. Téir eug an bean-uairt anoir, agus abair léi go mbéir mé i ngar do'n crann le h-éirige na gréine ar maidin amárac, agus abair léi fíor do beir réir aici leir an gcorp do eir 'ran uair."

Cuair ríad cum na mná-uairle, agus d'innir ríad dí an méad dubairt an ragar.

"Mā éirigeann leir," ar ríre, "beir an duair réir agam do, agus orodad mé móir-feirer fear do beir i láair."

Cait an ragar an oide rin i n-uirnaigtib, agus leat-uair poim éirige na gréine cuair ré cum na h-áite a raib a gleur beann-aighe i bpolac. Cuir ré rin air, agus le cpoir ann a leat-láim agus le uirge coirreagta ann ran láim eile, cuair ré cum na h-áite a raib na mioltóga. Toraig ré ann rin as léigead ar a leabair agus as crachad uirge coirreagta ar na mioltógaib, i n-

Bingham's wife and son offered a hundred pounds to anyone who would bring out the body. A good many people made an effort to do that, but they were not able. They got dust to shake on the flies, and boughs of trees to beat them with, but they were not able to scatter them, nor to go as far as the tree. The foul smell was getting worse, and the neighbours were afraid that the flies and noisome corpse would bring a plague upon them.

The second priest was at this time a gardener with Bingham, but the people of the house did not know that it was a priest who was in it, for if the people of the law or the spies knew they would take and hang him. The Catholics went to Bingham's wife and told her that they knew a man who would banish the flies. "Bring him to me," said she, "and if he is able to banish the flies, that is not the reward he'll get, but seven times as much."

"But," said they, "if the people of the law knew, they would take him and hang him, as they hung the man who got back the sight of his eyes for him before." "But," said she, "could not he banish the flies without the knowledge of the people of the law?"

"We don't know," said they, "until we take counsel with him."

That night they took counsel with the priest and told him what Bingham's wife said.

"I have only an earthly life to lose," said the priest, "and I shall give it up for the sake of the poor people, for there will be a plague in the country unless I banish the flies. On to-morrow morning I shall make an attempt to banish them in the name of God, and I have hope and confidence in God that he will save me from my enemies. Go to the lady now, and tell her that I shall be near the tree at sunrise to-morrow morning, and tell her to have men ready to put the corpse in the grave."

They went to the lady and told her all the priest said.

"If it succeeds with him," said she, "I shall have the reward ready for him, and I shall order seven men to be present."

The priest spent that night in prayer, and half an hour before sunrise he went to the place where his blessed vestments were hidden: he put these on, and with a cross in one hand, and with holy water in the other, he went to the place where were the flies. He then began reading out of his book and

ainm an ádair an mic agus an Spioraid Naomh. D'éirigh an cnoc míoltós, agus d'éitill ríad ruar 'ran aéir, agus rinneadar an rpeir com dorca leir an oíche. Ní raib fíor as na daoineib cía an áit a nteadar, áit faoi ceann leat-uairé ní raib ceann oíob le feiceáil (feicint).

Bí lútgáiré mór ar na daoineib, áit níor bfuada go bfuadar an rpeir dóir as teact, agus glaoth ríad ar an ragarit ríe leir com tapa a' r bí ann. Tug an ragarit do na boinn agus lean an rpeiréadóir é, agus rgian ann gac láim aise. Nuair nár feuto ré teact ruar leir, éat ré an rgian 'na díais. Nuair bí an rgian as dul ear gualain an rgarit, cuir ré a lám éle ruar, agus gab ré an rgian, agus éat ré an rgian ar air gan féadaint taob fíar de. Buail rí an fear, agus cuair rí trío a éroide, gur tuit ré marb, agus d'iméig an ragarit raor.

Fuair na fíor corp úngam, agus cuiradar ann ran uais é, áit nuair cuadar corp an rpeiréadóir do cuir, fuairadar na mílte de lúcgáiré móra timéioil air, agus ní raib gheim feóla ar a cnámaib nac raib itte aca. Ní corrócad ríad de'n corp agus níor feuto na daoine iad do ruasath, agus b'éigin dóib na cnáma d'fágáil or cionn talman.

Cuir an ragarit a gleur beannaighe i bfuad, agus do bí as obair 'ran ngartha nuair cuir bean úngam fíor air, agus d'iar air an duair do glacad ar fon na míoltós do díbir, agus i do tadarit do'n fear do díbir iad má bí eólar aise air.

"Tá eólar asam air, agus duairit ré liom an duair do tadarit cuige anocht, mar tá mún aise an tír d'fágáil pul má gheófaid lúct an díge é."

"Seo duit í," ar ríre, agus féadait rí rporán óir do.

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, d'iméig an ragarit go coir na fairrige; fuair ré long do bí as dul cum na ffraince, cuair ré ar borro, agus com luat agus d'fás ré an cuan cuir ré air a eudais rgarit, agus tug buiréadar do día faoi n-a tadarit raor. Níl fíor asainn cao tárla do 'na díais rin.

Tar éir rin do bírad daoine d'alla agus caoda as tigeact go Tobar Mhuire, agus níor fill don duine aca ariam ar air gan a beir léigearca. Áit ní raib ruo marit ar bíe ariam ann ran tír reo, nár míleat le duine éigin, agus míleat an tobar, mar ro.

scattering holy-water on the flies, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The hill of flies rose, and flew up into the air, and made the heaven as dark as night. The people did not know where they went, but at the end of half an hour there was not one of them to be seen.

There was great joy on the people, but it was not long till they saw the spy coming, and they called to the priest to run away as quick as it was in him to run. The priest gave to the butts * (took to his heels), and the spy followed him, and a knife in each hand with him. When he was not able to come up with the priest he flung the knife after him. As the knife was flying out past the priest's shoulder he put up his left hand and caught it, and without ever looking behind him he flung it back. It struck the man and went through his heart, so that he fell dead and the priest went free.

The people got the body of Bingham and buried it in the grave, but when they went to bury the body of the spy they found thousands of rats round about it, and there was not a morsel of flesh on his bones that they had not eaten. The rats would not stir from the body, and the people were not able to hunt them away, so that they had to leave the bones overground.

The priest hid away his blessed vestments and was working in the garden when Bingham's wife sent for him, and told him to take the reward that was for banishing the flies, and to give it to the man who banished them, if he knew him.

"I do know him, and he told me to bring him the reward to-night, because he has the intention of leaving the country before the law-people hang him."

"Here it is for you," said she, and she handed him a purse of gold.

On the morning of the next day the priest went to the brink of the sea, and found a ship that was going to France. He went on board, and as soon as he had left the harbor he put his priest's clothes on him, and gave thanks to God for bringing him safe. We do not know what happened to him from that out.

After that, blind and sore-eyed people used to be coming to Mary's Well, and not a person of them ever returned without being cured. But there never yet was anything good in this country that was not spoilt by somebody, and the well was spoilt in this way.

* This is the absurd way the people of Connacht translate it when talking English. "Bonn" means both "sole" (of foot) and "butt."

Bí cailín i mBaile-an-tobair, agus bí sí ar tí beic póirta, nuair táinig sean-Bean Éadó éirí as iarraidh déirce i n-onóir do Dá agus do Mhuiré.

“Ní’l don ruo agus le tabairt do sean-Éadóirín cailiú, tá mé boðarraighe aca,” ar ran cailín.

“Ná raib fáinne an póirta ort a-éiríche go mbéid tu com Éadó a’r tá mire,” ar ran sean-Bean.

Ar maidin, lá ar na mára, bí síle an cailín óis nimead, agus ar maidin ’na dáig rin bí sí beas-nao dail, agus dubairt na cómaranna go mbuó éirí bí dail go Tobar Mhuiré.

Ar maidin go moé, déiríú í, agus éirí sí cum an tobair, aet éirí do déiríchead sí ann aet an sean-Bean do iarraidh an déiríche uirí ’na ruíche as bhuad an tobair, as ciarad a cinn of cionn an tobair beannairighe.

“Léir-rigior ort, a caillead gránna, an as paladad Tobar Mhuiré aet tu?” ar ran cailín; “iméig leat no buirí mé do muneul.”

“Ní’l don onóir ná mear agus ar Dá ná ar Mhuiré, déiríú tu déiríche do tabairt i n-onóir doib, ar an ádair rin ní cumairí tu tu péin ’ran tobair.”

Fuar an cailín speim ar an scaillig, as feudaint í do rreacailt ó’n tobair, aet leir an rreacailt do bí eatorra do éirí an beirí arreacailt ran tobair agus báiread íad.

O’n lá rin go dail an lá fo ní raib don léigear ann ran tobair.

* * * * *

There was a girl in Ballintubber and she was about to be married, when there came a half-blind old woman to her asking alms in the honor of God and Mary.

"I've nothing to give to an old blind-thing of a hag, it's bothered with them I am," said the girl.

"That the wedding ring may never go on you until you are as blind as I am," said the old woman.

Next day, in the morning, the young girl's eyes were sore, and the morning after that she was nearly blind, and the neighbours said to her that she ought to go to Mary's Well.

In the morning, early, she rose up and went to the well, but what should she see at it but the old woman who asked the alms of her, sitting on the brink, combing her head over the blessed well.

"Destruction on you, you nasty hag, is it dirtying Mary's Well you are?" said the girl; "get out of that or I'll break your neck."

"You have no honor nor regard for God or Mary, you refused to give alms in honor of them, and for that reason you shall not dip yourself in the well."

The girl caught a hold of the hag, trying to pull her from the well, and with the dragging that was between them, the two of them fell into the well and were drowned.

From that day to this there has been no cure in the well.

* * * * *

muire agus naoim ioseph:

nae naoimta do bi naoim iorep
 nuair pór ré Muire mátair?
 nae é do fuair an tabarta
 do b' fearr 'ná an raogal áirde [Ádam]?

Thiúltaig ré do'n óir buirde
 agur do'n éróim do bi ag Dáibí,
 agur b' fearr leir beir ag treóruagad
 agur ag múnad an eolair do Mhuire mátair:

Lá amáin d'a paid an cúpla
 ag riúbal ann ran ngráiróin;
 mearg na reirínir cúbarta,
 bílác úb. a, agur áirirde:

Do cuir Muire dúil ionnta
 agur tnuig sí leó, i látair;
 o bólad bpeáig na n-úbal
 bhí go cúbarta deag ó'n áirir-miú:

Ann rin do labair an Mhaigdean
 de'n cómhád bí fann,
 "Dain dam na reóir rin
 tá ag fáir ar an scrann:

* Now ill-called "Caldwell" in English.

† *Literally*: Is it not holy that St. Joseph was when he married Mary Mother; is it not that he got the gift that was better than Adam's world? He refused the yellow gold and the crown that David had had, and he preferred to be guiding and showing the way to Mary Mother. One day that the couple were walking in the garden among the fragrant cherries, apple-blossoms and sloes, Mary conceived a desire for them, and fancied them at once, [enticed] by the fine scent of the apples that were fragrant and nice from the High King [*i.e.*, God]. Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was feeble, "Pluck for me yon jewels which are growing on the tree. Pluck me enough of them, for I am weak and faint, and the works of the King of the graces are growing beneath my bosom." Then spake St. Joseph with utterance that was stout, "I shall not pluck thee the jewels, and I like not thy child. Call upon his father, it is he you may be stiff with." Then stirred Jesus blessedly beneath her bosom. Then spake Jesus holily, "Bend low in her presence, O tree." The tree bowed down to her in their

MARY AND ST. JOSEPH.

From Michael Rogers and Martin O'Calally,* in Erris Co. Mayo.—
DOUGLAS HYDE.

Holy was good St. Joseph
When marrying Mary Mother,
Surely his lot was happy,
Happy beyond all other.†

Refusing red gold laid down,
And the crown by David worn,
With Mary to be abiding
And guiding her steps forlorn.

One day that the twain were talking,
And walking through gardens early,
Where cherries were redly growing,
And blossoms were growing rarely,

Mary the fruit desired,
For faint and tired she panted,
At the scent on the breezes' wing
Of the fruit that the King had planted.

Then spake to Joseph the Virgin,
All weary and faint and low,
"O pull me yon smiling cherries
That fair on the tree do grow,

presence, without delay, and she got the desire of her inner-heart quite directly off the tree. Then spake St. Joseph, and cast himself upon the ground, "Go home, O Mary, and lie upon thy couch, until I go to Jerusalem doing penance for my sin." Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was blessed. "I shall not go home, and I shall not lie upon my couch, but you have forgiveness to find from the King of the graces for your sins."

Three months from that day, the blessed child was born, there came three kings making adoration before the child. Three months from that night the blessed child was born in their cold bleak stable between a bullock and an ass.

Then spake the Virgin softly and sensibly, "O Son of the King of the friends, in what way shalt thou be on the world?"

"I shall be on Thursday, and I sold to my enemy, and I shall be on Friday a sieve [full] of holes with the nails. My head shall be on the top of a spike, and the blood of my heart on the middle of the street, and a spear of venom going through my heart with contempt upon that day."

" Bain dam mo fáil aca
 Oir tá me las pann,*
 A' r t'á oibreáca m'g na ngráta
 As fár faoi mo bhoim."

Ann rin do labair Naomh Ioseph
 De'n cómpáid bí teann,
 " Ni bainfid mé duic na peoda
 A' r ni h-aill liom do éilinn

" Glaoó ar acair ó do leinb
 Ir air ir cóir duic beir teann
 Ann rin do corruig fóra
 So beannaighe faoi na bhoim

Ann rin do labair fóra
 So naomta faoi na bhoim
 " Irig' go h-írioll
 Ann a fíadnuire a éilinn."

D'úmlaig an crann ríor dí
 Ann a b'fíadnuire san máill;
 Agus fuair sí mian a c'ioide-rtig
 Glain-oíreac ó'n gcraon;

Ann rin do labair Naomh Ioseph
 Agus éir é féin ar an talam;
 " Gab a-baile a mháire
 Agus luir ar do leabuir.
 So dtéir mé go h-Iaruralem
 As deunam aiteige ann mó peacair."

Ann rin do labair an Mhaigdean
 De'n cómpáid bí beannuighe,
 " Ni pacair mé a-baile
 A' r ni luirfid mé ar mo leabuir;
 Aet tá maiteamhar le págail asao
 Ó m'g na ngráta ann do peacair."

* * * * *

* "Ann a g-caill" dubairt mac mc Ruairí, aet dubairt an Callaoileac
 "las pann" tá me ann a gcaill = "Ceartuigheann uaim iat."

"For feeble I am and weary,
And my steps are but faint and slow,
And the works of the King of the graces
I feel within me grow."

Then out spake the good St. Joseph,
And stoutly indeed spake he,
"I shall not pluck thee one cherry.
Who art unfaithful to me.

"Let him come fetch you the cherries,
Who is dearer than I to thee."
Then Jesus hearing St. Joseph,
Thus spake to the stately tree,

"Bend low in her gracious presence,
Stoop down to herself, O tree,
That my mother herself may pluck thee,
And take thy burden from thee."

Then the great tree lowered her branches
At hearing the high command,
And she plucked the fruit that it offered,
Herself with her gentle hand.

Loud shouted the good St. Joseph,
He cast himself on the ground,
"Go home and forgive me, Mary,
To Jerusalem I am bound;
I must go to the holy city,
And confess my sin profound."*

Then out spake the gentle Mary,
She spake with a gentle voice,
"I shall not go home, O Joseph,
But I bid thee at heart rejoice,
For the King of Heaven shall pardon
The sin that was not of choice."

* * * * *

* These six-line verses are alien to the spirit of the Irish Language, and probably arise from the first half of the next quatrain being forgotten.

Trí mí ó'n lá rin
 Rugaó an leaná beannuighe,
 Thainis na trí nuighe
 As deunamh dóraighe do'n leaná.

Trí mí ó'n oíche rin
 Rugaó an leaná beannuighe,
 Ann a rtabla fuar feannta
 Eirir bulán agus aral.

Ann rin do labair an maighe an
 So ciún agus so céillíde,
 "A mhic nuighe na scaird
 Cía 'n nór mbéid tu ar an traogal?"

"Béid mé Diairdaoin
 Agus mé díolta as mo náimaid;
 Agus béid me Dia hAoine
 Mo éirídar poll as na táirrinib.

Béid mo ceann i mbáir ríce
 'S fuil mo éiríde i lár na ríáiríde;
 'S an tréig nime dul tre mo éiríde
 Le rívealac an lá rin.

Three months from that self-same morning,
The blessed child was born,
Three kings did journey to worship
That babe from the land of the morn.

Three months from that very evening,
He was born there in a manger,
With asses, and kine and bullocks,
In the strange, cold place of a stranger.

To her child said the Virgin softly,
Softly she spake and wisely,
"Dear Son of the King of Heaven,
Say what may in life betide Thee."

[THE BABE.]

"I shall be upon Thursday, Mother,
Betrayed and sold to the foeman,
And pierced like a sieve on Friday,
With nails by the Jew and Roman.

On the streets shall my heart's blood flow,
And my head on a spike be planted,
And a spear through my side shall go,
Till death at the last be granted.

Then thunders shall roar with lightnings,
And a storm over earth come sweeping,
The lights shall be quenched in the heavens
And the sun and the moon be weeping.
While angels shall stand around me,
With music and joy and gladness,
As I open the road to Heaven,
That was lost by the first man's madness."

* * * * *

Christ built that road into heaven,
In spite of the Death and Devil,
Let us when we leave the world
Be ready by it to travel.

naom peadár:

Chualairé phríomair O Concubair, i m'bl'áit-Luam, an rgeul ro ó fean-
mnaoi dar b' ainm bhrígo ní chataraig ó bhaile-dá-ádain i gconradé
Shligis, agus fuair mife uair-pean é.

Ann ran am a raib Naom Peadar agus ár Slánuigheoir ag
riubal na tíre, ir iomda iongantar do tairbeán a Mháigirtir dó,
agus dá mbuó duine eile do bí ann, d'feicfead leat an oirio, ir
dóig go mbeidead a dótéar ar a Mháigirtir níor láirpe 'ná bí
dótéar pheadair.

Don lá amáin do bíodar ag teact arteaó go baile-móir agus
do bí fear-ceóil leat ar meirge 'na fuide ar tairb an bótair
agus é ag iarraid d'éirce. Thug ár Slánuigheoir píora airgid
do ar ngabail tairc dó: Dhi iongantar ar pheadar faoi rin, óir
dubairt ré leir féin "Ir iomda duine boct do bí i n-eapbuid móir,
d'eitig mo máigirtir, aet anoir tús ré d'éirce do'n fear-ceóil reó
atá ar meirge. Aet b' éirir," ar ré leir féin, "b'éirir go bfuil
dúil aise ran gceól."

Do bí fíor ag ár Slánuigheoir eiré do bí i n-inntinn
pheadair, aet níor labairt fé focal d'á tairb:

An lá ar n-a márac do bíodar ag riubal air, agus do capad
bráctair boct orra, agus é eom leir an doir, agus beag-nae
noctta: D'iarir ré d'éirce ar ár Slánuigheoir, aet ní tús Seirpan
don áirio air, agus níor fíreagar Sé a imirde.

"Sin nio eile nae bfuil ceart," ar ra Naom Peadar ann a
inntinn féin; bí eagla air labairt leir an Máigirtir d'á tairb,
aet bí ré ag cailleanaint a dhótéar gac uile lá:

An traenóna ceudna bíodar ag teact go baile eile nuair
capad fear Dall orra, agus é ag iarraid d'éirce. Chuir ár
Slánuigheoir caint air agus dubairt "ceud tá uair?"

"Luac lóirtín oirde, luac fuio le n'ite, agus an oiréad agus
d'éirdear ag teartál uaim amárac; má tís leat-ra a tabairt dam,
geobair tu cúitiugad móir, agus cúitiugad nae bfuil le págail
ar an traogal brónac ro."

"Ir maic i do caint," ar ran Tigearna, "aet ní'l tu aet ag
iarraid mo meallad, ní'l eapbuid luac-lóirtín ná fuio le n'ite
oir; tá óir agus airgid ann do póca, agus buó éirir duit do
buidéadar do tabairt do Dha faoi do díol go lá do beir agad."

Ni raib fíor ag an Dall gur b'é ár Slánuigheoir do bí ag caint
leir, agus dúbairt ré leir: "Ni reanmóna aet d'éirce atá mé
'iarraid, ir cinnte mé dá mbeidead fíor agad go raib óir ná

SAINT PETER.

A Folk Story.

An old woman named Biddy Casey, from near Riverstown, in the Co. Sligo, told this story to O'Connor in Athlone, from whom I got it.—
DOUGLAS HYDE [in *Religious Songs of Connacht*.]

AT the time that Saint Peter and our Saviour were walking the country, many was the marvel that his Master showed him, and if it had been another person who was in it, and who had seen half as much, no doubt his confidence in his Master would have been stronger than that of Peter.

One day they were entering a town, and there was a musician sitting half drunk on the side of the road and he asking for alms. Our Saviour gave him a piece of money, going by of him. There came wonder on Peter at that, for he said to himself, "Many's the poor man in great want that my Master refused, but now He has given alms to this drunken musician; but perhaps," says he to himself, "perhaps He likes music."

Our Saviour knew what was in Peter's mind, but He did not speak a word about it.

On the next day they were journeying again and a poor friar (*sic*) met them, and he bowed down with age and almost naked. He asked our Saviour for alms, but He took no notice of him, and did not answer his request.

"There's another thing that's not right," said Peter in his own mind. He was afraid to speak to his Master about it, but he was losing his confidence in Him every day.

The same evening they were approaching another village when a blind man met them and he asking alms. Our Saviour talked with him and said, "What do you want?" "The price of a night's lodging, the price of something to eat, and as much as I shall want to-morrow; if you can give it to me you shall get great recompense, and recompense that is not to be found in this sorrowful world."

"Good is your talk," said the Lord, "but you are only seeking to deceive me? you are in no want of the price of a lodging or of anything to eat; you have gold and silver in your pocket; and you ought to give thanks to God for your having enough (to do you) till (next) day."

The blind man did not know that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, and he said to him, "It is not sermons,

airgidio agham go mbainfeá díom é, 'tusa' leat* anoir, ní tear-tuigeann do cáint uaim."

"Go deimhin ip dí-céillíde an fear tu," ar ran Tigearna, "ní beiré ór ná airgidio agha i bpaio," agus leir rin d'fás ré an dall.

Bhí Peadaar as éirteacht leir an gcómpáid, agus bí dúil aige a innreacht do'n dall sup mbuio é ar Slánuigsteóir do bí as cáint leir, aet ní bfuair pé don fáill. Aet do bí fear eile as éirteacht nuair toubairt ar Slánuigsteóir go raib ór agus airgidio as an dall. Buo rghioraóir millteac do bí ann, aet do bí fíor aige náir innir ar Slánuigsteóir don bpeus ariam. Chom luac agus bí Seiréan agus Naomh Peadaar iméighe, táimis an rghioraóir cum an dall agus toubairt leir, "Tabair dam do cuio ór agus airgidio, no cuirfead rghian tré do érioide."

"Ní'l ór ná airgidio agham" ar ran dall, "d'a mbeirdeac, ní beiréinn as iarraio deirce."

Aet leir rin do fuair an rghioraóir speim air, do cuir paio é, agus do bain de an méao do bí aige. Do gáir agus do rghreao an dall com h-áir agus d'fuo ré, agus eualair ar Slánuigsteóir agus Peadaar é.

"Tá eugcóir d'a deunam ar an dall," ar ra Peadaar.

"Fás go feallteac, agus imteóair pé an éaoi éuona, san cáint ar lá an breiteamhair," ar ar Slánuigsteóir.

"Tuigim tu, ní'l don fuo i bpaio uait a mhaigirtir," ar ra Peadaar.

An lá 'na díais rin do bideadair as riúbal coir fáraig, agus táimis leóman cíocrae amac. "Anoir a pheadair," ar ar Slánuigsteóir, "ip mimic toubairt tu go scaillfeá do beaca ar mo fon, anoir teirig agus tabair tu féin do'n leóman agus imteóair mire paor."

Do rmuain Peadaar aige féin agus toubairt, "b'feair liom bár ar bit eile d'fágail 'ná leigint do leóman m'ite; támaoio corluac agus tis linn nit uair, agus má feicim é as teacht ruar linn fanfair mé ar deirdeac, agus tis leat-ra imteacht paor."

"Bíod mar rin," ar ar Slánuigsteóir.

Do leis an leóman rghreao, agus ar go brác leir 'na ndiaig, agus níor bpaio go raib re as breic oirra, agus i bpaio doib.

"Fan riari a pheadair," ar an Slánuigsteóir, aet leis Peadaar ar féin nac gualair pé focal, agus d'iméig ré amac riom a mhaigirtir. D'iompaig an Tigearna ar a eúl agus toubairt pé leir an leóman, "Teirig ar air go d'ci an fárae," agus rinne ré amair.

* "Tusa leat" = "iméig leat," "amac leat," no fuo de'n tróir rin. D'éoiri sup "cuig leat" buo cóir do beir ann, 7 cuig an deamhan!"

but alms, I am looking for. I am certain that if you did know that there was gold or silver about me, you would take it from me. Get off now; I don't want your talk.

"Indeed, you are a senseless man," said the Lord; "you will not have gold or silver long," and with that He left him.

Saint Peter was listening to the discourse, and he had a wish to tell the blind man that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, but he got no opportunity. But there was another man listening when our Saviour said that the blind man had gold and silver. It was a wicked robber who was in it; but he knew that our Saviour never told a lie. As soon as He and Saint Peter were gone, this robber came to the blind man, and said to him, "Give me your gold and silver, or I'll put a knife through your heart."

"I have no gold or silver," said the blind man; "if I had I wouldn't be looking for alms." But with that the robber caught hold of him, put him under him, and took from him all he had. The blind man shouted and screamed as loud as he was able, and our Saviour and Peter heard him.

"There's wrong being done to the blind man," said Peter.

"Get treacherously and it will go the same way," said our Saviour, "not to speak of the Day of Judgment."

"I understand you; there is nothing hid from you, Master," said Peter.

The day after that they were journeying by a desert, and a greedy lion came out. "Now, Peter," said our Saviour, "you often said that you would lose your life for Me; go now and give yourself to the lion, and I shall escape safe."

Peter thought to himself and said, "I would sooner meet any other death than let a lion eat me; we are swift-footed and we can run from him, and if I see him coming up with us I will remain behind, and you can escape safe."

"Let it be so," said our Saviour.

The lion gave a roar, and off and away with him after them, and it was not long till he was gaining on them, and close up to them.

"Remain behind, Peter," said our Saviour; but Peter let on that he never heard a word, and went running out before his Master. The Lord turned round and said to the lion, "Go back to the desert," and so he did.

Peter looked behind him, and when he saw the lion going back, he stood till our Saviour came up with him.

"O'feuc Peadaar taob-fiar d'é, agus nuair éonnairc ré an leóman as tuit ar air do fear ré go dtáinig ar Slánuigheóir ruar leir. "A Peadaar," ar Sé, "o'pás tu mé i mbaogal, agus —muo buò méara 'nà rin,—o'innir tu bheuga."

"Rinne mé rin," ar Peadaar, "mar bí fíor aham go bfuil cúmaect aghao or cionn gac nro, ni h-é amáin ar leóman an fáraí."

"Coirg do deul, agus ná bí as innreacé bheug, ni raib fíor aghao agus dá bfeicead mé i mbaogal amárac do éreicead mé ariir, tá fíor aham ar rmuaintib do éroiré."

"Níor rmuain mé ariam go ndearnaid tu don nro nac raib ceart," ar-ra Peadaar.

"Sin bheug eile," ar ar Slánuigheóir. "Nac cuimin leat an lá do tug mé déirc do'n fear-ceoil do bí leat ar meirge, bí iongantar oir agus dubairt tu leat féin gur iomda duine boct do bí i n-earbuid móir o'eicis mé, agus go dtug mé déirc do fear do bí ar meirge mar bí dúil aham i sceól. An lá 'na diais rin o'eicis mé an fear-bhácair, agus dubairt tu nac raib an nro rin ceart. An trathóna ceudna ir cuimin leat creud tárla i tcaois an daill. Míneócair mé anoir duit cad fát minnear mar rin. Rinne an fear-ceoil níor mó de maic 'nà minne fíde bhácar o'a fóir ó rugaó iao. Shábáil ré anam cailín ó pian-taib ipinn. Bhí earbuid boinn aigis uirri agus bí sí as tuit peacá marbtae do deunam le na págar, acé coirimir an fear-ceoil i, tug ré an bonn dí, ció go raib earbuid díge air féin an t-am ceudna. Maíoir leir an mbhácair, ni raib don earbuid air-pean, ció go bfuair ré ainm bhácair buó ball de'n diabal é, agus rin é an fát nac dtug mé don ariir air. Maíoir leir an daill, do bí a Dha ann a póca, óir ir fíor an fear-focal, "an ait a bfuil do airte beir do éroiré léi."

Seal gearr 'na diais rin dubairt Peadaar, "A Mháirgírtir, tá eólar aghao ar na rmuaintib ir uaignise i gceoiré an duine, agus o'n nóimio reó amac géillim duit annr gac nro."

Timcioll peactmaine 'na diais-rin do bíodar as riubal tre énoaib agus pléibtib. agus cáilleadar an bealaé. Le tuitim na h-oiréce táinig teinncead agus coirnead agus fearrictain érom. Bhí an oiréce com doricá rin náir feudadar corán caorac o'feicead. Thuit Peadaar anaíar capraige agus loit ré a cor com dona rin náir feud ré coirceim do riubal.

Chonnairc ar Slánuigheóir polur beas faoi bun enuic, agus dubairt Sé le Peadaar, "fan mar tá tu agus pacair míre as cóirigeacé congnaim le o'iomcáir."

"Peter," said He, "you left me in danger, and, what was worse than that, you told lies."

"I did that," said Peter, "because I knew that you have power over everything, not alone over the lion of the wilderness."

"Silence your mouth, and do not be telling lies; you did *not* know, and if you were to see Me in danger to-morrow you would forsake Me again. I know the thoughts of your heart."

"I never thought that you did anything that was not right," said Peter.

"That is another lie," said our Saviour; "do you not remember the day that I gave alms to the musician who was half drunk, there was wonder on you, and you said to yourself that many's the poor man in great want whom I refused, and that I gave alms to a drunken man because I liked music. The day after that I refused the old friar, and you said that that was not right; and the same evening you remember what happened about the blind man. I will explain to you now why I acted like that. That musician did more good than twenty friars of his sort since ever they were born. He saved a girl's soul from the pain of hell. She wanted a piece of money and was going to commit a deadly sin to get it, but the musician prevented her, and gave her the piece of money, though he himself was in want of a drink at the same time. As for the friar, he was not in want at all; although he had the name of friar, he was a limb of the devil, and that was why I paid him no heed. As for the blind man, his God was in his pocket, for the old word is true, "Where your store is, your heart will be with it.'"

A short time after that Peter said, "Master, you have a knowledge of the most lonesome thoughts in the heart of man, and from this moment out I submit to you in everything."

About a week after that they were traveling through hills and mountains, and they lost their way. With the fall of night there came lightning, thunder, and heavy rain. The night was so dark they could not see a sheep's path. Peter fell against a rock and hurt his foot so badly that he was not able to walk a step.

Our Saviour saw a little light under the foot of a hill, and He said to Peter, "Remain where you are, and I will go to seek help to carry you."

"There is no help to be found in this wild place," said Peter, "and don't leave me here in danger by myself."

"Be it so," said our Saviour, and with that He gave a whistle,

“Ní'l don éognaim le fágaíl ann ran áit fíadán reó,” ar Peadaar, “agus ná leis ann ro mé i mbaogal liom féin.”

“Díod mar rin,” ar ár Slánuigíteoir, agus le.r rin do leis ré feao, agus táinig ceathrar fear, agus cia bí 'na cáipcín oppa áct an fear do rghior an dall real poime rin. D'áicniš ré ár Slánuigíteoir agus Peadaar, agus dubairt ré le n-a cúro fear Peadaar d'ioméar go cúramac go dti an áit-éomnuirde do bí aca amearš na genoc. “Chuir an beirt reo,” ar ré, “ór agus aighio do ann mo bealač-pa real gearr ó foin.”

D'ioméar piao Peadaar go dti reompa faoi talam; bí teine bpeáš ann, agus éirpeadar an fear loitche i nšar ví, agus éugšar deoc dó. Thuit ré ann a éorlač agus do pinne ár Slánuigíteoir lopš na cpoire le n-a méar, or cionn na loite, agus nuair d'uiriš ré d'feuo ré piúbal éom maic agus d'feuo ré piam. Bhí ionšantar air, nuair d'uiriš ré, agus d'fiarpuiš ré cpeuo do bain dó. D'innir ár Slánuigíteoir dó šac nio mar tápla.

“Šhaoil mé,” ar ra Peadaar, “go pail mé marš agus go pail mé ruar as došur plaitir, áct nior feuo mé doul arteač mar bí an došur dpuirte, agus ni pail doirpeoir le fágaíl.”

“Airling do bí ašao” ar ár Slánuigíteoir, “áct ir fíor i; tá an plaitear dpuirte agus ní'l ré le beic foršailte go bpaš' mire báp ar fon peacair an éine daonna, do cuir fearš ar m'áair. Ni báp coitc-ionnta áct báp náipeac šeobar mé, áct éipeóčair mé ašur go šlópmar agus foiršeólar mé an plaitear do bí dpuirte, agus beir túra do doirpeoir!”

“Óra, a Mháširtir,” ar ra Peadaar, “ni féioir go bpuigteač báp náipeac, nac leispeá dām-pa báp fágaíl ar do fon-pa, tá mé péir agus coitceannač.”

“Šaoileann tu rin,” ar ár Slánuigíteoir.

Thainiš an t-am a pail ár Slánuigíteoir le báp fágaíl. An tpašnána poime rin bí ré féin agus an dá abrtal deus as reire, nuair dubairt ré, “tá fear ašair as doul mo bpač.” Bhí trioblóir mór oppa agus dubairt šac don aca “an mire é?” Áct dubairt Šeirean, “an té éumar le n-a láim ann ran méir liom, ir é rin an fear bpaictear mé.”

Dubairt Peadaar ann rin, “dā mbeirdeao an domān iomlán i d'áair,” ar Šeirean, “ni beir mire i d'áair,” áct dubairt ár Slánuigíteoir leir, “rui má šeireann an Coileac anocč ceitfir (reunpail) tu mé tri h-uair.”

“Do šeobainn báp rui má ceitfinn tu,” ar ra Peadaar, “go veimín ni ceitfeao tu.”

and there came four men; and who was captain of them but the person who robbed the blind man a while before that! He recognised our Saviour and Peter, and told his men to carry Peter carefully to the dwelling-place they had among the hills; "these two put gold and silver in my way a short time ago," said he.

They carried Peter into a chamber under the ground. There was a fine fire in it, and they put the wounded man near it, and gave him a drink. He fell asleep, and our Saviour made the sign of the cross with his finger above the wound, and when he awoke he was able to walk as well as ever. There was wonder on him when he awoke, and he asked "what happened to him." Our Saviour told him each thing, and how it occurred.

"I thought," said Peter, "that I was dead, and that I was up at the gate of heaven; but I could not get in, for the door was shut, and there was no doorkeeper to be found."

"It was a vision you had," said our Saviour, "but it is true. Heaven is shut, and is not to be opened until I die for the sin of the human race, who put anger on My Father. It is not a common, but a shameful, death I shall get; but I shall rise again gloriously, and open the heaven that was shut, and you shall be doorkeeper."

"Ora! Master," said Peter, "it cannot be that you would get a shameful death; would you not allow me to die for you; I am ready and willing."

"You think that," said our Saviour.

The time came when our Saviour was to get death. The evening before that He himself and His twelve disciples were at supper, when He said, "There is a man of you going to betray me." There was great trouble on them, and each of them said, "Am I he?" But He said, "He who dips with his hand in the dish with Me, he is the man who shall betray Me."

Peter then said, "If the whole world were against you, I will not be against you." But our Saviour said to him, "Before the cock crows to-night you will reneague (deny) Me three times."

"I would die before I would reneague you," said Peter; "indeed I shall not reneague you."

When death-judgment was passed upon our Saviour, His enemies were beating Him and spitting on Him. Peter was

Nuair tugadh bpeiteamhnar báir ar áir Slánuigíteoir, bí a euro námadh d'a bualadh agus as catadh rmuasairle air. Bhí Peadar amuig ann ran gcúirt, nuair éaduis cailín-aimrípe cúise agus dubhairt leir "bí túra le hÍora." "Níl fíor agam," ar ra Peadar, "cad é tá tu mádh."

Nuair bí pé as dul amach an seata, ann rin, dubhairt cailín éile, "rin fear do bí le hÍora," ádt tug seirpean a mionna nác raib eólar ar bít aise air. Ann rin dubhairt euro de na daoineib do bí as éirteádt, "níl amhar ar bít nác raib tu leir, aithnígmí ar do éaint é." Thuš pé na mionnaib móra ann rin, náir leir é, agus ar ball do glaoth an corleac, agus cummuis pé ann rin ar na poelaib dubhairt áir Slánuigíteoir, agus do fíl pé na deóra aithíse, agus fuair pe maiteamhnar ó'n té do éeil pé. Tá eóspaca flaitir aise anoir, agus má fíleann rinne na deóra aithíse faoi n áir loécaib mar do fíl seirpean iad, seobamaoio maiteamhnar mar fuair seirpean é, agus cuirpíó pé euro míle fáilte róimáinn, nuair maéar rinne so doirur flaitir:

outside in the court, when there came a servant-girl to him and said to him, "You were with Jesus." "I don't know," says Peter, "what you are saying."

Then when he was going out the gate another girl said, "There's the man who was with Jesus," but he took his oath that he had no knowledge at all of Him. Then some of the people who were listening said, "There is no doubt at all but you were with Him; we know it by your talk." He took the great oaths then that he was not with Him. And on the spot the cock crew, and then he remembered the words our Saviour said, and he wept the tears of repentance, and he found forgiveness from Him whom he denied. He has the keys of heaven now, and if we shed the tears of repentance for our faults, as he shed them, we shall find forgiveness as he found it, and he will welcome us with a hundred thousand welcomes when we go to the door of heaven.

MAR TÁINIS AN T-SAINT ANNSAN EAGLAIS.*

Uíhí ár Slánúigteóir agus Naomh Peadar as rparir-veóráct traaónóna, agus do caraó rean-ferar orra: Uíhí an duine boct rin go dona, ní raib ari aet ceirteaáa agus rean-cóta rtróicte, agus san fiú na mbriós faoi n-a coraib. O'iarri ré oéiric ár ár oTigearna agus ár Naomh Peadar: Uíhí truaig as Peadar do an donán boct agus faoil ré go otiúbpaó an Tigearna ruo éigin do. Aet níor cuir an Tigearna don truum ann, aet o'imtig re taipir san rreaáairt tabairt doí. Uíhí ionáantar ár pheadar faoi rin, óir faoil ré go otiúbpaó an Tigearna do áac ainóeir-eóir a raib ocrair ari, aet bí faicéior ari don nuó do ráó:

An lá ár na márac bí an Tigearna agus Peadar as rparir-veóráct aríir ár an mbótar ceuóna, agus cia o'feicreaó ráo as teaet 'na ácoinne ann ran áceart-aic ann a raib an rean-ferar boct an lá roime rin aet roabáilíóe agus cloíóeam nócta áige ann a láim: Tháinig ré eua agus o'iarri ré áiráioo orra: Thuá an Tigearna an t-áiráioo do san focaí do ráó, agus o'imtig an roabáilíóe: Uíhí ionáantar oúbalta ár pheadar ann rin, óir faoil ré go raib an iomarcuio meirniá as ár oTigearna áiráioo do tabairt do áaduio ar faicéior: Nuair bí an Tigearna agus Peadar imtigte tamall beas ár an mbótar níor feuo Peadar san ceir do cuir ari: “Nac móir an rgeul a Thigearna” ár ré “nac otuá tu oáóam do'n donán boct o'iarri oéiric orr anóe, aet go otuá tu áiráioo do'n bíóeamnac áaduioe do táinig eúáó le cloíóeam ann a láim: nac raib rínn-ne 'n ár mbeiric agus ní raib ann aet ferar amáin; tá cloíóeam áam-ra” oeir ré, “agus b' ferar an ferar mire 'ná eirean!” “A pheadair” ár ran Tigearna “ní feiceann tura aet an áaoó amuig, aet eíóim-

*Fuair mé an rgeul ro, o ferar-oibre do bí as Revington De Róirte, Oruim an t-reaáail, aet euaíar go minic é. Ní h-iaó ro na ceart-focaí ann a bfuairéar é.

HOW COVETOUSNESS CAME INTO THE CHURCH.

This is a story I have often heard. The above version I got from a man near Monivea, in Galway, though I do not give his exact words. I heard one nearly identical, only told in English, in the Co. Tipperary. The story reminded me so strongly of those strange semi-comic mediæval moralities, common at an early date to most European languages—such pieces as Goethe has imitated in his story of “St. Peter and the Horse-shoe”—that I could not resist the temptation to turn it into rhyme, though it is not rhymed in the original. More than one celebrated piece of both English and French literature founded upon the same *motif* as this story will occur to the student.—DOUGLAS HYDE. [*Religious Songs of Connacht.*]

As once our Saviour and St. Peter
Were walking over the hills together,
In a lonesome place that was by the sea,
Beside the border of Galilee,
Just as the sun to set began
Whom should they meet but a poor old man!
His coat was ragged, his hat was torn,
He seemed most wretched and forlorn,
Penury stared in his haggard eye,
And he asked an alms as they passed him by.

Peter had only a copper or two,
So he looked to see what the Lord would do.
The man was trembling—it seemed to him—
With hunger and cold in every limb.
But, nevertheless, our Lord looked grave,
He turned away and He nothing gave.
And Peter was vexed awhile at that
And wondered what our Lord was at,
Because he had thought Him much too good
To ever refuse a man for food.
But though he wondered he nothing said,
Nor asked the cause, for he was afraid.

It happened that the following day
They both returned that very way,
And whom should they meet where the man had been,
But a highway robber, gaunt and lean!
And in his belt a naked sword—
For an alms he, too, besought the Lord.
“He’s an ass,” thought Peter, “to meet us thus;
He won’t get anything from us.”
But Peter was seized with such surprise,
He scarcely could believe his eyes
When he saw the Master, without a word,
Give to the man who had the sword.

After the man was gone again
His wonder Peter could not restrain,
But turning to our Saviour, said:
“Master, the man who asked for bread,

re an taobh-arth: ní feiceann túra áct corpr na n-daoine nuair feicim-re an croidé. Áct béid fíor agha go fóill” ar Sé “creud fáil do pinne mé rin.”

Thuit ré amac don lá amháin 'na díais rin go n-deáid ar o-Tighearna agus Peadar amúga ar na rleibitib. Bhí teinntead agus toirnead agus fearrtain móir ann, agus bí ríad báidte, agus an bótar caillte aca. Cia o'feicead ríad éuca ann rin áct an robdáilide ceutona a otus an Tighearna aighio do an lá rin, Nuair táinig ré éuca bí truaig aise dóib, agus rus ré leir iad go dti uais do bí aise faoi bun cairrige, amearg na rleibtead, agus bain ré an t-eudac fluic dóib agus cuir éudais tihme orra, agus tug neart le n'ite agus le n'ól dóib agus leabuid le luide air, agus gac uile fóirt o'feud ré deunam dóib do pinne ré é. An lá ar na márac nuair bí an rtoirum éart, tug ré amac iad agus níor fás ré iad gur cuir ré ar an mbótar ceart iad, agus tug lón dóib le h-aghaid an airtir. “Mo cóinriar!” ar Peadar leir féin ann rin, “bí an ceart ag Tighearna, ir mar an fear an gaidiú; ir iomda fear cóir,” ar reirean, “nac n-dearnaid an oiréad rin dam-ra!”

Ni raib ríad a bpat iméighe ar an mbótar ann rin go bfuair ríad fear marb agus é rinte ar éndim a órioma ar lár an bótar, agus o'aitnig Peadar é gur ab é an rean-fear ceutona do díultais an Tighearna an déire do. “D'olc do pinneamar” ar Peadar leir féin, “aighio do díultuag do'n duine boct rin, agus feud é marb anoir le donar agus aghó.” “A pheadair” ar ran Tighearna “téid talu cuig an bfeair rin agus feud créad tá aise ann a póca.” Cuaid Peadar anonn cuise agus toraig ré ag lámhuag a rean-cóta agus creud do fuair ré ann áct a lán aighio gael, agus timcioll c pla fiéir bonn óir. “A Tighearna,” ar ra Peadar, “bhí a ceart agha-ra, agus cia bé ruo deunfar tu no déarf far tu agh, ní macar mé i o' aghaid.” “Deunfar rin a pheadair,” ar ran Tighearna. “Giac an t-aighio rin anoir agus caid artead é ann ran bpoil

The poor old man of yesterday,
Why did you turn from him away?
But to this robber, this shameless thief,
Give, when he asked you for relief.
I thought it most strange for *you* to do;
We needn't have feared him, we were two.
I have a sword here, as you see,
And could have used it as well as he;
And I am taller by a span,
For he was only a little man."

"Peter," said our Lord, "you see
Things but as they seem to be.
Look within and see behind,
Know the heart and read the mind,
'Tis not long before you know
Why it was I acted so."

After this it chanced one day
Our Lord and Peter went astray,
Wandering on a mountain wide,
Nothing but waste on every side.
Worn with hunger, faint with thirst,
Peter followed, the Lord went first.
Then began a heavy rain,
Lightning gleamed and flashed again,
Another deluge poured from heaven,
The slanting hail swept tempest-driven.
Then, when fainting, frozen, spent,
A man came towards them through the bent,
And Peter trembled with cold and fright,
When he knew again the robber wight.
But the robber brought them to his cave,
And what he had he freely gave.
He gave them wine, he gave them bread,
He strewed them rushes for a bed,
He lent them both a clean attire
And dried their clothes before the fire,
And when they rose the following day
He gave them victuals for the way,
And never left them till he showed
The road he thought the straightest road.
"The Master was right," thought Peter then,
"The robber is better than better men,
There's many an honest man," thought he,
"Who never did as much for me."

They had not left the robber's ground
Above an hour, when lo, they found
A man upon the mountain track
Lying dead upon his back.
And Peter soon, with much surprise,
The beggarman did recognize.

móna talí, ní bíonn ann san aigíod go minic aét mallaét móru Chruinnis Peadar an t-aigíod le céile, agus cuairt ré go dt an poll-móna leir; aét nuair bí ré dul o'á caitéamh arteaé, "ocón," ar ré leir féin, "nac áirbheul an truaḡ an t-aigíod breaḡ ro do cup amúḡa, agus ir minic bíonn oenar agus tarit agus fuaét ar an Máigirtir, óir ní tḡann ré don aipe dó féin, aét congobóairt mire cuir de 'n aigíod ro ar pon a leapa féin, a san fíor dó, agus b'fearrde é." Leir rin do cait ré an t-aigíod geal uile, arteaé ann san bpoll, i muoét go ḡcluinead an Tigeapna an toian, agus go raoilfead ré go raib ré uile caitte arteaé. Nuair táinig ré ar aisan rin o'fiarruis an Tigeapna, de "A Pheadair," ar ré, "ar cait tu an t-aigíod rin uile arteaé." "Chaitear" ar Peadar, "aét aḡáin píora óir no dó, do congbaḡ mé le biaḡ agus deoé do ceannac tuit-re."

"O! a Pheadair," ar san Tigeapna, "craeo fáé nac nḡear-nairt tu maṛ duḡairt mire leat. Fear panntac tu, agus béir an traint rin opt go bráé."

Sin é an fáé raoi a bfuil an Eaglais panntac ó foim.

"Ochone!" thought Peter, "we had no right
To refuse him alms the other night.

He's dead from the cold and want of food,
And we're partly guilty of his blood."

"Peter," said our Lord, "go now

Feel his pockets and let us know

What he has within his coat."

Then Peter turned them inside out,

And found within the lining plenty

Of silver coins, and gold ones twenty.

"My Lord," said Peter, "now I know

Why it was you acted so.

Whatever you say or do with men,

I never will think you wrong again."

"Peter," said our Saviour, "take

And throw those coins in yonder lake,

That none may fish them up again,

For money is often the curse of men."

Peter gathered the coins together,

And crossed to the lake through bog and heather.

But he thought in his mind: "It's a real sin

To be flinging this lovely money in.

We're often hungry, we're often cold,

And money is money—I'll keep the gold

To spend on the Master; He needs the pelf,

For He's very neglectful of Himself."

Then down with a splash does Peter throw

The *silver* coins to the lake below,

And hopes our Lord from the splash would think

He had thrown the whole from off the brink.

And then before our Lord he stood

And looked as innocent as he could.

Our Lord said: "Peter, regard your soul;

Are you sure you have thrown in the whole?"

"Yes, all," said Peter, "is gone below,

But a few gold pieces I wouldn't throw,

Since I thought we might find them very good

For bed, or for drink, or a bite of food.

Because our own are nearly out,

And they are inconvenient to do without.

But, if you wish it, of course I'll go

And fling the rest of the lot below."

"Ah, Peter, Peter," said our Lord,

"You should have obeyed me at my word,

For a greedy man you are, I see,

And a greedy man you will ever be;

A covetous man you are of gain,

And a covetous man you will remain."

And that's the reason, as I've been told,

The clergy are since so fond of gold.

FÍOĠAÍR NA CROISE NAOMTA.

O námad mo éireoinn, námad mo tír,
 Námad mo éloinne 'r mo céile;
 A tigeapna deun mo comairce
 Le fíogáir na Croise naomta;

Le báir na Croise beannais tu
 Suoét [mí-] foirtúnac éba;
 Ó foín anuas i' beannaisíte
 An comairce ro áir-naomta;

Do pleurg an cappaig, do duiú an sruan;
 Do éroit an doimán go h-éadac,
 Nuair o'árdaisgead ruar an Slánaisíteoir
 Ár dhuim na Croise naomta.

Faiaor! 'dá bitin rin, an té
 Naé mbéid a éroide o'á neubad;
 A' r deoir aicpige as rileda uaid,
 Or cómair na Croise naomta!

I' seap é réim an duine laig
 Siór le fán an t-raogail-re;
 Mí taomann (?) an Spiopad malluigte
 Luét fíogáir na Croise Naomta;

Sgannrócar gac don faoi sgreim an báir
 O'á taétao ruar, as eugad;
 —I' voét béid lá an anapa
 Gan ríat na Croise Naomta;

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS FOR EVER.

[I came across this religious poem in Irish among the MSS. of William Smith O'Brien, the Irish Leader, at Cahernmoyle. It was attributed to a Father O'Meehan.—DOUGLAS HYDE, in "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

From the foes of my land, from the foes of my faith,
 From the foes who would us dissever,
 O Lord, preserve me in life, in death,
 With the Sign of the Cross for ever.

By death on the Cross was the race restored,
 For vain was our endeavor;
 Henceforward blessèd, O blessèd Lord,
 Be the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Rent were the rocks, the sun did fade
 The darkening world did quiver,
 When on the tree our Saviour made
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

Therefore I mourn for him whose heart
 Shall neither shrink nor shiver,
 Whose tears of sorrow refuse to start
 At the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Swiftly we pass to the unknown land,
 Down like an ebbing river,
 But the devils themselves cannot withstand
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

When the hour shall come that shall make us dust,
 When the soul and the body sever,
 Fearful the fear if we may not trust
 In the Sign of the Cross for ever.

bea a a ttrí mbó.

nn

So péiró, bean na ttrí mbó !
Ar do bódact na bí teann :
Do connairc meiri san so,
Bean ir ba dá mó a beann.

Ní mairéann rairóbrear do gnáct,
Do neac ná tabair rair so móir :
Cúgac an t-éas ar gac taob ;
So péiró, a bean na ttrí mbó

Stioct Eogain mórí 'ra mómáin;
A n-imt aet do gni clú dóib,
A reolta sup léigeadar rior ;
So péiró, a bean na ttrí mbó !

Clann gairge tigeairna an Cláir,
A n-imteact-pan, ba lá leoin,
San rúil ne n-a tteact so bráct
So péiró, a bean na ttrí mbó !

Dóinnall ó Ún baol na long,
Ua Súilleabáin ná'r tim glór ;
Péac sup tuit 'ran Spáin ne clardéam :
So péiró, a bean na ttrí mbó !

Ua Ruairc ir MagUíor, do bí
Lá i n-Éirinn 'na lán beoil ;
Péac féin sup imtís an oír :—
So péiró, a bean na ttrí mbó !

Síol gCeapbail do bí teann;
Ie mbeirí gac geall i ngleó ;
Ní mairéann don díob, mo díct !
So péiró, a bean na ttrí mbó !

Ó don boin amáin do breir
Ar mnaoi eile, ir i a dó,
Do funnir-re iomorca a péir :
So péiró, a bean na ttrí mbó !

An Ceangal:

Bíod ar m'falluig, a ainoir ir uairéac gnáir;
Do bíor san dearmad rearmac buan 'ra tnué :
Tríó an ríacmur do glacair ríó' buab ar ttrí;
Dá bpaiginn-re reab a ceatair do beairinn tú.

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

(FROM THE IRISH, BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.)

O Woman of Three Cows, *agra!* don't let your tongue thus rattle!
Oh, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.
I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—
A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser;
For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser;
And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows—
Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows.

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen Mór's descendants.
'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants;
If they were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,
Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;
Mavrone! for they were banished, with no hope of their returning.
Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?
Yet you can give yourself these airs, O Woman of Three Cows.

Oh, think of Donnel of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted,
See how he fell in distant Spain unchronicled, unchanted;
He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—
Then ask yourself, should you be proud, good Woman of Three Cows?

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story:
Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory.
Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs—
And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of Three Cows.

Th' O'Carrols, also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,
Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;
Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?
Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows.

Your neighbour's poor; and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,
Because, *inagh!* you've got three cows—one more, I see, than she has;
That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity allows;
But if you're strong, be merciful—great Woman of Three Cows.

AVRAN.

Now, there you go; you still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,
And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,
If I had but four cows myself, even though you were my spouse,
I'd thwack you well, to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows.

First published by O'Curry in the "Irish Penny Journal" (Gunn & Cameron's)
No. 9, 29th August, 1840, with an introductory note, and Mangan's famous metrical
version (pp. 68, 69).

AN RANN GAETHALAC.

As ro rann leat-pháanta eile do éualar ó huine o Condae
Dúin-na-ngall; buó mí-fuaimneac rtaio na h-Éireann, mar ip
cormúil, nuair rinnead é—

Nár marbaird míre huine ar bit
A'r nár marbaird don huine mé,
Aet má tá don huine ar ti mo marbta
So mbuó míre marbpar é!

As ro rann eile ar an gcléir, do bí aca i gCúige Mumhan, asur
do beir O Dálaig dúinn—

Seadain feadmanar cille,
Le buidín na cléire ná deun coingrò,
No ip baogal do d'éuro uile
imteaet mar duileadap' ar bárr tuile!

As ro rann ar an meirge, do éualar mé ó m' éaparo Tomár
Dárcelaig. Ip beagnac i n "Deibriòe é"—

Ni meirge ip mírte liom,
Aet leirg a feicrint oim,
San uig na meirge ip mírte an greann,
Aet ni gnátae meirge san mi-greann.

As ro rann do éualar ó'n bfeap ceutna, ar mnaoi boirb; atá
ré aca i gCúige Mumhan mar an gceutna—

Fadóó teine faoi loe
No caiteam cloe le cuan,
Cómairle do tadbairt do mnaoi boirb
Ip buille d'opó* ar iarpann fuar.

As ro rann mi-lága eile ar na mnáib, do éualar i gConnac-
taib—

Tu nio ip doilig a múnad
Bean, muc, asur múile!

* Aliter, "boirb," mar, éualar é ó feap eile.

IRISH RANNS.

[From "Songs of Connacht," by DOUGLAS HYDE.]

Here is a half-Pagan rann which I heard from a man in Donegal. The state of Ireland seems to have been unsettled at the time it was made—

I hope and pray that none may kill me,
Nor I kill any, with woundings grim,
But if ever any should think to kill me
I pray thee, God, let me kill him.*

Here is another rann about the clerics which O'Daly gives us—

Avoid all stewardship of church or Kill,
It is ill to be much in the clerics' way,
Lest you live to see that which with pains you save,
Like foam on the wave float far away.†

Here is a rann on drunkenness which I got from my friend Thomas Barclay. It is almost in *Deibhidh* metre—

I mind not being drunk, but then
Much mind to be seen drunken.
Drink only perfects all our play,
Yet breeds it discord alway.‡

Here is another rann on the fierce or wayward woman, which I heard from the same; it is also current in Munster—

Like a fire kindled beneath a lake,
Like a stone to break an advancing sea,
Like a blow that is struck upon iron cold,
To the wayward woman thy counsels be.§

Here is another discourteous rann on women that I heard in Connacht—

If you hope to teach, you must be a fool,
A woman, a porker, or a mule.||

* *Literally*: That I may kill no man at all, and that no man may kill me! But if there is anyone bent on killing me, that it may be I who shall kill him!

† *Literally*: Avoid the stewardship of a Kill (or church). With the band of the clerics do not make agreement, or there is a danger of all your portion departing like leaves on the top of the tide.

‡ *Literally*: It is not intoxication I think the worse of, but [am] loath to be seen on me. Without the drink of intoxication fun is the worse, but intoxication is not usual without dis-fun [*i.e.*, something the opposite of fun].

§ *Literally*: The kindling of a fire beneath a lake or the throwing of stones against the harbor, to give advice to a wayward (or fierce) woman, it is a blow of a fist upon cold iron.

|| *Literally*: Three things difficult to teach [are] a woman, a pig, and a mule!

Ais ro rann ar an bfeair boib, do cualaí i gconradé
Rorcomáin—

Cómaíle do tabairt do duine boib
Ni bfuil ann aet nio san céill,
Go sclaoirítear é 'na loet
S go nigítear é 'na aim-leaí féin.

Ais go cómaíle do tús pasair i gconradé mhuig Eó do cáilín
do bí ró gaili-beuraí gileurta, do cualaíó mé ó'n bfeair
ceutna—

A cáilín deaí ná meaf sup móí i do cáil,
'S go bfuil "nótion" aseo náí cleaet do póí ariam,
bólaet-bleaet do b'aite leó ar rliab,
'S ní cóta bpeac ar pleac (?) do tóna fíar.

Ais ro focal briogmaí ar conradé mhuig Eó—

"Saoilim," "ir dóig liom," a'í "dar liom féin,"
Sin trí fíadhnuire atá ais an mbriéis.

Asur tubairt fear ó'n gconradé ceutna go cuinn cáilmaí le
tuine a raib an-cáin aisur toga an béarla aise, aet do rinne
tíoc-uirgebeata—

Ni béarla gnió bpaí
Aet a ruataí go maí!

Ais ro rann maí ar an tríor-éiroí rín atá ar bun roí an
toil asur an tuigint, ar ar tabair an Rómánaí, nuair tubairt
ré, video meliora probo-que—deteriora sequor—

Náí boet an toirg a'í an corí ann a bfuilim i bpéin!
Mo tuigint óm' toil, a'í mo toil as tuirim óm' céill,
Ni tuigítear dom' toil gae loet dom' tuigint ir léi,
No má tuigítear, ni toil léi, aet toil a tuigiona féin.

* *Literally*: To give advice to a wayward [or fierce] man, there is nothing in it but an act devoid of sense, until he be overthrown in his fault, and until he is washed [i.e., laid out dead] in his own misfortune.

† *Literally*. My pretty girl do not think that great is your sense, and sure you have a notion that your people [literally, "seed"] never practised, milk-kine on a mountain they liked better, and not a speckled coat behind.

Here is a rann on the fierce or wayward man, which I heard in the County Roscommon—

To a wayward man thine advice to bring
Is a foolish thing, and a loss of time,
His fault must find him, he must be crost,
Till death be the cost of his frantic crime.*

Here is an advice which a priest in the County Mayo gave to a girl who was too foreign-mannered and dressy; I heard it from the same—

My girl, I fear your sense is not *great* at all,
Your fathers, my dear, would *rate* such sense as small,
They loved good *cheer* and not *state*, and a well-filled stall,
Not garments *qucer* to *inflate* like the purse-proud Gall.†

Here is a forcible saying from the County Mayo—

"No doubt sure," "Myself believes," "Thinks I,"
Three witnesses these of the common lie!‡

A man from the same county said pithily to someone who had fine talk and choice English, but who made bad whiskey—

It's to mix-without-fault,
And not English, makes malt!§

Here is a good rann on that constant combat which is ever on foot between the will and the reason, of which the Latin spoke when he said, "I see the better things and approve of them, but I follow the worse"—

How sad is my case, I am surely in *plight* most ill,
My will with my reason, my reason *fights* with my will,
My reason sees faults that my will remains *blind* to still,
Or should my will see them, my reason *strikes* to my will.||

† Literally: "I think," "I'm near-sure," and "it seems to me," those are three witnesses that the lie has.

§ Literally: It is not English makes malt, but to mix it well.

|| Literally: Is it not poor, the way and the condition in which I am in pain, my understanding [moving away] from my will, and my will moving away from my understanding. Each fault which is plain to my understanding is not understood by my will, or if it is understood she wills it not, but [wills] the will of her own understanding.

As ro pann eile; ir sean-focal coiticiunn "ni tuigeann an
pátaic an sean?"—

Níor aipis an pátaic fáim an t-ocraic fáim,
S ní táimis fáim tréasáid san lán-muir obann 'na díais;
Ní bíonn páirt as mnáib le spogaire liat,
'S ní tug an báir ppár do dhúine ar bit áriamh.

As ro pann eile ar céill agus ar mí-céill—

Ciall agus mí-ciall
Díar nac ngabann le céile!
Ir dóig le fear san céill
Sur 'bé féin úgdar na céille!

As ro pann eile ar an duine a bfuil a aipe agus a innitinn
ar pán uair—

Cpánn toirid an t-iúbar,
Ní bíonn coróice san bárr glar,
Ionann a'r san a beit 'ran mbaile
Neac ann a'r a aipe ar!

Tá morán pann ann, as innrint deirid neitead an traozail:
Cpeirim go bfuil an euid ir mó aca coiticiunn do'n oileán ar
fao: Ní trídriat anoir acé ceann aca mar fompá, do réir mar
atá ré i gconradé Mhuig-Eó—

Deiréad loinge, bátaid;
Deiréad áite, torzáid;
Deiréad cuirim, cáinead,
Deiréad pláinte, orna:

Atá mar an gceudna a lán de pánntaib as toruáid leir an
bfpocal "Maipis" as deunam truaíge paol neitib eugramla: As

* *Literally*: The mild satisfied one never felt [for] the hungry one, and there never came an ebb without a full tide close behind it. No woman has any part with a gray-haired dotard (?), and death has never given respite to anyone.

† *Literally*: Sense and un-sense, two who do not go together. The man without sense is certain that he himself is the author of sense.

Here is another rann : "The satiated does not understand the lean" is a common proverb—

The satisfied man for the hungry one never feels,
There never comes ebb without full tide close at its heels,
To the gray-haired dotard no woman her heart reveals,
From death when he comes no praying a respite steals.*

Here is another rann on sense and folly—

Though the senseless and sensible
Never foregather,
Yet the senseless one thinks
He is Sense's own father.†

Here is another rann on the man whose attention and mind are astray—

A constant tree is the yew to me,
It is green to see, and grows never gray,
'T were as good for a man through the world to roam
As to live at home with his mind away.‡

There exist many ranns telling the end of the things of the world. I believe the most of these are common to the entire island. I shall only give one of them here as a specimen, in the form it has in the County Mayo—

The end of a ship is drowning,
The end of a kiln is burning,
The end of a feast is frowning,
The end of man's health—is mourning.§

There are also a great number of ranns beginning with the word "alas," or "woe," lamenting over various things. Here

† A tree of fruit is the yewtree, it is never without a green top. It is the same thing for a man not to be at home as for him to be there with his attention away. [The idea seems to be that wherever a man is planted, he should remain there with his mind fresh and green like the yew and not grow withered by wishing to be where he cannot be.]

§ *Literally*: The end of a ship—drowning ; the end of a kiln—burning ; the end of a feast—reviling ; the end of health—a sigh.

ro cúpla rompla díob ro, ar an scondac Rorcomáin; map do
cualar iad—

1r mairg do ghró bhrannra gan riol,
1r mairg díor i dtír gan beit tneun, (a)
1r mairg do ghró cómhád gan rlaet,
Asur dá mairg nac gcuireann rmaet ar a beul

Asur apir—

1r mairg a mbíonn a éapad rann,
1r mairg a mbíonn a élan gan raet,
1r mairg a bídear i mboctán boet,
A'r dá mairg a bídear gan oic ná maet

1r iomda rann ann, map an s-cuona, coraigear le “1r fuat
liom.”

1r fuat liom cairleán ar móin,
1r fuat liom rógmar beit bárdce;
1r fuat liom bean buinneac (?) ar bhrón;
'Sur 1r fuat liom ríaca ar fagar:

Apir—

1r fuat liom cú truağ
As reat (rit) ar fuo tige;
1r fuat liom duine-uasal
As freartal d'a mnaoi!

Tá rann corráil leir reó i dtaoib fhinn Mhic Chumail—

Ceitre nro d'a dtug fionn fuat—
Cú truağ, a'r eac mall,
Tigearna tíne gan beit glie,
Asur bean rir nac mbéarfao clann;

Buó gnáac leir na taoim beirdeac éigin do marbaó asur
o'ite oróe fhéile mhárcain: Thápla, an oróe reó, nac raib
le marbaó as mnaoi an tige aet muc breac, asur níor maet léi
rin do deunam. Aet buó mian leir an mac béile maet do beit

(a) Aliter, tpeíróeac.

Literally: Alas for who makes land fallow without seed [to put in it],
alas for him who is in a land without being strong, alas for who makes
conversation without elegance, and twice alas for him who places no
control over his mouth.

are a couple of examples of them just as I heard them in the County Roscommon—

Alas for who plow without seed to sow,
For the weak who go through a foreign land,
For the man who speaks badly yet does not know,
—Twice woe for the mouth under no command.*

And again—

Alas for the man who is weak in friends,
For the man whose sons do not make him glad,
For the man of the hut through which winds can blow,
—Twice woe for who neither is good nor bad†

There is also many a rann beginning with the words "I hate." Such as—

I hate a castle on bog-land built,
And a harvest spilt through the constant wet,
I hate a woman who spoils the quern,
And I hate a priest to be long in debt.‡

Again—

I hate poor hounds about a house
That drag their mangy life,
I hate to see a gentleman
Attending on his wife?§

There is a rann somewhat like this about Finn Mac Cool—

Four things did Finn dislike indeed,
A slow-foot steed, a hound run wild,
An unwise lord who breeds but strife,
And a good man's wife who bears no child.||

It used to be the custom of the people to kill and eat some beast on St. Martin's Night. It happened on this night that the woman of the house had nothing she could kill except a speckled pig, and she did not like to do this. But her son

* *Literally*: Alas for him whose friend is feeble, and alas for him whose children are without prosperity, alas for him who is in a poor bothy or hut, and twice alas for him who is without either bad or good.
[Perhaps this last clause is a reminiscence of the Apocalyptic *οφελον ψυχρὸς ἢς ἡ βεσσός.*]

† *Literally*: I hate a castle on a bog, I hate a harvest to be drowned, I hate a * * * (?) woman at a quern, and I hate debt on a priest.

‡ *Literally*: I hate a miserable hound running throughout a house, I hate a gentleman attending [*i.e.*, for want of servants] on his wife.

|| *Literally*: Four things to which Finn gave hatred, a miserable hound, a slow steed, a country's lord not to be prudent, and a man's wife who would not bear children.

aige agus cuairt ré i bfolac ar eúl an tige, 'd'áiríis ré a gúit
agus toubairt ré de glór Spánna uatbárac an pann ro—

Míre Mártan dearg Dia,
Agus ar gac realb buaimm feoil,
Mar nár marb turá an muc breac
Marbfaid míre do mac Cormac óg:

Do rḡannraigeat an máthair, óir faoil sí gur b'é Naomh Mártan
féin do bí as labhairt, agus marb sí an muc.

As ro rḡeul do rḡníod mé píos o beul míceáil mhic Ruairíis
“an file ar conoas Mhuig-Eó,” mar leanar:

“Bí beirt rḡairt as rḡairdeóraet, don lá amáin, agus con-
airc riad [as] tigeaet 'na n-áirí leat-amadán nae riab don éall
aige, aet bí ré an ḡairr-rioballac [ḡairr-ḡreagairtác], agus arpa
ceann de na rḡairt leir an brear eile, ‘cuirpró mé ceirt ar
Dhiarmuid anoir nuair éirfead ré i nḡar dúinn.’ ‘Iḡ fearr
duit a léigean éirt’ ar ran fear eile. Nuair éainis Dhiarmuid
i n-innig (?) [= i nḡar] dóib, arpa ceann do' na rḡairt leir, ‘Iarr-
amadóir oir [= fiarruigimíó díot] cad é an uair bérdear a éaint
as an bḡréacán dub’? Deair Dhiarmuid ruar ann ran áirí
ar an rḡairt, agus ‘innreócaid mé rin duit,’ ar reiréan

Nuair éomnócar an t-iuríac [t-iolar] ar an nḡleann,
Nuair ḡlanfar an ceó de na chuib,
Nuair imteócar* an traint de na rḡairt
béid a éaint as an bḡréacán dub.

‘Noir,’ ar ran rḡairt eile, ‘nár breair duit éirteat le
Dhiarmuid!’”

As ro pann eile do ruair mé ó'n mḡairclaiḡeac—

ḡeallfaid an fear breugac
ḡac [a] breudar a éiríde,
ḡaolpró an fear rannac
ḡac a ḡealltar go bḡuig.†

As ro ceann eile ó conoas Mhuig Eó—

An té léigear a leabar
Ár nae ḡuiréann é i meabar,
Nuair éalléann ré a leabar
Díonn ré 'na baileabar (?)

* “aet go n-innig,” toubairt mac ui Ruairíis, aet ni léir óam rin.

† = go bḡuigpró ré gac nó ḡealltar.

wished to have a good meal, and he went and hid at the back of the house, changed his voice, and spoke this rann in hideous, awful tones—

I am God's Martin, hear my word,
Out of every herd one head is mine,
I must slay your Cormac 'Og this day
Since you will not slay the spotted swine.*

The mother was frightened, for she thought it was St. Martin himself who was speaking, and she killed the pig.

Here is a story which I wrote down from the mouth of Michael Mac Rory [Rogers], the "poet from the County Mayo," as follows—

"There were two priests out walking one day, and they saw coming towards them a half fool who had no sense, but he was very short-tailed [*i.e.*, quick-at-answer], and says one of the priests to the other, 'I'd ask Diarmuid a question when he comes near us.' 'It's best for you to let him pass,' says the other one. When Diarmuid came near them one of the priests says to him, 'We're asking you when shall the black crow have speech.' Diarmuid looked up in the priest's face, and 'I'll tell you that,' says he:

'When the eagle shall nest in the hollow glen,
When mountain and fen shall from mists be free,
When the priests shall no longer for gold be seeking,
The crow shall be speaking as plain as we.'

"'Now' says the other priest, 'wasn't it better for you to listen to [*i.e.*, let be] Diarmuid'!"

Here is another rann from which I got from the same—

The lying man has promised
Whatever thing he could,
The greedy man believes him,
And thinks his promise good.†

Here is another, also from the County Mayo—

The man who only took
His learning from his book,
If that from him be took
He knows not where to look.‡

* I am Martin red-God (?) and out of every herd, do I take meat; as you have not killed the speckled pig, I shall kill your son Cormac Oge. (This use of the word *peatb* (which now means any possession) for "herd" is ancient and curious, but Father O'Growney tells me it is still used in Donegal in this sense.)

† *Literally*: The lying man will promise all that his heart is able [to invent], the covetous man will think that he will get all that is promised.

‡ *Literally*: He who reads his book, and does not put it into his memory, when he loses his book he becomes a simpleton (?).

SEÁGAN AN DÍOMAIS;
BLÚIRÍN AS STAIR NA h-ÉIREANN,
CONÁN MAOL.

CAIB. 1.

bile na coille.

Ir iomda fear garreamail do h-oilead i n-Ulad ó Coin Cúlainn anuas go dtí Seágan an Díomair. I bfuad iní na cian-taib do rugad ann Miall naoi nGiallae, ní cúmactae do bí i nTeamair. Ir minic do mótuig na Rómánaig i mBreatain a córsairt riú. I gceann d'a cúrupaib tug ré leir mar éime buacail ós d'ár b'ainm 'na diaib rúo páoruis. Do b'é an éime úo an Taitgin sup innir na d'raoite roim nae a taeat. Tá a élu, 7 a ceannar go h-aiuib fór imearS Gaedhal, aet dala Néill naoi nGiallaig ir beag nae bfuil a ainm dearmáda. Ar a fon roin ba móir le ráo an ní úo lá, 7 ar a leappaea d' fár an aicme ba cumapaise 7 ba éalma d'a raib i nÉirinn le n-a linn féin, 'na b'féirir ar d'ruim an domain. Cuapdaig rtair na gcrioc eile, féac imearS aicmib abur 7 éall 7 ní bfuigfir fir d'aon éimead amáin do b'áilne d'peac, do ba éalma i ngleo, do ba gléir-inntineac i gcómairle 'na na ráir-fir do riolraib ar fead na gceada bliadan ar an b'péim uapail rin Muintir Néill.

Fá mar do liúga nn an gaot móir timceall crainn daie i n'aonar ar lár macaire, gan baint le n-a neart aet amáin na duilleoga do rgiobaó de 7 ro-ceann d'a gágaib do b'paeo le h-ápo iarraet, do ba mar rin do na Sapanag ar fead ceitpe céad bliadan d'a mbargaó féin i gcoinnib na gcuapade úo do táinig ó Miall naoi-nGiallae; 7 ir é mo tuarim ná buairpíde coitce oíra rúo muna mbéad sup eirigeadar i n-agaib a céile.

Ní raib fear ar an gcinead ba mó cáil 'na an Seágan ro do luadmúo. Éipeannaó 'na ballaib do b'ead é, cóm maic 'na loctaib 7 'na t'péitib fearamla. Ní raib ré cóm glie i gcómairle 'na cóm gáar-cúirae i gceirt le h-aoó ó Néill d'foglumir cleapardeaet nacla i dtig Elíre, bainpogain Sapan. Ní raib bun-eólar cogair aige cóm clirde le h-eogan Ruad, aet níor fáruig aon duine aca ro é i ngarige, i ngníom, 'na i ngráó d'a tír. Tá aon rmál amáin ar a ainm: D'foillrig



SHANE THE PROUD.

A FRAGMENT OF IRISH HISTORY.

By P. J. O'SHEA.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST TREE OF THE WOOD.

THERE was many a valiant man reared in Ulster, from Cuchulainn to Shane the Proud. Far back in the old times Niall of the Nine Hostages was born there, a powerful king in Tara. The Romans in Britain often experienced the havoc wrought by him. In one of his expeditions he took with him as a prisoner of war a young boy whose name afterwards was Patrick. That slave was the saintly child whose coming the Druids foretold. His fame and his power are fresh and strong still among Gaels. But as to Niall of the Nine Hostages his name is almost forgotten. But nevertheless that king was very great once, and from his loins sprang the most powerful and the most valiant race that existed in all Ireland in their own time, or perhaps in the whole world. Search the history of other countries, seek among the tribes here and elsewhere, and you will not find men of any one race who were handsomer in appearance or more valiant in battle or more intellectual in counsel than the brave men who, during hundreds of years, sprang from that noble root of the O'Neills.

As the wind howls round about an oak-tree standing by itself in the middle of a plain without reducing its strength, but only snatching leaves from it and breaking an odd one of its branches by a great effort, so it was with the English for four hundred years, flinging themselves against those champions descended from Niall of the Nine Hostages : and it is my opinion that the latter would never have been conquered but for the fact that they rose up against each other.

There was no man of the family more renowned than this Shane of whom we speak. He was an Irishman all over, as well in his faults as in his manly qualities. He was not so clever in counsel nor so subtle in disquisition as Hugh O'Neill, who learned state-craft in the house of Elizabeth, Queen of England. He was not so skilful in the science of warfare as Owen Roe, but neither of these surpassed him in valor, in

na Sapanais go poitéir an rindl roin dúinn go h-ácarac, mar ba beas oíca Seághan Ó Néill. O'ruaiois pé bean áitbais li Dóinnaitl, deirbhíúr do tigeapna na nOileán coir Albain, 7 ip dóic le n-a lán úgúar sup éaluis ríre leir le n-a toil féin. Ir ruarac náe paid pé cóim h-ole leir na Sapanais féin ar an gcuma fain, aet amáin go n-aoimóacó reiréan a úroo-éleacéacó map níor ba fíinneacé é, aet fear pínneacé ná ceitfeacó a cáim.

CAIB. 2.

ÉIRE LE N-A LÍNN:

Mi fearacó Inir fáil lá ruamúir muam ó gab reóita na Noimánac i geuan ar "Úrís an Damb" le Diarmair na nSailt inir an mbliathain 1169. Éáinis na Noimánais go Sapaná o'n bfrainc céacó bliathán roim an am roin, fá rtiúrúgacó Liam Duacóais, 7 do rgarpeacóar na Sapanais i n-aon bpuigín amáin. Bí na Sapanais fá coir san móitl 7 Noimánac 'na rúg 7 'na buanna oíca fearoa. Níor ba úala roin o'Éirinn. Ó'n pí rin an uara Hanpí go uóí an t-oétmacó Hanpí bí rúgce Sapaná 'na "o'tigeapnab" ar Éirinn. Mi paid pé i mírpeacé don pí aca Rí Éireann do rtaoóacó air féin sup écap an t-oétmacó Hanpí sup cóir do féin beir 'na pí uáirpíub ar Éireannais.

Ar an aóbar roin éur pé rairm rgoite amac go paid pé maécanaé ar caoirpeacóib móra Éireann cpmnínúgacó ar aon lácar go mbroinnpacó pé ríocail 7 calam oíca.

Do b'é nór na ucaoirpeacé roin go uóí rúo beir 'na rgeinn ar an uirpib 7 rloinneacó a uirpibe féin do cógáil. Bí ó bpuin map éann ar Muncip bpuin, Ó Néill map éann ar Muncip Néill, 7 map rin uóib. Cuipró an t-oétmacó Hanpí uirpéacó leir an nór roin fearoa, 7 u'a leir rin éurpeann pé rógia as cuail ar áro-caoirpeacóib Éireann náe bpuil uaró aet ríocéáin do uéanaó leo, 7 go nocaiparó pé rígeapnai móra úioib, 7 go mbroinnpacó pé calam na rreibe oíca aet ríuileacó uó. Do maécnuis na caoirpí. Do leir nór na h-Éireann an uair rin níorb' leir an ucaoirpeacé calam na rreibe, aet leo péin 7 leiréan i uocannca éúte. Bí reiréan map éann oíca map u'áruirgeacóar péin é ar cóingeall go uabappacó pé ceerp uóib. Ar an aóbar roin bíobar raor 7 ní leómpacó an caoirpeacé a rgeuro

action, nor in love of his country. There is just one stain upon his name. The English have shown us that stain clearly and gladly, for they detested Shane O'Neill. He carried off Calvach O'Donnell's wife, sister to the Lord of the Isles on the coast of Scotland; and many authors think that she eloped with him of her own will. He was very nearly as bad as the English themselves in that way, except that *he* would admit his evil conduct, for he was no hypocrite, but a truthful man, who would not conceal his fault.

CHAPTER II.

IRELAND IN HIS TIME.

Inisfail never saw a day's peace after the sails of the Normans were lowered in the harbor at Traig an-Vaniv,* with Foreign Dermot, in the year 1169. The Normans came to England from France a hundred years before that time, under the command of William the Conqueror, and they routed the Saxons in one single battle. The Saxons were overcome at once, and a Norman was King and task-master over them thenceforward. It was not thus with Ireland. From that King, Henry II., to Henry VII., the Kings of England were "lords" of Ireland. Not one of them had the courage to call himself King of Ireland until Henry VIII. thought that he ought to be really King over the Irish.

He therefore issued a proclamation that all the great chiefs of Ireland must assemble in one place so that he might present them with titles and lands.

Until then, it was the custom of those chiefs to be heads of the clans and to take the family name of their own clan. O'Brien was head of the O'Brien family, O'Neill of the O'Neill family, and so with all of them. Henry VIII. will put an end to this custom for the future, and accordingly he sends a notice to the high chiefs of Ireland that he wants nothing but to make peace with them, and that he will make great lords of them, and that he will bestow upon them the lands of their clan, provided they submit themselves to him. The chieftains reflected. According to Irish customs at that time the land of the clan did not belong to the chief, but to themselves and to him jointly. He was their head, because they themselves appointed him on condition that he would give them their rights. For that reason they were free, and the chief would not dare to

* Somewhere on the coast of Wexford. The name is not now recognizable.

calmhan do bhaint díob mar bí an oipead cirt aca féin cum na calmhan roin 7 bí aigepean.

Ádt féad an t-úige reo do cheap an t-octmáth Hanrí 7 a mímr-téir glúc Wolsey. Ueáð an taoipead fearda mar máigirtir ar gac tpeib 1 n-ionad beit mar do bí ré go dtí ro 'na uacdarán opta. Níor tairnig an gnó 1 n-aon cor leir an tpeib, ádt do péirtig ré go dian máit leir na taoipeadaib, 7 do rmuaimíó gac ceann aca ar a fion féin go raib ré 7 a tóáinig roimír tndíte, cuirpead le cómpac 1 n-aíar na Sapanac, 7 sup míro corp do cup leir an impear.

Dá éionn roin léigimíó sup ériall taoirig móra na h-éipeann anonn go lúntuin cum Hanrí inr an mbliadain 1541, 7 'na mearg Conn Ó Néill; 7 go raib an pí go rial, fáiltéad, upraimead leó, 7 go nbeápnar ré iaplaí 7 tigeapnaí díob do péir a gcéim 'ra tpaogal.

Ba túbairtéad an turur é mar do deagail ré gac tpeib 1 n-éirinn ó'n nór do bí aca leir na ciantaib—ré rin flait do déanad díob féin ar an tpeib gan rpleadócar do piú Sapanac. Cairpíó riad fearda úmalúgáð do'n iapla nuad ro do cum an pí díob, 7 muna mbeir riad úmal do cuirpear raigdiúirí Sapanac cum cabruigíte leir an iapla nuad 1 gcómair rmaet do cup ar an tpeib noán. Ní puláir do'n iapla nuad leir aipe tabairt do féin nó árdócar Sapanac iapla eile 'na ionad a beir úmal 7 muintearda do'n riagáitar.

Caib. 3.

GRUAIM 1 DTÍR EÓGAIN:

Níor b'iongnad go raib riormapnaig 1 dtír Eógain ar éadé ar n-air do'n iapla nuad, 7 cogapnac 7 epotad ceann 7 lám-peáil clárdeam go bagapnac abur 7 tall. "Ir é an Conn ro an céad Ó Néill do érom a glún cum piú iapácta," ar riadpan, 7 tugadar rúil ar Seálgan, aoránac Cuinn. "Tá aóbar piú ann," aoubpadar le céile; "fan go bparar ré. Féad an gnuais pado; fáinnead, pionn roin air, 7 an dá rúil larmapa glara roin aige. Tá ré as boipad go tiug. Tá bpeir 7 ré tpoigíte ar áirde ann ceana féin. Féad go cruinn air, náe leatan-guailnead puinnce fearpadoad atá ré; cóm úipead le rleig, cóm lútmair le riad;

take their land from them, for they had as much right to that land as he had.

But observe this law that Henry VIII. and his cunning minister, Wolsey, devised. The chieftain would in future be the master of each clan, instead of being, as he had been hitherto, the head man of them. The business did not please the clan at all, but it suited the chieftains thoroughly well, and each of them thought for his own part that he and all who came before him were worried and tired with fighting against the English, and that it was time to put a stop the struggle.

And so it is that we read that the great chiefs of Ireland traveled over to London to Henry in the year 1541, and among them Conn O'Neill; and that the King was most generous and hospitable and respectful towards them, and that he made earls and lords of them according to their rank in life.

It was an unlucky journey, for it parted every clan in Ireland from the custom they had had for ages—that is, making a prince for themselves from among the clan, independently of the King of England. Henceforward they will have to obey this new Earl that the King has made for them, and if they will not be obedient to him, the soldiers of England will be sent to help the new Earl in order to repress the unruly tribe. The new Earl, too, must needs mind himself, or England will put up another Earl in his place who will be obedient and friendly to the Government.

CHAPTER III.

GLOOM IN TIR-EOGHAIN.

It was no wonder that there was whispering in Tir-Eoghain when the new Earl came back, whispering and shaking of heads and a threatening handling of swords on this side and that. "This Conn is the first O'Neill who bent his knee to a foreign King," said they, and they cast their eyes on Shane, Conn's eldest son.

"There is the making of a King in him," they said to each other; "wait till he grows up. See that long, curly fair hair on him, and those two fiery gray eyes he has. He is growing fast. He is more than six feet in height already. Look at him closely; see how broad-shouldered, well-knit, and sinewy he is, as straight as a spear, as fleet as a stag, as bold as the bull of a herd. Shane shall be prince over us, and Henry the Eighth's new Earl will have to take himself off."

cómh d'án le tairb tána. Beir Seághan mar flait orainn 7 cait-pró lapla nuad an oetmáð Hanpi gneadað leir."

Cualair Conn Ó Néill an cógaruac 7 do goill ri air. Cualair ré rir as caint le céile 7 faoban 'na maðaric. "Ir annra leir an mac togaréa, Matú an fearuoréa, 'ná Seághan a mac olirtineac féin do tug a bean-tigearna dó, an bean ir uairle i n-Éirinn leir." Do b'i mátair Seághain ingean an Gearaltaig, lapla Cille Dara, an fear ba cúmaétaige i n-Éirinn.

Óiarr an t-oetmáð Hanpi ar Conn a oigre o'ainmniúgað. "Matú," ar Conn, 7 pinnead bapún Dúngcanainn de Matú láirpeac. "Caitpea-ra mo ceart o' fágail," aoir Seághan. Connaic Conn Ó Néill an lapair i fálaib a mic. Connaic ré an ghuaim ar an otreib. "Beir Seághan mar oigre orim," aoir ré fá deirpead, tar éir móran tafaint.

Óiarr Matú cabair ar Sapaná 7 fuair ré i gan moill mar ba maic leir na Gallair an leatrgéal cum muintir Néill do cup ar céaraib a céile. Cuirpead fíor láirpeac ar Conn Ó Néill i gcómair páraic do baint de i otaob i Matú do di-láirpugað, déc ní paad ré riap ar a geallamaint do Seághan 7 buairead vá glar i mbaile-ata-cliaic é.

Caib. 4.

FAOBAR CLAIRIÚM.

Do blaðm Seághan an Diomair fuar 7 glaoðair ré ar a muintir eirge amac, le n' acair o'fuarglad. Níor b'feárr leir na Sapanais gnó bí aca. Seólað rluag ó tuair go cúige Ulað i gcómair rmaic do cup ar an bfeair ós baot ro, acé do táinís reiréan aniar oréa go n-obainn, do gab ré tpiota, 7 bíodar as baint na fála o'd céile as teicead uair. Do gléarad rluag eile ar an mbliadain do bí cúgáinn (1552), acé do tiomáin Seághan roimir iad 'nór rgaata gabar. Bí fear i n-agaíð na Sapanac an cor ro. Sgaiolead Conn Ó Néill le tí riotcéana do déanað acé ba beag an maicéar é. Do blair Seághan an Diomair fuil.

"Caitfeair an fear mórbálaic boirb ro do córg," aríran fear-

Conn O'Neill heard the whispering, and it troubled him. He heard men talking together, with daggers (*lit.* an edge) in their looks. "He prefers the bastard son, Matthew, the dark man, to Shane, his own lawful son, whom his lady gave him—the noblest woman in Ireland, too!"

Shane's mother was a daughter of the Geraldine, the Earl of Kildare, the most powerful man in Ireland.

Henry VIII. asked Conn to name his heir. "Matthew," said Conn, and Matthew was made Baron Dungannon forthwith. "*I must get my right,*" said Shane. Conn O'Neill saw the flash in his son's eyes; he saw the sullenness of the clan. "Shane shall be my heir," said he at last, after a great deal of persuasion.

Matthew asked assistance from England, and he got it immediately, for the foreigners liked the excuse to put the family of O'Neill to worrying each other. Word was sent at once to Conn O'Neill in order to get satisfaction out of him for displacing Matthew, but he would not go back on his promise to Shane, and he was thrown into prison in Dublin.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EDGE OF THE SWORD.

Shane the Proud started up and called to his people to rise out and release his father. Nothing pleased the English better. An army was sent northward to Ulster to bring this foolish young man to discipline, but he came upon them suddenly from the West and rushed right through them, and they were knocking the heels off each other in flying from him. Another army was prepared the next year (1552), but Shane drove it before him like a flock of goats. There was a *man* opposing the English this time. They released Conn O'Neill in order to make peace, but it was little good. Shane the Proud had tasted blood.

"Somebody must check this proud, arrogant man," said the Lord Deputy from England, and he put in order and prepared a strong body of men. Their visit to the North was in vain, for Shane used to meet them in a place where they did not expect him; he used to startle them and inflict damage on them, and he would go off bold and domineering.

Matthew gathered together a body of the clan, for some of them continued under his flag, and he started to help the foreigners, but Shane stole upon them in the middle of the night, and he routed Matthew speedily. "Let us build a

Ionaò ó Sapanà, 7 do éòipis 7 do gléar pé plóigeaò lároip. Bì a gcuid 6 éuarò i n-airdear map do buaileò Seághan leo 'ra n-ait nàc raib coinne leir, baineò pé geit arò, baineò pé gé arò, 7 bhuideò pé leir go d'án, miócuibearac.

Bailis Matú 'rream de'n tpeib, map do lean cuid aca pá na bpat-ran, 7 do gludir pé cum cabruaò leir na Gallair, aòt d'éaluis Seághan 'na tpeò i lár na h-oirde 7 do éir pé ar Matú go tapairò. "Déanpam daingean i m'béalpeirde cum a rmaótuighe," aóeir an iutoipe Uiliam bhabaron. Buir Seághan irteac oíta inr an dún neam-épioónuighe úo 7 do mill pé a bpuimóir. Buir pé ar an gcuma gcéatna irteac ar 'rream eile do luó conganca bhabaron coir Doirpe 7 do rgar pé iao. Níor b'iongaò sup éainis eagla ar na Sapanacair 7 sup rgein-neoár leo ar n-air go baile-ata-cliaó.

Leigeadó do ar feaò céitpe mbliadán 'na diair rúo (1554-8), aòt ní raib don fonn ruaimnir ar Seághan an Dìomair. Cúimnis pé sup le n-a rinnreap cúige Ulaò. Bior an lám lároip i n-uacóair, aóeir pé leir péin. B'eò pé maócanac ar na taoirig eile géilleaò dó. Dá mb'eò pé cóm glie le n-aoò Ó Néill do déanpao pé ceangal 7 capaoar leir na taoiracair borba úo i n-ionao do cup d'fíacair oíta géilleaò dó.

Dubairt Ó Riagallair, iapla nuao bpeim, leir nàc géillpeaò pé péin i n-aon éor dó, aòt léim an fear teinnteaó tpiò, 7 do b'éigean do mac Uí Riagallair beic umal dó fearò. Níor map rin de Ó Dómnail i oTir Conail. Ní mó 'na géill an Clann Dómnail ó Albainn d'aitis na gleannta coir fairrige i n-Dontuim, aòt tug Seághan aóar oíta go léir roir Saéoil 7 Sall. Níor eipis leir go maic inr an iappac do gniò pé cum clanna cruaoa Tír Conail do tabairt pá na maóail, map bpeab Calbac Ó Dómnail i gan fíor air 'na cában ir oíde ag Baile-aóair-éaoir 7 ba beag náir mill pé Seághan. Do tuit a lán d'á cuid fear inr an puagaò obann úo, 7 do cáill pé airn 7 capail, 7 'na mearg a eac oíorub péin. Do b'é an t-eac cogair úo an capail ba bpeagó i n-éiminn. Mac-an-fíolair do tugaoi uirte. Fuair Seághan ar n-air aóir í. Níor cuir an bac úo coris abpaò leir an bpear gcumapac n'án.

Do tuit Matu i ngrárgar éigin le cuid de muinntir Seágain inr an mbliadán 1558, 7 do gniò na Sapanais iappac ar an gcuir do cup i leit Seágain péin aòt dubairt pé nàc raib don daint aige le báir Matú 7 go scaitpóir beic pápta leir an bpeagpa roin. Fuair Conn Ó Néill báir ar an mbliadán do bí éugainn. "Ta an bótar péir do Seághan anoir," aóeir an tpeib; "ní beir iapla map éeann opainn a tuitleaò."

stronghold in Belfast to keep him in order," said the Knight, Sir William Brabazon. Shane broke in upon them in the unfinished fort, and destroyed most of them. He broke in, in the same way, upon another body of Brabazon's party near Derry, and scattered them. It was no wonder that fear fell upon the English, and that they fled back to Dublin.

They let him alone for four years after that (1554-8), but Shane the Proud had no desire for peace. He remembered that Ulster had belonged to his ancestors. Let the strong hand be uppermost, said he to himself. It would be necessary for the other chiefs to submit to him. If he had been as clever as Hugh O'Neill, he would have made bonds and friendship with those haughty chiefs instead of forcing them to yield to him.

O'Reilly, the new Earl of Breffny, said to him that *he* would not submit to him in any case: but the fiery man leaped through him (*i.e.*, through his forces), and O'Reilly was obliged to be humble towards him for the future. It was not so with O'Donnell in Tir-Conaill, nor did the Clan Donal from Scotland yield, who inhabited the glens by the sea in Antrim; but Shane turned his face against them all, both Gaels and foreigners. He did not succeed very well in the attempt he made to bring the sturdy children of Tir-Conaill under his rule, for Calvach O'Donnell sprang upon him secretly in his tent at night at Balleegan (on Loch Swilly), and he nearly destroyed Shane. A great many of his men fell in that sudden rout, and he lost arms and horses, and among them his own coal-black steed. That charger was the finest horse in Ireland. They called him the Son of the Eagle. Shane got him back again. That check did not long hinder so powerful and intrepid a man.

Matthew fell in some brawl with a few of Shane's people in the year 1558, and the English tried to attribute the crime to Shane himself; but he said he had nothing to do with Matthew's death, and that they would have to be satisfied with that answer. Conn O'Neill died the following year (1559).

"The road is clear for Shane now," said the clan; "we will have no earl for a head over us any more."

CHAPTER V.

O'NEILL OF ULSTER.

Out with you to the top of Tullahogue, Shane the Proud! The royal flagstone is there, waiting for you to plant your right foot upon it, as your ancestors the Kings did before you! And

Carb. 5.

Ó Néill Ulaó:

Amac leat ar bárr Tulaiógis, a Seághan an Dóimair! Tá an leac míogáda ann ag feiteam leat leo' coir veir do bualao uirte mar gnívead do fínnreap níste mómat! Agus do fearann Seághan Ó Néill ar Tulacóg, agus do rínead ríat bán dípead cuise mar cómaréa cothaim ciit d'a éireb; buailead clóca gréapda ar a flinneánaió cumapáda 7 catbárr ar a ceann. Caitead ríupéro a coire ríar tar a gualainn. Capad míle claid-eam ór cionn ceann 7 dúirígead mac aila na gceanntar le fuaim-glór míle ríomac—"Ó Néill abú! So maipad ar b'fíat a toga!" Do taitnim an grian ar ceannaishte dátaimail, luir-neamail Uí Néill, 7 do cuip coin móra ar iallaib amartpac arda fé mar éualadar ualparataig an máctipe 'ra coill 7 géim na h-eilite ar an ghenoc.

"Do b'ónóiríge liom beit am' 'Ó Néill Ulaó' 'ná am' pí ar Spáinn," arpa doó tír Eógain tamail maít 'na díaró rúo. "Ír mó le h-Ulaig an ainm 'Ó Néill' 'ná 'Caerap' le Rómánais," arp an ríomroóir Mountjoy.

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Carb. 6:

"DEARÜRÁCTAIR TÁIÚG DÓMNAIL."

Caitleat Máire, bainmíogain Sárana fá'n am ro, 7 bí Eúir 'na h-ionad. Do b' i an bean mí-danaimail reo an éiríde clóide 7 na ríapáda pndár an bean ba mó inntleact le n-a linn. Do énom pí féin 7 a maíaltar láitpead ar cuip irtead ar Seághan. Sydney do b'ainm d'a fear-ionad i n-Éirinn. Gluair fé ó éuair go Dúnoealgain 7 cuip rósra cum Seághan teact 'na gáor. Níor leig Seághan air gur éualaró fé an rósra act cuip fé cuipead cum Sydney teact cum a tíge 7 beit 'na ádair bairtíde d'a mac óg. Níor díultais an fear-ionad doó 7 do fearann fé leir an mac. "Táim-re am' Ó Néill i n-Ulaó le toil na tpeibde reo," arpa Seághan. "Ní téaróigeann uaim cómpac le Sárana má leigtear dom, act má cuiptear oim, bíod opaid féin." Bí Sydney pártá leir rin 7 bí ríotcáin ar fead tamail i n-Ulaó

Shane O'Neill stood on Tullahogue, and a straight, white wand was handed to him as a symbol of his true balance of justice to his clan; an embroidered cloak was put over his powerful shoulders, and a helmet on his head. His shoe was thrown behind him over his shoulder. A thousand swords were waved overhead, and the echoes of the whole district were awakened with the sound of voices from a thousand throats—"O'Neill for ever! May our Prince live to enjoy his election!" The sun shone on the handsome, bright features of O'Neill, and the great hounds in their leashes bayed as if they heard the howl of the wolf in the forest and the cry of the fawn on the hill.

"I would think it a greater honour to be 'O'Neill of Ulster' than to be King of Spain," said Hugh of Tir-Eoghain a good while after. "The name 'O'Neill' is greater in the eyes of Ulstermen than 'Cæsar' was to the Romans," said the exterminator Mountjoy.

CHAPTER VI.

"DONAL IS BROTHER TO TADHG."

Mary, Queen of England, died about this time, and Elizabeth was Queen in her stead. This unwomanly woman, with the heart of stone and the bowels of brass, was the cleverest woman of her time. She and her Government began at once to interfere with Shane. Sydney was the name of her Deputy in Ireland. He proceeded northwards to Dundalk, and sent notice to Shane to come to him. Shane did not pretend to have heard the notice, but he sent an invitation to Sydney to come to his house and be godfather to his infant son. The Deputy did not refuse him, and he stood for his son. "I am O'Neill of Ulster by the will of this clan," said Shane. "I do not want any fighting with England if I am let alone, but if they provoke me, let them take the consequences." Sydney was satisfied with that, and there was peace in Ulster for awhile, until Sussex came as Deputy to Ireland. "I shall have no peace," said he, "till O'Neill is overthrown," and he prepared and fitted out an army for the purpose. This Sussex was a false, cruel, cunning man, but he was not so clear-headed as Sydney. Calvach O'Donnell assisted him, and also the Scottish O'Donnells in Antrim. Shane the Proud complained that they were annoying him without cause. His province was prospering in wealth and well-doing. Let a messenger come from Elizabeth and he would see. Elizabeth took no

sur táinig Sussex 'na fear-ionad go n-Éirinn. "Ní béad am' fúaimneap," aoir pé, "go mberó Ó Néill fá coir," 7 'do gléap 7 'do cóirigh pluas le n-ágaró an ghnóta: fear realitac, borb, glie, 'do b'éad Sussex po aet ní raib pé cóim g'éap-inntineac le Sydney. 'Do eabpuis Calbac Ó Dómnail leir, 7 map an gcéatna clann Dómnail na hAlbann, i nDontuim: 'Do g'éapán Seágan-an-Díomair go pabtar as cup air gan éir. 'Bí a éirge as 'dul cum cinn i maoin 7 i maiteap. Tagad teacéirpe Elípe 7 féacad pé. Níor éir Elípe ruim 'na éiró cainte aet leis rí 'o'a fear-ionad gluaireac ó éuaró go n-Árto-Maca inr an mbliadain 1561.

Preab Seágan go n-obann irteac go Tip Conail put a raib coinne leir 7 'do r'siob pé leir fean Calbac Ó Dómnail 7 a bean ós, an bean úo 'o'fás an rmál ar a ainm. 'Do éir an cleap cogad obann rom meapb'eall ar na Tip Conailis 7 'do tócuir Sussex a céann le cangear. Car Seágan ó 'dear fá map 'do béad pé ar tí iappacé 'do tábairt fá Baile-áta-Cliaé. 'Bí Mac-an-íolair fá 7 níor b'ionntaóib Seágan ar muin an eir rin ar céann opeama oirgipeac 'o' ultacáib. Níor tuis Sussex cao é an fuadap 'do bí fá Seágan. Fá 'deiréad 'do filiró pé go raib Seágan 'na gliaice aige 7 'do 'dearpuis pé innit 'oó. 'Do 'o'puro pé míle fear irteac go Tip Cógain as c'péacá 7 as c'p'gairt, 7 'o' fan pé féim coir Árto-Maca as peiteam le Seágan. Bailis an míle fear na céatna ba 'oúba, na caoirigh bána, 7 na capail, 7 'do gluaireadap ar n-air go buacac. "Féac Mac-an-íolair," arpa oune éigin, "cá Seágan an Díomair éirgáib!" Ní raib le Seágan ar an látair úo aet céad 7 ríce mapac 7 'o'a céad coirpóte, aet gairpóirigh blorgb'éimeacá 'do b'éad iao. 'Bí cinn 7 cora 'na gcápnánáib ar an macáirpe úo fá céann uairpe an élois, 7 an fuigleac beas c'péacá, r'collta, as r'geinnead go n-Árto-Maca, na biailib faobracá 'o'a n-géapad 7 'o'a n-éirleac, 7 an gáir-cata uamnac úo—"Lám 'dearps abú!" 'na gcluaráib: innreann Sussex féim le cráó c'póirde an raon-maóma 'do cuiread air.—"Ní raib pé i mírpeac don éirpeannais riam fóir fearam am' ágaró-pe, aet féac in'oiu Ó Néill peo 7 gan aige aet a leat n-oipead fear tiom, as b'púctad irteac ar mo arim b'péad ar macáirpe péiró leatán. 'Do g'uróinn cum Dé pailt 'o'fágail air 'na leiréir 'o'áit gan coill i ngiorpacé trí míle 'oó le r'gát 'do tábairt 'o'a éiró fear. Mo náirpe é, 'o'fóbaip ná fágad pé a'itro 'om' arim beó i n-uair an élois, 7 ir beas náir r'p'rac pé mé féim 7 an éiró eile amac leir ar 'oaingean Árto-Maca."

Ní ópompad Sussex ar Tip Cógain 'do c'péacá go fóil arí. Cuir an b'p'leac úo r'gannpacé o'p'a i Lúntuim 7 'o'iaip Elípe ar

notice of what he said, but she allowed her Deputy to go north to Armagh in the year 1561.

Shane rushed suddenly into Tir-Conaill before they expected him, and he carried off old Calvach O'Donnell and his young wife—that woman who left the stain on his name. This sudden feat of arms dismayed the Tir-Conaill men, and Sussex scratched his head with vexation. Shane turned southward, as if he were about to make an attack on Dublin. The “Son of the Eagle” was under him, and Shane was not to be trusted on the back of that horse at the head of an active body of Ulstermen. Sussex did not know how great was the energetic force of Shane. At last he thought he had Shane in his grip, and he laid a trap for him. He sent a thousand men into Tir-Eoghain to plunder and ravage, and he himself remained near Armagh waiting for Shane. The thousand men collected hundreds of black cows, of white sheep, and horses, and they were returning, much elated. “See the ‘Son of the Eagle’!” said one of them; “Shane the Proud is upon us!” Shane had only a hundred and twenty horsemen and two hundred foot in the place, but they were warriors who dealt loud-resounding blows. Heads and feet were in heaps upon that field at the end of an hour, and the little remnant, wounded and torn, were flying to Armagh, the keen-edged axes cutting and slaughtering them, and that terrifying war-cry, “*Uám veapꝑ abú!*” in their ears. Sussex himself tells with sorrow of heart the utter rout that was inflicted on him*:—“No Irishman ever before had the courage to stand against me; but see this O'Neill to-day, and he having only half as many men as I, bursting in upon my fine army on a smooth, wide plain. I would pray to God to get a chance at him in such a place, without a wood within three miles of him to give shelter to his men. My shame! He was like not to have left a creature of my army alive in one hour, and it wanted little but he would have dragged me and the rest out of the fortress of Armagh.”

Sussex would not attempt to plunder Tir-Eoghain again for awhile. That defeat terrified them in London, and Elizabeth asked the Earl of Kildare, a relative of Shane the Proud, to make peace. She sent a message of pardon to Shane, and an invitation to come to London to speak with her. “I will not stir a foot,” said Shane, “till the English army takes the road out of Ulster.” “Be it so,” said Elizabeth.

* In all cases where quotations from English writers have been translated into Irish by Conán Maol, such quotations have been re-translated into English, and therefore differ slightly in form, though not in sense, from the English originals.--ED.

laptla Cilleodara, bráctair Seáḡain an 'Díomair, ríotcáin do deánad. Cuir sí teactairpeact maiteamhair cum Seáḡain 7 cuirpead cuige teact go lúnuin le tabairt léi. “Ní corprócad cor,” aoir Seáḡan, “go dtugaid arim Sarena a mbótar opta ar Ulad.” “Díod mar rin,” aoubairt Elip.

Nuair do méat Sussex ceap pé a cleap feilt do cup i bperóm. Tá a rgnibinn péin cum Elire mar fíadnair ar an bpeall. 1 mí na Lúgnara 1561, rgnibann pé cum na bainpogha rin sup tairis pé tuac céad marc 'ra mbliadain de talam do Miall liat, maortige ui Néill, ar coingeall go muirbeócad pé an flait rin. “Do múinear do cionnur d'éalócad pé leir tar éir na bearta,” aoir pé. Ní fíor dúinn an raib Miall liat dáiríub, aet gíbe rgeal é ní cloirtear sup gñíó réiarract ar Seáḡan do dúnmairbugad.

Caib: 7:

seáḡan-an-díomais i lúnuin.

Rinne laptla Cilleodara ríotcáin toir Ó Néill 7 Sarena, mar ba móir le h-Ó Néill é, 7 do feoladar arson anonn go lúnuin, 7 nveirpead na bliadna, 7 gáirda gailloglac i n-éirpeact leo.

Dubarctar le Seáḡan náe bfillpead pé ar air go deó, toirg go raib an tuag 7 an ceap 'na cómar aḡ Elip, aet bí muinigin aigerean ar a teanga liomta 7 bí díóic aige náir méat pé ruam 7 n-don cúmangac.

Dean uallac do b'ead Elip: Bí sí datamail, ghuais ruad uirte, 7 rúla glara aici, an t-éatad ba breagda 7 ba daoir le págail uirte, 7 an iomad de aici le h-i péin do córpúgac go minic 'ra ló. Péacós do b'ead i le péacaint uirte, aet bí cpoirde an beataidais allta, gan truaḡ, gan truaḡmheil aici, 7 inntin 7 aigne tar mndiḡ an domain. “An labarctair beapla cúici?” arpa tuine éigin le Seáḡan. “Ní labórad go deimin,” ar reirean, “mar leónrad an teanga duairc gpanna poin mo córpáin.” Bí ffraincír 7 Spáinir 7 Laroceann aḡ Seáḡan i oteannta a teanga binn blarḡa péin. Dean teangaaca do b'ead Elip leir, 7 dubarctar sup páruis Seáḡan 'ra bffraincír i 7 sup eitig sí cómrád leir 'ra teanga poin.

When Sussex had failed, he thought he would put his cunning in treachery to account. His own letter to Elizabeth exists as a witness to the treachery. In the month of August, 1561, he writes to that Queen that he had offered land to the value of a hundred marks a year to Grey Niall, O'Neill's house-steward, on condition that he should kill that prince. "I showed him how he should escape after the act," said he. We do not know whether Grey Niall was in earnest, but in any case we do not hear that he made any attempt to murder Shane.

CHAPTER VII.

SHANE THE PROUD IN LONDON.

The Earl of Kildare made peace between O'Neill and England, for O'Neill had a great regard for him, and they both traveled over to London at the end of the year, taking a guard of gallowglasses with them.

It was said to Shane that he would never come back, because Elizabeth had the axe and the block in readiness for him; but he had confidence in his own keen and ready tongue, and he thought that he had never failed in any difficulty.

Elizabeth was a vain woman. She was handsome; she had red hair and gray eyes, and she wore the most beautiful and the most expensive clothes, and she had more than enough of them to decorate herself many times in the day. She was like a peacock to look at; but she had the heart of a wild beast, without pity or compassion, and more intellect and mind than any other woman in the world. "Will you speak English to her," said somebody to Shane. "Indeed I will not," said he; "for that rugged, ugly language would sprain my jaw." Shane had French and Spanish and Latin as well as his own sweet musical tongue. Elizabeth was a linguist too, and it is said that Shane outdid her in French, and that she refused to converse with him in that language.

On Little Christmas Day, in the year 1562, he walked into the royal room of Elizabeth. There were valiant men of six feet and more around her, especially young Herbert; but it was seen at once that they were but insignificant men beside Shane the Proud. English history gives an account of his visit and of his appearance. "He had a yellowish-red mantle of fine material flowing down behind him to the ground, and light red hair, crisp and curly, falling over his shoulders to the middle of his back; he had wild gray eyes that looked out at you as

Là Noctas beas i n-àrd an mbliaidh 1562 do buail pé irteac go peòmpa pìogachda Òlir. Òi fìr calma pé troighe 7 nìor mò na curdeacta, go mòr mòr Herbert òs, aet connacatar làitheac nàc fàib ionnta aet ppearàin i n-aice Seághan-an-Dìomair. Tugann rtaip na Sapanac cùntur ar a cuairt 7 ar a crut. “Òi falluings buide-dears do dèanmùr d'aoir ar pilead riar rìor go calam leir, 7 spuas fionn-puad go cupineac, cam arpac tar a flinneánaib rìor go lár a òroma, rùla glara riadaine aise o'péac amac ort còim lonnpac le gac spème; coirp fuinte lùtmair aise 7 ceann-aighe uán.” Òi na céavta as iarrarò riadairc o'págal air péin 7 ar a gallòglac: Deir a ruairis go riabatar ro ceann-lomnocta, foilt fionna ort, leinteacla lùirig ó muineal go glùn ort, cpoiceann mactipe tar suairtib gac fìr aca, 7 geárr-cuas cata i lám gac don aca. Nìor o' ionntaib fearis do cup ar a leicéirib rìor. Ir deall-pacac go riabatar i mbuigín àromaca. “Ùmaluigro!” arpa Seághan de gac glòrac 7 ní fàib an focal ar a béal nuair do bí na gallòglac ar a leat-glùn. Stao pé i geómgar do'n éataoir pìogachda mar a fàib Òlir, asur i éavuighe ar nór péacòige, do érom pé a ceann, do érom pé a glùn, 7 do fearaim pé annpoin còim tìpeac le gáinne. O' péac pé péin 7 Òlir roir an oá fùil ar a céile. Labair pí i laideann leir 7 o' fpeagair reiran i go binn-briatrac. Do mói pé a mórdac 7 dubairc pé gur dail a rgeim 7 a crut é, mar ba mín i a teanga le mnáib. Nìor luis fùil Òlir riám ar a leicéir o' fear 7 ba binn léi é beir 'gá bpeagad. Do tearbáin pí dó i n-ainneoin a còimairleoirí gur tairn pé léi, gíò go fàib na còimairleoirí rin ar tí a cuir foia do dórtao. Dubriatar leó péin go fàib spèim aca anoir nó riám air, 7 gíò gur tugaatar na coingil dó ná bainpíde leir ar a tìpur, mearatar, mar ba gnátae, an glar do buatao air. “Tátaoi ar tí an coingil do bupreao,” ar Seághan go uán. “Leigfear ar n-air tú uair éigin,” ar Cecil leir, “aet ní fùil don am áirighe ceapughe 'ra coingéall poin!” “Meallao mé,” arpa Seághan leir péin, 7 do buail pé irteac go látar Òlir 7 o' iarr pé coimpe uirte: “Ní leómair don bártainn do dèanao duit,” aoir pí leir, “aet caiteir panamanc agann go fóil.” Ní fìor cionnur do meall Seághan í: Ba máit léi le n-a h-air é, 7 meartar go fàib raçar spáir ainmíde aiei dó, 7 ir é ionghao gac leigheóra gur rtaoil pí uairte é pá deirpao ar geall go mbéao pé ùmal oí péin amáin 7 San bainc 'gá fear-ionao i n-éirinn leir. Deirtear go fàib eagla uirte leir o'á geupíde i geupheac é go noéanpao Muntip Néil flait de tìoréabac luineac Ó Néil 'na ionao

bright as sunbeams; a well-knit, active frame, and haughty features." There were hundreds of people trying to get a sight of himself and of his gallowglasses. This account says that these latter were bare-headed, with fair heads of hair, wearing shirts of mail from the neck to the knee, each man having a wolf-skin across his shoulders and a sharp battle-axe in his hand. One would not trust the consequences of provoking the like of those fellows. It is probable that they were in the fight at Armagh. "Make your obeisance!" said Shane in a sonorous voice, and the word was not out of his mouth when the gallowglasses were on one knee. He stood close to the throne where Elizabeth sat, dressed like a peacock; he bent his head, he bent his knee, and then he stood up as straight as a rod. He and Elizabeth looked at each other between the eyes. She spoke to him in Latin, and he answered her in sweet-sounding words. He praised her greatness, and he said that her beauty and her form dazzled him, for he had a smooth tongue with women. Elizabeth's eye had never rested on a man like him, and she liked to hear him flattering her. She showed him, in spite of her advisers, that he pleased her, though those same advisers were ready to shed his blood. They said to themselves that they had a grip of him now or never; and although they had agreed to the condition that no one should molest him on his journey, they thought, as was their custom, to close the lock upon him. "Ye intend to break the conditions," said Shane boldly. "You will be allowed to go back some time," said Cecil to him; "but there is no particular time decided upon in that agreement." "They have deceived me," said Shane to himself, and he walked into the presence of Elizabeth and demanded her protection. "They will not dare to do you any injury," said she to him; "but you will have to remain with us for a while." There is no knowing how Shane persuaded her. She liked him to be about her, and it is supposed that she had a kind of animal affection for him, and every reader is surprised that she let him go away from her at last on his promising that he would obey herself alone, and that her Deputy in Ireland should have nothing to do with him. It is said that she was afraid also that if he were put in fetters the O'Neills would make Turlough Luineach O'Neill prince in his stead, and she preferred Shane to *him*. Sussex was gnawing his tongue with rage because they had not taken Shane's head from his body in London, and he sent word to Elizabeth that it was spread abroad through Ireland that Shane had deceived her, great as was her intelligence, and that she had made him

7 'do b'annra léi Seághan 'na eiréan. B'i Sussex a's cogaint a teangan le buile toirg ná'r bainead an ceann de colainn Seághain i lúntuin, 7 cuip ré r'gála cum Elíre go raib ré teat'a ar fuo Éipeann sup meall Seághan i o'a feabap i a h-inntleact 7 sup gnió pi pi ar Ulaó de. O'iapp ré ceo uirte é meallao go Baile-áta-Cliaé i gcóir spreama o'fágaíl aip, aet bi Seághan ró-amapapac 7 níor fáb ré i n'gaor do Baile-áta-Cliaé, gíó sup geall Sussex a deirbhíur map mnaoi oó aet teact o'a feirpint.

Caib. 8.

nim 7 fuil:

Inp an mbliadain 'na oiaió rúo (.i. 1563) do épom Sussex ar cup irteac ar Seághan 7 ar uirge fá talam do déanaó ioir é féin 7 Elír. Do cábruiú fean-námairde Seághain, na Tír-Conaillig 7 Albanaig aontuim, le Sussex, 7 do gluar reiréan ó tuaió go h-Ulaó inp an Abpán 1563, aet má gluar do gnió Seághan liaóróio coire de féin 7 o'a fluag, 7 bi Sussex an-buirdeac go raib ré 'na cumap teiceao le n'anam. Sgriob Elír cum Sussex ríotcáin do déanaó le Seághan, map nac raib aon maíe oó beir leir.

Do gnió Sussex fuo ar Elír, 7 ar an am gcéatna cuip ré féirín ríotcána cum Seághain—uatac fíona mearguighe le nim: O'ól Seághan 7 a linn-tíge cuio de'n fíon 7 o'fóbaip go mbéao ré 'na pleirt. Bi ré a's cómpac leir an mbár ar feao oá lá, 7 nuair do táinig ré cuige féin níor b'iongnao go raib ré ar deapg-lapao le feirg 7 sup gléar ré a buirdean cum cogair: leig Elír uirte go raib pí ar buile i otaob an feill-beart úo 7 do geall pí go otabarfaó pí ceart oó aet a fuaimnear do glacaó. Do glaothao pí abailé ar Sussex. leig pí uirte sup map fáram do Seághan é, aet do b'é an cúir do bi aici ar Sussex sup meao ré. Do fuaíom pí ríotcáin 7 caparap map o'eaó le Seághan aip, 7 bi ré 'na ríú oáiripib ar Ulaó anoir 7 leigead oó. Aet map rin féin bi a fuat do'n Gall cóm géar 7 bi ré ruam. O'a cómapta poin cum ré capleán ar bpuac loea n-éac. fear tagarfa do b'eaó é 7 ceap ré sup beag ar na Sapanais padapc an capleán rin 7 do baip ré aip "fuat na n'Gall." Deirteap sup ceap ré an uair reo ríogaet na h-Éipeann do

King over Ulster. He asked her permission to decoy Shane to Dublin in order to get a grip of him; but Shane was too suspicious, and he did not go near Dublin, although Sussex promised him his sister for a wife if he only went to see her.

CHAPTER VIII.

POISON AND BLOOD.

In the year after that (1563) Sussex began to interfere with Shane, and to make mischief between him and Elizabeth. Shane's old enemies, the Tir-Conaill men and the Scots of Antrim, assisted Sussex, and the latter went north to Ulster in the April of 1563; but if he did go, Shane made a football of himself and his army, and Sussex was very thankful that he was able to fly with his life. Elizabeth wrote to Sussex to make peace with Shane, for it was no use for him to be attacking him.

Sussex did as Elizabeth bade him, and at the same time he sent a gift of peace to Shane—a cargo of wine mixed with poison. Shane and his household drank some of the wine, and he was like to have become a corpse. He was fighting with death for two days, and when he recovered it was not surprising that he was in a red flame of rage, and that he prepared his troop for war. Elizabeth pretended that she was furious about this act of treachery, and she promised that she would give him satisfaction if he would only keep quiet. She recalled Sussex. She pretended it was to satisfy Shane, but the cause of complaint that she had against Sussex was that he had failed. She tied the bonds of (pretended) peace and friendship with Shane again, and he was really King over Ulster now, and they let him alone. But for all that his hatred of the stranger was as keen as ever. As a sign of it he built a castle on the shore of Lough Neagh. He was a wittily-spoken man, and he thought that the English would not enjoy the sight of that castle, and he christened it "The Hate of the Strangers." It is said that he thought at that time of taking to himself the kingdom of Ireland, and of clearing the English out of it. But the Irish did not help him. He wrote to the King of France to ask help from him. "If you lend me six thousand men," he said, "I will drive the English out of this country into the sea." He could have got ten times as many as that in Ireland itself if they had been willing to rise with him, but they did not stir a foot.

gabáil éiríse féin, 7 na Sapanais do glanad amaé airde. Aét níor cabruis na h-Éireannais leir. Do rsiob ré éum ius na fíain e as iarraid congnaim air. “Má tugann tu dom ré míle fear ar iaraét,” ar seipean, “tiomáinfead na Sapanais ar an tóir seo irtead ’ra bpaipise.” Do geobad ré a deic n-oirtead poin i n-Éirinn féin o’a mb’ail leó eirge leir, aét níor éorruigeadar cor.

Caib. 9.

UAM DEARG ABÚ!

Muna geabruisid Éire linn, mar rin féin caíream dul ar aghaid. Bí an Clann Dómnailí seo i n-Dontrium ó uair go h-uair as cabrugad leir na Sapanais. Amharanna do b’eod na fíu calma úu. Tángadar ó Albain ar éirtead Éirinn Uí Néill 7 a aar, 7 do éirteadar fúta i n-Dontrium 7 i n-Dalriada. Ní raib Seágan páirta ’na aigne fad do bíodar ’ra tír. Do géill-eadar do 7 do cabruigeadar leir don uair amáin, aét ní raib don ionntaoid aise arda. Dubravar leir náe raib don rmaet aise opta, 7 náe raib ré maetanae opta cabrugad leir, aét le n-a otoií féin. Do spiorad bainuogain Elir iad i san fíor. “Sead má’r ead,” aoir Seágan leo, “speadar lib abailé. Mí fuit don gnó agamra oib fearda.” Aét do éir na h-Albanais eol go opta féin 7 dubravar leir go bpanfauir mar a raib aca san rpleadadad do poin: “Do buadmar ar o’adair-pe ceana 7 ar Sussex ’na eanna,” aoir na h-Albanais oána.

Do leat Seágan-an-Díomair a éora ar mMac-an-Éolair, bailis ré a fluaigte timdeall air 7 do b’ur ré irtead go h-Dontrium ar nóir tuinne paipise. Buail na h-Albanais leir i n-Steannaire ’na noeamair noiprigeada 7 do fearfad cat pultead eatorpa. Tá pean-bodar na éuar de’n baile rin bun-abann Dúinne, i geonae Dontrium, 7 do éir Seágan-an-Díomair a ead eioróub, Mac-an-Éolair, ar éor-in-airde tar éorpaib Albanac ann, 7 pá meádon lae bí Clann Dómnailí ’na rraib pinte timdeall air. Do marbuigead annróo donsur Mac Dómnailí 7 pead sead o’a éur fear, do gabad 7 do zonad Seamus Mac Dómnailí, 7 do cóg Seágan leir Somairle Dúiré, an taorpead eile bí opta. Do b’fear o’oib o’a o’ogfauir a

CHAPTER IX.

Lám deap̃s abú!

If Ireland will not help us, still we must go forward. These MacDonnells in Antrim were helping the English from time to time. These brave men were mercenary soldiers. They came from Scotland on the invitation of Conn O'Neill and of his father, and they settled in Antrim and in Dalriada (the present counties Antrim and Down). Shane was not easy in his mind as long as they were in the country. They submitted to him and assisted him once, but he had no confidence in them. They told him he had no control over them, and that there was no necessity for them to help him except by their own free will. Queen Elizabeth used covertly to encourage them. "Very well so," said Shane to them. "Get ye away home. I have no further business of ye." But the Scotsmen assumed a threatening attitude, and they said to him that they would stay where they were without dependence on *him*. "We got the better of your father before, and of Sussex besides," said the bold Scots.

Shane the Proud threw his leg over his horse Mac-an-Fhiolar, gathered his hosts around him, and broke in upon Antrim like a wave of the sea. The Scots met him in Glenshesk, in fierce bands, and a bloody battle was waged between them. There is an old road behind the village of Cushendun, in County Antrim, and Shane the Proud galloped his coal-black horse Mac-an-Fhiolar over the bodies of Scotsmen in it, and by the middle of the day the MacDonnells were stretched in rows around him. Angus MacDonnell and seven hundred of his men were killed, James MacDonnell was wounded and taken prisoner, and Shane also took Somerled the Sallow (or Sorley Boy), the other chief over them. It would have been better for them if they had taken his advice and gone off out of his way, and it would have been better for himself too, for it was the remnant of that company who treacherously killed him two years later.

At this time he was only thirty-eight years of age, and there was no man in Ireland of greater reputation and power than he. The English pretended to be great friends with him. They were very glad at first that he had routed the Clan Donnell of Scotland, and they rejoiced with him. Shane understood them right well. Not without reason was that proverb made: "An Englishman's laugh is a dog's grin"

cóimairle 7 spreabad leo ar a flíge, 7 do b'feárr dó roin leir é, mar do b'iaó fuigleac na buíone úo do mairb le feall é féin óa bliadain 'na diaib rúo.

Ní raib ré an uair reo aet oet mbliadna déas ar fíeio v'aoir, 7 ní raib don fear i n-Éirinn ba mó cáil 7 cúmaet 'na é. Leis na Sapanais opta go raibaoir go móir leir. Bí átar opta ar oúir sup mill ré Clann Dómnail ó Albain 7 do gáireaoir leir. Tuig Seághan go dian maic iao. Ní gan fáet do cúmao an sean-focal úo—"orannán maora gáire Sapanais." "Ir maic an ruo," ar riadoran, "Clann Dómnail do beic claoiróte mar níor b'fíor dúinn cá h-am do cabrócaoir leir na h-Éireannais, aet mar rin féin beic O Néill ró-láoir ar fao anoir."

Ir truaas ná'r gnió ré capaoir le taoireacáib Éireann an uair reo. I n' ionao roin érom ré ar a cúir v'fiacáib opta géilleao do gíbe oic maic leo é. "Caitríó taoirí g Conaet a gcáin bliadantamail do tabairt dompa mar ba gnátao leo do ríctib Ulaó," ar reirean. D'eití na Conaetais é 7 ppeab ré go h-obann i láir tígeanna Cloinn Ríocáio, an fear ba éire i gConaet, 7 mill ré é gan puinn duair. Do éreac ré Tír Conaill inr an mbliadain gcéatna (1566), 7 táiní gannrao ar Sapan. Do gniopao Clir iapla fearn Muineac, Maguirí le h-eiríge 'na aiaio, aet do meileao an Maguirí fá mar do meileao b'ró mullinn doinnán coirce.

Do b'é Sydney bí 'na aróirí ar ar Éirinn an uair úo i n-ionao Sussex, 7 bí aine maic aige ar Seághan. Cuir ré teactaire magaltair v'ar v'ann Stukeley cúige le h-áiteam ar beic réio. "Ná h-eiríge amac i naiaio na Sapanac 7 geobair gíbe níó do teapuirgeann uic," ar Stukeley. "Déan-far iapla Tír Eogain díot má'r maic leat é." Cuir Seághan ríann ar 7 labair ré go neamaetac. "Dreágan ir eao an iaplaet roin," ar reirean. "Do gnióeabair iapla de Mac Cáitais i gcúige Mumán, 7 tá buacaili ainrípe 7 rin capall agamra aet cóim maic v'fear leir rin. Do meapabair mé érocao nuair do bí gheim agaió oim. Ní fuil don muirígin agam ar buir ngeallamna. Níor iappar ríotcáin ar an mbainríogain aet v'iarí rípe oimra i 7 ir ríbre féin do búir í. Do tíomáinear na Sapanais ar an lúbar 7 ar Dúndroma 7 ní leirfeao doib teact ar n-air go deo. Ní leómpao Ó Domnaill beic 'na flait arí ar Tír Conaill mar ir liompa an áit rin fearoa. Ná bioo don meapóctall opt sup liompa cúige Ulaó. Bí mo rinnreap romam 'na ríctib uirte. Do buaoir i lem' clairdeam 7 lem' clairdeam do coingbeócaó í."

[i.e., a preparation for biting]. "It is a good thing," said they, "that the Clan Donnell are defeated, for we never knew when they might help the Irish; but, for all that, O'Neill will be too strong altogether now."

It is a pity he did not make friends with the chieftains of Ireland at this time. Instead of that he began to force them to submit to him, whether they liked it or not. "The princes of Connacht must give me their yearly tribute, as they used to give it to the kings of Ulster," said he. The Connachtmen refused, and he rushed suddenly upon the lord of Clan Rickard, the strongest man in Connacht, and despoiled him without much trouble. He plundered Tir-Conaill in the same year (1566), and fear fell upon England. Elizabeth incited Maguire, Earl of Fermanagh, to rise against him; but the Maguire was crushed as a millstone would crush a handful of oats.

Sydney was Lord Justice (or Deputy) of Ireland again at this time in place of Sussex, and he knew Shane well. He sent a Government envoy, named Stukely, to him to urge upon him that he should keep quiet. "Do not rise out against the English, and you shall get whatever you want," said Stukely. "They will make you Earl of Tir-Eoghain, if you would like that." Shane snorted, and he spoke defiantly. "That earldom is a toy," said he. "Ye made an earl of MacCarthy in Munster, and I have serving-boys and stable-men that are as good men as he. Ye thought to hang me when ye had a grip of me. I have no trust in your promises. I did not ask peace of the Queen, but *she* asked of *me*, and it is ye yourselves that have broken it. I drove the English out of Newry and out of Dundrum, and I will never let them come back. O'Donnell will not dare to be prince again in Tir-Conaill, for that place is mine henceforward. Let there be no doubt upon you that Ulster is mine. My ancestors before me were kings over it. I won it with my sword, and with my sword I will keep it."

Though Sydney was a very brave, courageous man, his heart was in his mouth when Stukely told him this conversation. "If we do not make a great effort Ireland will be gone out of our hand. O'Neill owns the whole of Ulster, and he must be checked," said Sydney to Elizabeth. "Attack him at once," said she. She sent a troop of English over, and Sydney collected men from every quarter of Ireland, English and Irish, for there was many a chief who assisted him. Some of them were sufficiently disinclined for the business; but they had to

Siód go raib Sydney 'na fear an-mírneamail, éireán, bí a spiorde 'na beal aige nuair d'innir Stukeley dó an cómpáid roin. "Muna ndéantar áit iarraíct beir éire iméighe ar ár lámh. Ir le h-Ó Néill Ulaó go léir 7 caitear é coris," ar Sydney le h-Éire. "Buail é láirneac," ar pír. Do feól sí d'eam Sapanac anall 7 do bailis Sydney fír ar gac áit i n-Éirinn, Sapanais 7 Éireannaig, mar ir iomda taoiréac do cabruis leir. Do bí cuir aca leirgeamail go leor cum an gnóta aet do b'éigean dóib beartúgáit oíra cum cabartha le Sapanais fá mar do gnóid inoiu.

Tátaí cúsac, a Seághan-an-Dlíomair, a marcais an élaíom gáir, gléar Mac-an-Fíolair, 7 cóirig do buirdean beag laoc. Ní fuil acaí aet neart buir gcuirleanna féin, mar ná bfuil cabair 'na congnaí dóib ó éinneac larmuic.

An pádail do goiréide ar éanntair na Sapanac timceall Baite-ata-Cliaí. Do léim Seághan irteac innte ar nóir cóirigíe Do raob 7 d'arraig ré i go ballaíde Baite-ata-Cliaí. Tug ré iarraíct fá daingean na Sapanac i n'Dunóealgain 7 bí bpuigean áir aige le Sydney coir an baile rin. Bítear mó-máit do Seághan annró, 7 cuiread ar gcúl é le buad, aet d'imir ré éirleac ar fluagáit Sydney rut ar dpuir ré leir. lean Sydney ar acaí. Do gluar ré éire tír Eógain, 7 ar roin go tír Conaill, i n-aindeoin Seághan, aet do lean feirean gac órlac de'n trlige é 7 ba beag an ruaimnear do tug ré dó ar fead an turuir. Níor teapbáin ré mair noime rin cleara cóirpáic níor feáir 'na an uair reo. Bí Sydney 7 a fluag líonmair éiríde cuirreac ó foíganna obanna Seághan. Do dpuir ré i ngáir dóib lámh le Doiríe 7 tug cat dóib. Bpuigean gairis do b'ead í, mar do tuit a lán fear ar gac taob, 7 fámluis Seághan go raib an buad leir, aet fáiríe go bráí! féac an d'eam ro as teac amair air—na tír Conaillis éiríde fá Ó Domnaill do bí i gcóir-núide 'na coinnib—7 buiréad ar Seághan fá deiréad.

Do dpuir ré leir ar gcúl go bealaíe tír Eógain as d'annntan ar Sydney. Bí ré cóir neameaglaí roin, 7 cóir muiníneac roin ar féin go raib fáiréir ar na gallaí teac 'na goiríe 7 do gluaréadair oíra go Baite-ata-Cliaí áirí gan puinn do báir a d'uruir aca. "Cuirreac mair mo lámh oíra fír," aoirí Seághan. "Ní pácaí aet aca ar n-air muna mbiaí na cuirpéirí rin i d'tír Conaill; tá fáiríe beac annróin aca am' éirí 7 am' éaí le fára, aet bain an éluar díom, go múcraí íaróir ar ball."

make themselves ready for the assistance of England, as they do at this day.

They are coming against you, Shane the Proud, horseman of the sharp sword! Get ready Mac-an-Fhiolar, and arrange your little band of heroes. Ye have nothing but the strength of your own arms, for there is no help nor succor for ye from anyone outside.

The English districts about Dublin were called the Pale. Into the Pale Shane leaped like a thunderstorm. He ravaged and plundered it to the walls of Dublin. He made an attempt upon the English in Dundalk, and he had a fight with Sydney near that town. They were too much for Shane that time, and with some difficulty they repulsed him; but he made havoc among Sydney's troops before he moved off. Sydney continued to press on. He went through Tir-Eoghain, and from that to Tir-Conaill, in spite of Shane; but the latter followed him every inch of the way, and little rest he gave him during the journey. Never did he show better skill in tactics than at that time. Sydney and his numerous army were harassed and wearied by Shane's sudden attacks. He moved close up to them near Derry and gave them battle. A tough fight it was, for many men fell on both sides, and Shane thought the victory was with him; but beware! See thi company coming from the West upon him—the stern Tir-Conaill men under O'Donnell, who was always against him—and Shane was defeated at last.

He fell back to the passes of Tir-Eoghain, growling at Sydney. He was so fearless and so confident in himself, that the foreigners were afraid to come near him, and they betook themselves to Dublin again, having got very little by their journey. "I will put the mark of my hand on them yet," said Shane. "Not a creature of them would have gone back if it were not for those villains in Tir-Conaill. There is a swarm of bees there that are worrying and stinging me this long while; but cut the ear off me but I will smoke them out very soon."

CHAPTER X.

CLOUDS AND DEATH.

Shane was preparing himself secretly, and the English were not asleep. They were secretly aiding O'Donnell, and spurring him on against Shane. Hugh was the name of the O'Donnell who was now in Tir-Conaill, for Calvach had lately died. This

~ Caib. 10.

SĠAMAILL AGUS BĀS.

Bí Seághan go foluigtheac 'sá ullamúgadh féin 7 ní raib na Sapanais 'na scoola. Bíodair as cabrúgadh le h-Ó Dómnail i san fíor, 7 'sá spíoraó i scoinnib Seághan. Aod do b'ainm de'n Ó Dómnail do bí anoir ar Tír Conaill, map caillead Catbae le deirdeannaige. Níor b'fúláir do'n triac nuad ro éadé éigin do déanad i rooraé a maíla, map ba gnátae le gac flait an uair úo. Bpír aod ipceac go Tír Eóghan ar óróúgadh na Sapanac 7 do éreac pé an caob tiar tuaird oi. Do duib 7 do deapS as Seághan-an-Díomuir. Dap claidéam gairse néill naoi nĠiallaig, díolparó Ó Dómnail ar an gcorĠairt reo !

Do cipá troigtheaca 7 mapcaig as triall ar gac áiró pá déin tige móir Beminboirb poim eirge spéine i rooraé na Bealtaine iní an mbliathain 1567. Éom na coin móra ar uail le teapbae ar teadé na pluag, 7 as lúatál 7 as éroacá a n-eapball, map do fíleadar go mbiaó reilg aca map ba gnátae. Rit an riad puad 7 an maetipe i b'polaé iní na coilltib mór-ociméall map fíleadar poim leir le tuigrint an ainmíde go rabtar ar a roóir.

Ní raib dúil i reatS as Ó Néill an cor ro, map bí deadaó air cum Ó Dómnail do éraocad, 7 do buail pé féin 7 a flóigeacó trí míle fear riap ó tuaird. Déapraó daoine pírpéogaéa go raib na cága as rĠpéacáig ór cionn tige Seághan-an-Díomair an maivean ro, 7 nár éualair pé ceól na cuaiée ná píobairéadé an loin dúib iníou.

"Nac dán iad na Tír Conaillig reo, 7 nac mór an truaS dóib beir 'sá gcur a plíge a mapbta," ar reiréan, nuair do connair pé Ó Dómnail 7 a buirdean beas ruidte ar áro an Ġáipe ar an roaob tuaird v'inbeap Sántig i nDún na nĠall.

Bí an taoirde tráigce ar an inbeap 7 do píuró Ó Néill gur Ġainm érim do bí ann i Ġeómnuirde. Níor map rin do Ó Dómnail. Bí aicne maic aigerean ar an áit úo, 7 do toĠair pé i i Ġeómair é féin 7 a éuro fear do éoraint ar Ó Néill, map eirĠeann an taoirde go tiuS 7 go h-obann annrúo.

Asur péac i n-acpánn le céile an rluoc do táinig ó beir mac Néill naoi nĠiallaig—na Tír Conaillig ó Conall Ġulban 7 na Tír Eógaing ó Eógan, é ríúo do bpír a éroirde le bpón i noiair Conaill nuair do mapbúigeac an cupad poim.

Deirtear nac raib aon poim bpúighe ar Ó Néill nuair do

new prince must needs do some act of valor at the beginning of his reign, as was the custom with every prince at that time. Hugh broke into Tir-Eoghain by order of the English, and plundered the north-western part of. Shane the Proud turned black and red with anger. By the champion-sword of Niall of the Nine Hostages, O'Donnell shall pay for this raid!

You would see foot and horsemen traveling from every quarter towards the great house of Benburb before sunrise, in the beginning of May, in the year 1567. The great hounds began to bay with excitement at the approach of the troops, and to jump about and wag their tails, for they thought they were to have a hunt, as usual. The red deer and the wolf ran to hide themselves in the woods all around, for *they* too thought, with the animal's instinct, that they were going to be pursued.

O'Neill had no desire for hunting this time, for he was in a hurry to subdue O'Donnell, and he and his host of three thousand men struck out to the north-west. Superstitious people would say that the jackdaws were screaming over the house of Shane the Proud this morning, and that he did not hear the music of the cuckoo nor the piping of the blackbird to-day.

"Are they not bold, these Tir-Conaill fellows, and is it not a great pity for them to be putting themselves in the way of their death?" said he, when he saw O'Donnell and his little band posted upon Ardingary, on the north side of Lough Swilly, in Donegal.

The tide had ebbed out of the estuary, and O'Neill thought that the sand in it was always dry. Not so with O'Donnell. *He* knew that place well, and he chose it in order to protect himself and his men from O'Neill, for the tide rises strongly and suddenly there.

And see, struggling together, the race that came from the two sons of Niall of the Nine Hostages—the Tir-Conaill men from Conall Gulban, and the Tir-Eoghain men from Eoghien, the man who broke his heart with sorrow after Conall when that warrior was killed!

It is said that O'Neill had no wish to fight when he saw the small army that O'Donnell had against him, and that he would rather that they would have surrendered; but for all that he arranged his men carefully, and he ordered them in companies and troops across the inlet of the sea. O'Donnell made a furious attack on the first party that got across and broke them up. If they had not many men, they were all like wild cats. He did

connaic ré an fhuasg beas do bì as Ó Dòmhnaili 'na dòimnib, 7 sup b'fearr leir d'a ngéillpròir, aet mar rin féin do bheartuis ré a curo fear go cruinn 7 do rtiúraib ré 'na nòrpeamaib 7 'na nòrpeamaib taprpa an cuair fairrge iao. Tug Ó Dòmhnaili poğa feargac pá'n gceao curo do fhoic anonn 7 do bhir ré iao. Muna raib móran fear aige, caic fadaig do b'ead iao go léir. Rinne ré mar an gceatna leir an darna cipe calma. "Ceit-fear iao do cup ar roin," arpa Ó Néill, 7 do buail ré é féin ar ceann còr capall, aet do bhead marcaig Uí Dòmhnaili amac ar los air 'nór gála gaoite, 7 d'a feabhar é Seágan-an-Dìomair 7 ar éigin do bì ré 'na cumar coris do cup leó. D'fearc r' timceall air. Bì curo d'a bheadmaib meargta tré n-a céile 7 a tuillead aca rgarca ó n-a céile. Nìor tug Seágan pát an mearbcaill go bheadaib ré an taoide as eirge 7 rgeoin as teact ar a curo fear, 7 Ó Dòmhnaili le n-a buidean laoc as cup oirca go dian. Nìor meac cpoide Seágan inr an amgar úo, 7 do érom ré ar éirleac le n-a marcaig go riadain, 7 ar d'ul ar éorandáirde annro 7 annruo as glaothac ar a éinnfeatna a gcuro fear do cóirpúgac. Do gnió ré féin iarpact ar an fhuasg do bailiúgac leir i n-eagar cóir, aet ní raib plige cum capad aca, 7 bì curo aca go glúnaib i n-uirge 7 an taoide as rómar timceall oirca. Fìr ó lár tuata do b'ead a bfuirmór. Táinis rgeoin nìor mó oirca 7 bfuirde-dar.

Dácad 7 marbúigeac tré céao d'ead fear aca. Do b'é cat deirpeannac Seágan-an-Dìomair é agus an tubairte ba mó do tápluis riam dó. An méro a cuair treapna plán tap inbhear mílteac Súilg do teirceadar leo, agus do rgeinn a bflait ruar coir na habann as cuapac áta, agus doorn marcac leir. Do tearbáin Tip Conallac d'ár b'ainm Gallcabaip at 'ran abainn do d' míle ó páirc an buatac agus do tug Seágan Ó Néill a cúl ar Tip Conall, allur air, a teanga agus a capbaili còm te, tirm, le rméaróro teime, agus cnap na rgorpnaig le buairdirt aigne.

Bì Ó Dòmhnaili 7 a fár-fir go meirdeac, 7 a deirnte cnám aca d'éir an buair, aet ní raib fìor aca go rabadar as déanad oirpe na Sapanac, obair do teir ar na Gall rin ar fead éisg bliatna d'ead foime rin, gíó sup cailleadar na mílte fear 7 d'a milliún púnt eirge.

Cao do déanfar Ó Néill Ulaó anoir? Deir leabar na Ceirpe Ollamain go raib ré éadrom 'na ceann dar éir bpuighe áirto an gáire, aet ní fuil 'ra méro rin aet cor cainte. Bì an cupad úo ró-aigeanamail 7 ró-láir 7 gpoide 7 a gcorp cum cromad ar plubaiagal agus ar éneadag 7 otaob bfuir do don bpuighe amáin. Ní raib ré d'a ficeao bliatna d'aoir fòr 7 bì mipeac an leomain i gcomnuide aige. D'iar curo d'a

the same to the second brave file. "We must put them out of that," said O'Neill, and he thrust himself at the head of a detachment of horse; but O'Donnell's horsemen rushed out on him from a hollow like a gale of wind, and great as was Shane the Proud it was with difficulty that he was able to check him. He looked around him. Some of his companies were mixed up together, and some of them were separated from each other. Shane did not understand the reason of the confusion till he saw the tide rising and terror coming upon his men, and O'Donnell with his band of heroes pressing upon them severely. Shane's heart did not fail in that moment of distress, and he, with his horsemen, began slaughtering savagely, and galloping to and fro, calling upon his captains to put their men in order. He tried to gather the army together himself in proper order, but they had not room to turn, and some of them were up to the knees in water and the tide flowing up all round them. Most of them were inland men. A fresh panic fell on them and they broke away.

Thirteen hundred of them were drowned or killed. It was Shane the Proud's last battle, and the greatest disaster that ever happened to him. As many as crossed the terrible estuary of the Swilly in safety fled away, and their prince rushed up the side of the river to look for a ford, with a few horsemen. A Tir-Conaill man of the name of Gallagher showed him a ford in the river two miles from the battle-field, and Shane O'Neill turned his back on Tir-Conaill, sweating, his tongue and his palate as hot and dry as a coal of fire, and a lump in his throat from trouble of mind.

O'Donnell and his good men were right merry, and they had bonfires after the battle; but they did not know that they were doing the work of the English—work which it had failed those foreigners to do for fifteen years before that, though they had lost thousands of men and two millions of money in the attempt.

What will O'Neill of Ulster do now? The Book of the Four Masters says that he was light in his head after the fight at Ardingary, but that is only a turn of expression. That hero was too high-minded and too strong of heart and of limb to fall to blubbering and to groaning over the loss of one battle. He was not forty years of age yet, and he always had the courage of a lion. Some of his military officers begged him to yield to the English, but that was not Shane's intention at all. He released Somerled the Sallow (Sorley Boy), whom he had had in captivity as a prisoner of war for two years, and sent him

oifigeada coisear ari gáillead do Sárana aet níor b'é rin intinn Seághan i n-aon cor. Sgaroi' pé Somairle buirde do bí mar címe aise le dá bliadain, 7 cuir mar teactaire go Cloinn Dóinnail i n-Albain é as iarraid conanta oíta. Do ghealladar do í, 7 gníó pé féin 7 sárda marcad ionad coinne leo i mBunabhann Duinne, i nDonnruim. 'O' úmhuiseadar go talam do 7 gléaradar pé rda i gcábhán fairsing do. Táinig fear eile ar an láthair leir, o'ár b'ainm Pierce, b'actadóir ó Éilíre do eualaid cad do bí ar ruid l as Seághan. Ní fuil aon rgruáinn le fágail do deapbuis ann gur tug an captaen Pierce úo díol pola do na hAlbanais, aet tá mpar gear as sac úgdar ari.

A Seághan-an-Uíomair, tá do gnó deanta.

Deir do námarde féin amain, go raib do lám láidri mar ríad i gcómnurde as an bpeap las, 7 nác raib gairde ná fear mi-magalta io' ceanntaraib leo' linn. Deir ríad, leir, gur b'é do gnát gan furde cum bíó go mbiad a ráit de'n feoil do b'feáir, mar deirceá, as boet io' Cúioir, do éruinnigead ar do táirrig. Aet tá deirceá leo' féilead 7 leo' gairge láitnead, mar tá na hAlbanais go cíocrae as. coisarnaig le Captain Pierce inr an gcábhán. Ní éioirpí uail de conairt asur ní lean-fair an ríad ruad éne coiltib enó na Tríúda go deó ari. Ní éioirpí ríuagte tír Éógan do gáirceata níor mó, mar tá ríce Albanae ar do eúl a gan fíor ruit 7 Pietce o'a ngriogad gur mairbuisir a n-aicreada i mbuigín Gleanna taire. Píead io' furde ó'n mbóir ríon a Seághan-an-Uíomair 7 péad dia tíar díot mar tá an trleag i ngriopact órlaig deo' órom leatán.

Asur liú'ann an coirpliún amuic ar Spuá na Maoile, 7 b'píreann na tonna bána ar an tpeáig le fuaim coir bunabhann Duinne, 7 teapbá'ann na daoine annruo capn cloe i los mar a b'fuil Seághan-an-Uíomair 'na cóola le b'píer asur trí céat bliadán.

“Seact mbliadna Searccatt cúic céo
Míle bliadain ír ní b'pécc,
Co báir tSeághin mic mic Cumn
Ó toirdeet Cúioir hi ccolainn.”

Tós Pierce leir an ceann do b'áitne i nÉirinn 7 bainead an t-éadae uap de corp díceannta líi néill. Fuair Pierce a míle púnt mar díol ar an gceann ó'n mbairpíogain, 7 buailead an ceann caicreac úo ar díor ar an rínn do b'áirde ar cáirleán Baile-áta-Cliaé.

as an envoy to the Clan Donal in Scotland, to ask aid of them. They promised it to him, and he and a guard of horsemen appointed a place of meeting with them at Cushendun, in Antrim. They bowed to the ground before him, and prepared a feast for him in a large tent. Another man came to the place also, whose name was Pierce, a spy from Elizabeth, who had heard what Shane was doing. There is no written evidence to be found which proves that this Captain Pierce gave blood-money to the Scots, but every author has a strong suspicion of it.

Shane the Proud, your business is done.

Your very enemies say that your strong hand was ever as a shield to the weak, and that there was not a robber nor an unruly man in your territories during your time. They say, too, that it was your custom not to sit down to your food until, as you would say, Christ's poor, who gathered on your threshold, had had their fill of the best meat. But there is an end to your generosity and to your valiant deeds now, for the Scots are eagerly whispering with Captain Pierce in the tent. You will never again hear the baying of the pack, nor follow the red deer through the nut-woods of the cantred for evermore. The hosts of Tír-Eoghain will hear your battle-cry no more, for there are twenty Scots behind you unknown to you, and Pierce is nagging at them that you killed their fathers in the battle of Glenshesk. Spring to your feet from that table, Shane the Proud, and look behind you, for the spear is within an inch of your broad back.

And the curlew cries away out on the Moyle Water, and the white waves break soundingly on the strand near Cushendun, and the people there show a cairn of stones in a hollow, where Shane the Proud sleeps these three hundred years and more.

“Seven years, sixty, five hundred
(And) a thousand years, it is no lie,
To the death of Shane the grandson of Conn
From the coming of Christ in the Body.”

Pierce took away with him the most beautiful head in Ireland, and they took the rich clothing from the headless body of O'Neill. Pierce received his thousand pounds from the Queen in payment for the head, and that beloved and lovely head was stuck upon a spike on the highest battlement of Dublin Castle.

(v) CAILÍN NA MBRÁITRE.

Séamur ua Dubháil.

Bí cailín fao ó i gcúig na mbráitpe agus ní bíodh don teópa leir an méid oibre bíodh sí a cur poimprí le 'dóanam.

Ir euma ead a beaó san 'dóanam agus b'fetoir go mbeaó pé san 'dóanam ar fao páice, nuair 'dóaparóe leir an gcailin é 'dóanam, 'ré an ppeasra bíodh aici i gcomnuirde: "Ó bíor cum é rin a 'dóanam mé féin." Ceap na bráitpe ar gcúir go raib cailín anaóiceallac aca, agus ir minic a bíodh ag molaó an cailín agus ag maoidéam airtí le bráitpe eile.

Don lá amáin a táinig sean-bráitair eua ó mainirtir eile, agus, nuair a euala pe an t-ávo-molaó ar cailín na mbráitpe, "Beiré pior asam-ra," ar peiréan, "an bfuil sí com maic agus veiréar liom i beiré."

"Cosar," ar peiréan le ceann de na bráitpe, "abair leir an gcailin teacé ipceac i peompa na leabair agus, nuair a beiré sí ipceis ann, abair léi gur ceapit di na leabair a nige."

"Agus ead eirge go gcuirpinn obair ómpege mar rin poimprí? Beaó fearis upéi agus b'fetoir go b'fáspáó sí rinn. Ní fuirp cailín mar i 'fagáil gcaillaim úit."

"Dóan ruo oim," ar' an sean-bráitair.

Do gcaoiris pe ar an gcailin agus ní raib sí i b'fao ag teacé, agus, nuair a táinig sí, dubairc an sean-bráitair léi go bog péro: "Cloirim gur anaóailín tú. Ir móir an t-ionghaó liom, a b'púro, na leabair peo beiré san nige asat fóir."

"Bíor dípeac eun é rin a 'dóanam, mé féin, a áitair."

"Ó ní gábaó úit é, a b'púro," ar' an bráitair eile go fearó. Ó 'n lá ram go 'ócí an lá moiu cá Cailín na mbráitpe mar ainm ar éinne a bíonn "eun é rin 'dóanam" i n-ionao é beiré 'dóanta.

(f) AN GAD MARA

nó

AR LORG AN BÉARLA:

Séamur ua Dubháil.

Tamall maic ó poin anoir bí 'dóaine 'na gcomnuirde i n-óiteán beas i n-óictar na n'óipeann agus ní raib aca aéc an gcaoiris: Mar gcaill aip go mbíodh 'dóaine paróbbpe ag teacé ar euaire ar

THE FRIARS' SERVANT MAID.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

THERE was a servant long ago at the Friary, and there were no bounds to the amount of work she used to be about doing.

It did not matter what was left undone, and perhaps it would be without doing for a quarter, when the servant would be asked to do it the answer she always had was, "I was going to do that myself." The friars at first thought they had a very diligent servant, and often they used to be praising the girl, and boasting of her to other friars.

One day an old brother came to them from another monastery, and when he heard the great praises of the friars' servant, he said, "I'll find out if she is as good as she is said to be."

"Whisper," said he to one of the brothers; "tell the girl to come into the library, and when she is inside there, tell her she ought to wash the books."

"And why should I set her such a fool's job? She would be angry, and perhaps she would leave us. It is not easy to get a servant like her, I assure you."

"Do as I tell you," said the old friar.

He called the girl; she was not long coming, and when she came the old friar said to her, soft and smooth, "I am told you are a great girl. I wonder very much, Brigid, that you have those books so long without washing."

"I was just now going to do that myself, father."

"Oh you need not, Brigid," said the other brother, sharply.

From that day to this "the friars' servant girl" is applied to any one who is always going to do the thing instead of having it done.

THE GAD MARA, OR IN SEARCH OF ENGLISH.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

A good while ago now there lived people in a little island in a remote part of Ireland and they had no language but Irish. Because wealthy people used to visit the island now and again, the poor people imagined that all they wanted was to have

an oileán anoir agus arís ceap na daoine bocta ná raib uata áct an Deanta o rógium agus go mbeoib raibib go deó. Leanann an gata ceatna móran daoine a ceapann nior mó céille beit aca 'ná bí ag muintir an oileáin.

"Áct cá raib an bhearla le fágáil?" B'in i an ceirt anoir.

Bí 'fior aca go raib bhearla i n-Éirinn, áct eualadar go raib an bhearla doib' fearr 'ra domán i mBaile Áta Cliat.

Tar éir móran cainte agus comparó focuigeadar ar duine aca a cur go Baile Áta Cliat ar lorg an bhearla.

An lá bí an fear ag imteáct baó dóig leat gur go hAimeirice a bí ré ag toul. Bí an lá 'na lá raoihe ar an oileán. Táinig muintir an oileáin go léir, ós agus éirionna, go dtí port na hÉireann agus cuiread an fear anonn ar an dtír móir ar an mbáto ba mó ar an oileán.

O'fás teachtair an bhearla plán aca agus o'imtíis air go Baile Áta Cliat. Tar éir a beit tamall 'ra catair bí bhearla aige, dá focal, "Good-morrow," agus ceap ré go raib ré i n'am aige fillead a baile. Bí ré tuirlead go leor ó beit ag coiribead, agus nuair a táinig ré go dtí féit an Éictaig i n-aice na fairrige, fuid ré rior.

Bí na focail go cruinn garta aige, 7 le heagla go mbead rian cailte aige, bíod ré ag ráo mar paiopin "Good-morrow," "good-morrow," "good-morrow."

Bí an ainmhir fluc agus bí féit an Éictaig bog. Go deimin, bí rí 'na tóim ar bogad, agus, nuair a bí an fear boct ag toul trarna, cuair ré ar lár agus o' fóbair do beit bárote. Tarrainis ré é féin amac i gcuma éicint agus bain ré amac an talamh tipim. Áct, mo éread ir mo cár! Bí an bhearla cailte aige.

Nuair a táinig ré a baile agus nuair o'innir ré a rgeal do muintir an oileáin, bíodar buaróeara go leor, agus 'ré toubairt gac duine aca leir féin gur móir an truaas nac é féin a cuiread go Baile-Áta-Cliat.

Áct cao a bí le déanam anoir? Bí an bhearla cailte i b'féit an Éictaig agus b'féidir go mbead ré le fágáil pór.

Do gluar reirpar de muintir an oileáin anonn ar báto go dtí an dtír móir agus fear an bhearla le n-a goir. Tearbáin ré doib cár cail ré an bhearla i lár na féite.

Éromadar go léir ar an áit a tóbac agus a taorad agus nior b'fada dóib ag fágáil do'n obair reo nuair do buail gao mara leó.

"Sin é an focal," "Sin é an focal," arateachtair an bhearla, "gao mara," "gao mara."

English and that they would be rich for ever. The same ailment follows a good many who think they have much more sense than had the people of the island.

But where was the English to be had; that was now the question. They knew there was English in Ireland, but they had heard the best English in the world was in Dublin.

After much talk and discussion they fixed on one of themselves to be sent to Dublin in search of English.

The day the man was leaving you would think it was to America he was going. The day was a holiday on the island. The whole population of the island, young and old, came down to Port Erinn, and the man was put across on the mainland in the biggest boat on the island.

The English delegate bade them farewell, and proceeded on his way to Dublin. After being a short time in the city he had English, "Good morrow," two words, and he thought it was time for him to be returning home. He was tired enough from walking, and when he came as far as "the Left-handed Man's swamp," close to the sea, he sat down. He had the words correctly, and lest he should lose them, he used to be repeating them like a prayer — "Good morrow, good morrow."

The weather was wet and the swamp soft. Indeed it was a regular quagmire; and when the poor man was crossing he went bogging, and was near being drowned. He pulled himself out some way and got to dry land. But, sorrow and distraction, he had lost the English.

When he reached home, and when he told his tale to the people of the island, they were troubled enough, and it is what each said to himself, that it was a pity that it was not he himself that was sent to Dublin.

But what was to be done now. The English was lost in the swamp of the Left-handed Man, and maybe it would be found yet.

Six of the islanders went over in a boat to the mainland, and the "English" man with them. He showed them where he lost the English in the middle of the swamp. They all set to work to dig and shovel the place, and they were not long at the work when they came upon a gad mara, or sea rod.

"That's the word, that's the word," said the messenger, "Gad mara, gad mara."

FÁIT-SGEAL:

ní raicairé mire go b'ráé ar gcúl
 ma'r éigin beiré úmál daob' 'r mór mo leun,
 muna dtig liom riúbal, muna dtig liom riúbal,
 muna dtig liom riúbal ar mo páirc-pe féin.

Éainis an t-iaithnóna teit, 7 rin mé riap ar banca b'eads féin, ar
 taoib an bótair, agus níor b'fada gur tuit mo córlaó orm.
 Agus im' córlaó connairc mé airtling.

Do bí mé ag riúbal, mar faoil mé im' airtling, i dtír anaitnro
 nac raib mé ariam' poime reó i n-aon tír córmúil léi, bí ri com
 b'eads rin. Bí b'oirne caola d'ó-riúbailta ag dul tríd an tír
 alunn reó, agus do bí páirc-eanna glara agus féar bog uaitne,
 agus h-uile fórt bláé u'a b'acairé rúil ariam', ag fáir ar gac aon
 taoib de'n bótair. Aet do bí an bótair féin cam corraic cloacá,
 agus bí r'púilleac ag féirdeat ari, do loit agus do dail rúile
 na ndaoine do bí ag riúbal ann.

Agus níor b'fada go b'acairé mé fear ós lútmair láirín amac
 rómam, ag gabáil an bótair mar do bí mé féin. Agus connaic
 mé an t-ógánac ro ag fearam' go mimic cum an púdarí tirim do
 bí u'a féirdeat ar an mbótair do cumitc u'a rúilib. Agus do
 bí an bótair com h-aimpéiré agus com cloacá rin gur tuit ré
 anoir agus ariar mar bí ré ag riúbal. Agus an uair deirdeannac
 do tuit ré níor féad ré éirge no go dtáinig mire com fada
 leir, agus tugar mo lám' d'ó gur tóg mé ar a d'á coir ariar é,
 agus dubairc mé leir go raib rúil agam nac raib ré gortuighe.
 U'fearaig r'péan de b'uaicraib binne blarta nac raib ré gortuighe
 go mór, aet go raib raicéir ari nac dtuicraó ré go
 deirdeat a airtir an lá rin, mar do bí an bótair com garb agus
 com cruairé rin. Agus u'fearaig mire de an fada do bí le dul
 aige. Dubairc r'péan náir b'fada, aet gur mian leir dul go
 baile-mór do bí cúig míle amac uainn, pul éainis an oirde ari,
 óir buó mian leir put le n'ite, agus leabuiré, fágail, agus san
 an oirde do caiteam' amuis ar an mbótair riabain rin.

Agus nuair éualat mé rin do bí iongantair orm, óir bí d'á
 uair de'n lá againn fóir, poim luirde na sréine, agus b'fóir do
 duine ar bit do bí com lútmair láirín leir an ógánac rin cúig
 míle do riúbal in ran am rin, d'á b'fáiré ré an t-oirde bótair agus
 d'á riúbailt ré ar an maicairc b'eads réir do bí le n-a taoib;
 agus dubairc mé rin leir.

"Ná bíod iongantair ort fúm-ra," a deir ré, "óir ní féirín
 le duine ar bit in ran tír reó an bótair fágáil. Com cloacá
 enapac corraic agus atá an bótair, caicéiré duine panamaint ari.

AN ALLEGORY.

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.

(Translated by NORMA BORTHWICK.)

THE evening became hot, and I stretched back on a fine grassy bank at the side of the road, and it was not long till I fell asleep. And in my sleep I saw a vision.

I was walking, as I thought in my dream, in an unknown country, such that I was never before in any country like it, it was so fine. There were narrow roads, very bad for walking, running through this beautiful country, and there were green fields and soft green grass, and every sort of flower that the eye ever saw, growing on each side of the road. But the road itself was crooked and uneven and stony, and there was a dusty wind blowing on it that hurt and blinded the eyes of the people that were walking in it.

And it was not long till I saw a young, active, strong man out before me, going the same road as I was myself. And I saw this young fellow standing often to rub out of his eyes the dry dust that was being blown on the road. And the road was so uneven and so stony that he fell now and again as he was walking. And the last time that he fell he could not rise until I came up to him, and I gave him my hand till I raised him up on his feet again, and I said to him that I hoped he was not hurt. He answered in sweet, pleasant-sounding words that he was not much hurt, but that he was afraid he would not come to the end of his journey that day, as the road was so rough and so hard. And I asked him if he had far to go. He said he had not far, but that he wished to go to a big town, that was five miles out from us, before night came on him, for he wanted to get something to eat and a bed, and not to spend the night outside on that wild road.

And when I heard that there was wonder on me, for we had two hours of the day yet before sunset, and it would be easy for anybody who was so active and strong as that young man to walk five miles in that time if he left the bad road, and if he walked on the fine, smooth plain that was beside it; and I said that to him.

"Do not be surprised at me," says he, "for it is impossible for any person in this country to leave the road. As stony and knotty and rugged as the road is, a person must stay on it. If he leaves the road to walk on the fine, smooth plain,

Má fásann ré an bótar le riúbal ar an macaíne bpreágs réir, íocfaid ré ar go géar. Tá luét gárda ar an mbótar ro agus ar h-uile bótar in ran tír reo, faigsiúraíod móra duba. I r iad na faigsiúraíod reo do pinne gac don bótar ann ran tír reo agus ir ole do pinneadur iad, aet má fásann duine tuirpreac an bótar le riúbal ar an macaíne, leantur é leir an ngárda dub ro, agus beirid air, agus tiomáinid nómpa é, go gcuirfid ar an mbótar ari r é, gan buirdeacur do.”

“Aet,” ar ra mire leir an rtrairéar, “ni réirid go bfuil an oirpad rin de faigsiúraib duba ar gac don bótar in ran tír le luét riúbailta na mbótar do rmaetugad agus do fáruagad mar rin. Nac mbionn luét-riúbailta na mbótar níor iomadamlá ’ná an gárda dub ro, agus nac bpreadur ríad an lám uactair fásail orra, agus bpread arthead, in a n-aimdeoin, ar an macaíne min áluinn rin, agus gan fanamaint ar an mbótar gáanna púdarac poll-líonmair ro?”

“O’féadurair rin déanam go cinnte,” ar ran rtrairéar, “óir bionn fide fear láirid ar an mbótar i n-ágar an don g’rda amán, aet atá róir oirdeadeta rgarra as an ngárda dub, ann ran rpreir or cionn na mbótar, agus ir dóig leir an luét-riúbail nac bfuil don neart aca na bóirde o’fásbail, agus tar éir gac uir agus doctair agus doctair o’á otagann orra ann rna rligiub millteada malluighe reo, ni’ an ciorde ná an corairre aca iad o’fásbail, agus ir dóig gur ab é rin mar gcall ar an oirdeadeta do rgar na daoine duba. Aet ir é an ruo ir iongantaise aca uile, nac bfuil in ran scu o ir mó de na faigsiúraib reo aet cormúir eadeta faigsiúraíod; ir rgaluibe gan buis gan rubrtaint iad, aet ir dóig le luét-riúbailta na mbótar gur fuil agus reoil iad, agus go loirid ríad an duine fásfar an bótar le n-a scuio arim.”

Do riublamair ar ár n-ágar le céile ann rin, 7 níor brada go radamair com fáruighe rin gur b’éigin dúinn ruidre ríor ar an mbótar, agus do goill an tarit agus an tuirpre orrainn go móir. Dubairt mé ann rin leir an ógánac, “Ni déinn com dona ro dá mbeir deoc uirge agam.”

“Tá tobair bpreágs ríor-uirge,” adubairt ré, “fá bun orainn bpreágs úball, ceatrama míle amac rómáinn, aet tá ré ar an taoid arciis de’n clairde, in ran macaíne, agus ni olirdeannac é uil com rada leir.”

Aet do goill an tarit orim com móir rin go noubairt mé, “Cairid mé ol ar, dá marbóirde ar an móimio mé. Treóruis mé go uir an tobair ro.” Táinir faicéir ar an ógánac, agus dubairt ré, “I r í mo cómarle uir gan uil ann, aet má ’r éigean uir, ni bacaird mé tu. Fásfar mé do eirdeadeta nuair

he will pay for it severely. There are guards on this road and on every road in this country—great black soldiers. It was these soldiers who made every single road in this country, and 'tis bady they made them; but if a weary person leaves the road to walk on the plain, they follow him with this black guard, and they catch him and drive him before them till they put him on the road again in spite of him."

"But," said I to the stranger, "there cannot be so many black soldiers on every road in the country as to repress and overcome the people who walk the roads like that. Are not the people who walk the roads more numerous than this black guard, and could not they get the upper hand of them, and break in, in spite of them, upon that smooth, beautiful plain, and not stay on this ugly, dusty road, full of holes?"

"They could do that certainly," said the stranger, "for there are twenty strong men on the road against the one guardsman, but the black guard have scattered a sort of enchantment in the air over the roads, and the travelers think they are not able to leave the roads, and after all the want and trouble and misery that comes on them in these awful, accursed roads, they have not the heart nor the courage to leave them, and probably that is on account of the enchantment that the black fellows have scattered. But the most extraordinary of all these things is that most of these soldiers are only imitation soldiers; they are shadows without force or substance, but the people who walk the roads think that they are flesh and blood, and that they would wound anybody who would leave the road with their weapons."

We walked forward together then, and it was not long till we were so tired that we had to sit down on the road, and thirst and fatigue oppressed us greatly. I said then to the young man, "I would not be so bad if I had a drink of water."

"There is a fine well of spring-water," said he, "at the foot of a beautiful apple-tree, a quarter of a mile out before us, but it is on the inner side of the ditch, in the plain, and it is not lawful to go as far as it."

But the thirst troubled me so much that I said, "I must drink out of it, if I were to be killed on the instant. Lead me to this well." Fear came upon the young man, and he said, "'Tis my advice to you not to go there, but if you must, I will not hinder you. I will leave your company when I come as far as the well. Kill yourself, if you wish; but you shall not kill me."

We rose then, and we walked together till we saw a great,

tiuceap mé éom faoa leir an tobair. Marb tu féin, má'r mian leat; aét ni marbócaíó tu mire."

T'eiugeamar ann rin, agus fiublamar le céite, go bfacamar eamh mór áluinn as éiuge ar an maéime, timéioill píce péire arceac ó'n mbócar. Cuairé mé ruar ar bárr an élaíde do bí ar éaíob an bócair, agus éonnaic mé tobair glan glé-geal fíor-uirge o'á pgeiceao amac fá bun an éamh áro áluinn, agus éonnaic mé bíáca bána agus úbla beaga agus úbla leac-apuró agus úbla móra deapga lán-apuró, as fáir le céite ar an gceann rin. Aét do bí an oígeao rin de pmaét agus de pshanrao ar óaoinib na tíre rin náir baineo oígeao agus don uball aca, agus ba léir óam, ar an bfeap faoa páramail do bí éair timéioill an tobair éaíob-áluinn rin, naé ucáinis don uime i n-aice leir le h-ól. Aét nuair éonnaic mire an méao rin do gceit mo éroirde i lár mo éleib, agus dubairc mé 's op-áro, " Bainpíó mé cuir do na h-ublaib rin agus oíparó mé mo bócaim de'n tobair rin, má 'ré an báir acá i n-óán óam."

Agus leir rin t'eiug mé de léim áro éaotrom acíac de bárr an élaíde-ceopann agus arceac ar an maéime mín áluinn. Agus nuair éonnaic an t-óganac an mío rin, do leig ré oíra ar, óir ba bóig leir gur b'é mo báir do bí mé o'á tómuigeaét.

Agus nuair táinis mire leac-bealaig ioir an gcláirde agus an tobair, t'eiug raigtoirp uob, mar beir appaét árobeal úr-ghánna, ruar, ar an bfeap faoa, agus do tóg ré cláirdeam móir le mo ceann do psoitao, mar faoil mé. Agus do éuataíó mé ar mo éil an pspao do cuir an t-óganac ar an mbócar ar, le ceann-raicéior. Níor tuá 'há rin an raicéior do bí oíim féin, óir ní raib árm ar bíé agam le mo éoraint. Aét do érom mé ar étoir maíe móir do bí fá mo éoir, éom móir le mo bóirn féin, agus éug mé toga upéair de'n étoir rin leir an raigtoirp áro-beal. Do buail an étoir é, mar faoil mé, i gceairt-lár a éaíam, agus éuair pí amac éuro a ceann, amail agus naé raib ann aét pgaite. Agus ar an móimíó níor léir óam epuc ná cuma an t-raigtoirp, aét do bí puo san epuc ann amail plám de'n ceó, agus do leas an ceó rin, agus do pgar ré ann ran ppéir, agus ní raib óaíaró eapam-pe agus an tobair. Tuig mé ann rin naé raigtoirp ná peap eogairó do bí ann, aét puo bpeagac 7 pgaite do punneo le uiaorbeaét, cum na nuaime do pshanpuagao ó'n tobair. Cuairé mé go uci an t-uirge agus níor bac puo ar bíé eite mé. Éromar ar an uirge agus o'ólar mo fáit de, agus oar liom-ra go raib ré éom maíe le pion. Bain mé uball móir deapga de'n éamh ann rin agus o'iceap é, agus do bí ré éom milip im' beal le mit. Nuair éonnaic mé rin, glaoíó mé ar an óganac agus dubairc mé leir " ceacét apt ac éugam, óir naé raib óaíaró

beautiful tree rising out of the plain, about twenty perches in from the road. I went up on the top of the ditch that was at the side of the road, and I saw a pure, bright-looking well of spring-water gushing out under the foot of the beautiful high tree, and I saw white blossoms and little apples and half-ripe apples and large, red, fully-ripe apples growing together on that tree. But there was so much repression and terror on the people of that country that nobody gathered as much as one apple of them, and it was clear to me, by the long-growing grass that was round about that lovely well, that no person came near it to drink. But when I saw that much, my heart leaped within my breast, and I said aloud, "I will gather some of those apples, and I will drink my fill of that well, if it is death that is in store for me."

And with that I rose in a high, light, active jump from the top of the boundary ditch and in upon the smooth, beautiful plain. And when the young fellow saw that, he gave a sigh, for he thought it was my death I was seeking.

And when I came half-way between the ditch and the well, a black soldier arose, like a great, hideous monster, up out of the long grass, and he took up a great sword to split my head, as I thought. And I heard behind me the scream that the young man on the road put out of him, with intense fear. No less than that was the fear that was on myself, for I had no weapon at all to defend myself. But I stooped for a good big stone that was under my foot, as big as my own fist, and I gave a choice throw of that stone at the terrible soldier. The stone hit him, as I thought, in the very middle of his forehead, and it went out through his head, as if he were nothing but a shadow. And on the instant the appearance and shape of the soldier were dim to me, but there was a shapeless thing there like a wreath of mist, and that mist melted, and it dispersed into the air, and there was nothing between myself and the well. Then I knew that he was not a soldier nor a warrior, but an unreal thing and a shadow, made by magic to frighten the people from the well. I went to the water, and no other thing hindered me. I bent down to the water and I drank my fill of it, and in my opinion it was as good as wine. I pulled a big red apple from the tree then and ate it, and it was as sweet in my mouth as honey. When I saw that, I called to the young man, and said to him "to come in to me, for there was nothing to prevent him." As soon as he perceived that, he came in over the ditch himself, and he in great fear, and he made for the well. He drank his fill out of it, and he ate

le n-a bacadh." Com luath agus tug ré rin fá deara, táinig ré féin ardeac ear an seilárde, agus é fá eagla móir, agus junn ré ar an tobair. D'ól ré a fáil ar, agus d'it ré a fáil de na h-úblaib, agus fineamair riap le céile ar an bfeap breágh bog, agus tóruigeamair as eaint. Agus d'fíapraig mé de ainm na típe rin, "óir" ar ra mipe leir, "ir i an típ ir iongantairge d'a bfuil ar an dooman i."

Torais ré ann rin as innpint rgeula na típ rin dam, agus toubairt ré, "Tá an típ reó 'na h-onleán, agus do éruais Dia i amuis ann ran aigéin móir ar an taoib riap de'n dooman, an áit a gabann an grian cum a leaptan ann ran oirdce. Agus ir i an típ ir áille agus ir glaire agus ir úipe i d'a bfuil fá'n nspéin. Agus veir tura gur típ iongantac i, aet ni tuigeann tu leat a h-iongantair go fóill. Agus tá trí ainmneaca uirru, banba agus fóbla agus éipe."

Nuair eualair mé rin, do tug mé léim, agus buail mé mo ceann le géagán de'n ériann, mar faoil mé,—agus dúirig mé.

Agus ar bporrait mo fúile dam, riú mé mo lurde ar an seilárde ar taoib an bótar, roir bail-ae-etiaé agus bótar-na-bpaigne, agus mo éapa Diarmuid bán 's am' fácaó i m' earpa-cáib le marde. "S mitor duit veit dul a-baile," aoir ré.

"Óra a Diarmuid," ar ra mipe, "ná bain liom. Ni facair mac mátar ariam a leiteir d' ailing agus éonnaic mipe." Agus leir rin d'innir mé mo bpionglóro dó, ó túr go veipead.

"Maicead! mo gpaó tu," ar ra Diarmuid, nuair bí mé péiró, "agus b' fíor do bpionglóro. Fáiró agus file tu," aoir ré.

"Cionnur rin?" ar ra mipe, "minig dam é."

"Ir ar talam na h-éipeann do bí tu gan don ampar," ar ra Diarmuid, "aet do bí tu as riúbal, mar tá na h-éipeannaig uile as riúbal, ar na bóirpud do junne na Saepanaig le n-a geuro uilghe agus le n-a geuro fáipún féin, agus rin bóirpe nae péirp le Saedéal riúbal oppa gan tuipiuagad agus gan tuicim, gan doéar agus gan dólár. Aet má éirigeann riad bótar an tSaeparaéar agus an bÉaplaéar, agus iad do dul ardeac ar a maéipe breágh feupmair féin ni veit' riad as riúbal go épuair ar fead an lae iomlán, mar an t-Éipeannaé boet rin do éonnaic tura, le leaburó agus le riupéar d'fáigil ran oirdce; aet do facairp fá dó níor faide, i leat an ama. Agus an tobair fíor-uirge rin do éonnaic tu, an tobair nae leigfead na gáirpud vuba rin do na doaimb d'ól ar, nae étuigeann tu gur tobair na glan-Saedéilge é rin, agus cia b' Éipeannaé ólpar doé ar, bíonn ré mar fíon in a béal, d'a neaptuagad agus d'a fíon-fuapad. Agus an faigvúirp vub rin d'éirig roir éura agus ériann na h-úball, b' é rin an fáipún Saepanaé, agus nuair buail tu

his fill of the apples, and we stretched back on the fine, soft grass together, and began to talk. And I asked him the name of that country; "for," said I to him, "it is the most extraordinary country of all there are in the world."

He began then to tell me the history of that country, and he said, "This country is an island, and God created it out in the great ocean on the western side of the world, the place where the sun goes to his bed in the night. And it is the most beautiful and the greenest and the freshest country of all under the sun. And you say it is an extraordinary country, but you do not know half its wonderfulness yet. And there are three names on it - Banba and Fodhla and Ireland."

When I heard that I gave a jump, and I struck my head against a branch of the tree, as I thought - and I awoke.

And when I opened my eyes, there I was lying on the ditch at the side of the road, between Dublin and Boharnabreena, and my friend Dermot "Bán" was poking me in the ribs with a stick.

"'Tis time for you to be going home," says he.

"Oro, Dermot," said I, "let me alone. No mother's son ever saw the like of such a vision as I have seen." And with that I told him my dream from beginning to end.

"Musha, man dear!" said Dermot, when I was done, "and your dream was true. A prophet and a poet you are," says he.

"How so?" said I. "Explain it to me."

"'Tis on the soil of Ireland you were without any doubt," said Dermot, "but you were walking, as all Irishmen are walking, on the roads which the English made with their own laws and with their own fashions, and those are roads that a Gael cannot walk on without stumbling and falling, without trouble and distress. But if they leave the road of Anglicisation and of English-speaking, and go in on their own fine, grassy plain, they will not be walking hard all day long like that poor Irishman you saw, to get a bed and a supper at night, but they would go twice as far in half the time. And that well of spring water that you saw, the well that those black sentries would not let the people drink from, don't you understand that that is the well of pure Irish, and whatever Irishman drinks a drink out of it, it is as wine in his mouth, strengthening him and cooling him. And that black sentry that got up between you and the apple-tree, that was the English fashion, and when you struck him he went out of sight, like a mist, for fashions come like mist, and if a person defends himself from them they

é u'íméig ré ar amárc map ceó, óir tigeann na fáiríúin map ceó, agus má éornann tuine é féin oppa iméigeanu riad map ceó arís. Agus na bída bána, agus na h-úbla, do éonnaic tu ar an ḡepann áro áluinn, rin é an toraó atá as fáir ar mácaire na ḡaeḡaltaeḡta, agus má fáigann na ḡaeḡeil na bóitpe ir ar éuir na ḡaeḡanaig iad le dul arceac ar a šatalaí féin ara, na h-úbla rin náir bíar riad le dá céao bliadán bainfirí riadrapír ḡo tiuḡ iad. Agus as rin duit anoir, a ḡraoibín, map míni ḡim ré u'airling," ar ré.

"M' anam a šia, a šiarmuir," ar ra mire, "níl do fámaíl ué míniḡeóir ar talam na h-ḡipeann, agus an céao airling eile bérdear asam ir éuḡao-ra tiuepar me. Ir fearr 'ná šaniel tu. Ţpóruiḡ opt anoir agus bérómirí as dul a-baile."

T A O ḡ S ḡ A B A :

CAIBIDIL 1.

Bí Taoḡs ša Ţpoin 'na ḡaba, agus bí a ceapḡeá ar taob an bótair i n-aice le Ţpóiceao na ḡeaoaigḡe, uéic míle i štaoib tair do Cill Áirne;

Ceapḡaigḡe maic do b'eaḡ Taoḡs. Ní raib 'na pappóirde féin, ná b'féoirí i ḡCiappaide, fear do b'fearr a éuirfeao crúḡ fá capall ná clár ar céacḡa. Acḡ map rin féin, ní raib Taoḡs ḡan a loeḡaib féin. Ir uóeá náir táinig riam lá aonaig ná marḡaíó ná feicfirde Taoḡs ar rraíó Cill Áirne, agus ir ró-annam a bí ré as teacḡ abaile tráḡnóna ḡan beic rúḡac ḡo leor, nó b'féoirí ar meirḡe. Dá nḡeapḡaḡ aon'ne le Taoḡs ar maíoin lae an aonaig, "An bfeuitir as dul ḡo Cill Áirne inḡiu, a šaíḡ?" 'ré an fpeaḡra a ḡeobaḡ ré, "Ní fcaḡar," nó "U'féoirí uom"—'ran am céaḡna as bualaḡ buille dá cárpúr ar an iarpḡann nó ar an inneoin, eom maic ir dá mbéao ré as ráó, "Ir móir atá ríor uait."

Nuair a bí lá an marḡaíó ann bí 'fir as ḡac uile tuine ḡoe raib ḡnó aigḡe ar an ḡceapḡeáin ḡo mb'foeáir uó fuirfeac ra bail dá mbaḡ maic leir a ḡnó beic uéanta i ḡceapḡ. Ir iomḡa rḡeal ḡpeannmair a bí ar fuair na pappóirde timceall šaíḡ agus a éuir oibpe maíoin lae aonaig, map ar éuir ré tairḡe i mbeo, lá, i ḡcapall ḡeagáin léic, agus map ar poll ré ar móir šuaḡal clár a bí aigḡe dá éur ar céacḡa le šomnall ša Ţpuiḡin.

go away like mist again. And the white blossoms and the apples that you saw on the beautiful tall tree, that is the fruit that is growing on the Plain of Gaeldom, and if the Gaels leave the roads on which the English put them, to go back on their own land again—those apples which they did not taste for two hundred years they shall gather them again plentifully. And there is for you now, *Ḃḁaobhín*, how *I* interpret your dream," said he.

"My soul to God, Dermot," said I, "there isn't your like of an interpreter on the soil of Ireland, and the next dream I have, 'tis to you I will come. You are better than Daniel. Hurry now, and we will be going home."

TIM THE SMITH.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

TIM O'BYRNE was a smith, and his forge was on the side of the road close to Giddagh Bridge, ten miles west of Killarney.

Tim was a good tradesman. There was not in his own parish, nor maybe in Kerry, a man who could better shoe a horse or put a board in a plow. But, for all that, Tim was not without his own faults. It is probable that there never came a fair or market day that Tim was not seen in the streets of Killarney, and it was very seldom he came home in the evening without being pretty merry, or perhaps drunk. If any one would ask Tim on the morning of a fair, "Are you going to Killarney to-day, Tim?" the answer he would get would be, "I don't know," or "Maybe I would"—at the same time striking a blow of his hammer on the iron or on the anvil, as much as if he were to say, "It is much you want knowledge" (How inquisitive you are).

When the fair day came, everyone who had business at the forge knew that he had better stay at home if he wanted a job done well. Many curious stories were through the parish about Tim and his work on a fair morning: how he had put a nail in the quick in a horse of Jack Liah, and how he bored altogether wrong a board he was putting in a plow for Daniel Breen.

Bí feirmeoir beag 'na cónnaíde i mbéal na Seandaise darbh ainm do Míceál Crón, aet níor tugadh fuaim ari aet Míceál na gCear. Dá mbéadh don gnó ag Míceál na gCear ar an gceapócaín ní fádrocaí don lá do dul ann aet lá an donaisg nó an lá go raib 'fíor aige go raib Taois ag dul go Cill Áinne nó go Cill Orslan.

San am ro bíod maraídh Cill Áinne ar an Satairn agus bíod donac ann an céad luan do'n mí, mar atá anoir.

Mairtin lae donaisg bí Míceál ag an gceapócaín cun ríóiníní 'fágáil dá muca, agus cónnaic ré ná raib puinn le déanamh ag Taois.

"Ír doéa, Taois," pra Míceál, "go mbéid t' ar an donac."

"B'féidir dom," pra Taois. "Bí Séamur Táilliúra ag fáo liom inoé go mbéadh ré ag sa áil roir timcheall an t-aon uair doéa, 7 dá mbadh máit liom dul leir go bpaiginn marcaídeacht uair."

"Má'r mar rin atá n rseal," pra Míceál, "ní'l don máit dom mo céadca a bpeit anuair cun é 'cup i do peo."

"Ní'l, go deimhin; táim gan gual, 7 gur caiteirí m' dul a d'iarrairí beagáin gual agus dobar ia raínn."

Nuair a bí Míceál na gClea ag dul baile do ear ré i teac cun tige pílíib Óis, fei meoir beag eile bí 'na cónnaíde i n-aice e Míceál féin.

"Cá raibair, a mícíl?" pra pílíib.

"Bíor ag an gceapócaín ag péa aint an mbéadh an gabá ullam i mbárac cun pionnai 'cup im' b'páca. Bí Taois ag tatant oim é 'cup eúige inoiu mar ná raib móráin le déanamh aige."

"Nac bfuil ré ag dul go Cill Áinne?"

"Cuata é ag fáo go mbéadh iacall ari an t-apal a cup go Cill Orslan a d'iarrairí beagáin gual."

"Ír máit liom gur gabair irteac eúgam. Bíor ag caint le Taois a'pugaí inoé, agus 'ré dubairt ré liom ná beadh am aige don ní a déanamh lem' céadca go oí Dia Céadaoin peo eúgáinn. Tá an aimpir ag pleamnuagá uaim agus gan puinn déanta agam. 'Sé ír fearr dom a déan m' mo cé adá a bpeit eúige anoir ó tá caoi ag an ngaba. Ní b'íod don'ne ag teac eúige inoiu."

Do dhears Míceál a píopa, agus d'imtíis ré ari a baile.

Nuair d'fág Míceál an ceapóca, agus ó ná raib don ní eile le déanamh ag Taois eúairt ré irteac cun é féin a bearradh 7 a glnaídh i gcomair an donaisg. Ní raib r' aet leat-bearrta nuair do cupir pílíib a ceann irteac an doirar ag fáo, "Dáil ó Dia anpo."

"Dia 'r Muire duit," pra Taois, aet ní ó n-a éiríde, mar bí

There was a little farmer living close to the Giddagh whose name was Michael Crone, but he was never called any other than Mick of the Tricks. If Tricky Mick had any job at the forge no day would satisfy him to go there but a fair day, or a day on which he knew Tim would be going to Killarney or Killorglin.

At this time the Killarney market was on a Saturday, and there used to be a fair the first Monday of the month, as now.

One fair morning Mick was at the forge to get nose rings for his pigs, and he saw that Tim had not much to do. "I suppose, Tim," says Mick, "you'll be at the fair?"

"Maybe I would," says Tim. "James Tailor was telling me he would be passing (east) about 11 o'clock, and if I liked to go with him I might have a lift from him."

"If that is the case," says Mick, "it is no use for me to bring down my plow to put it in order."

"No, indeed; I am without coal, and I must go for a little coal and some iron."

When Tricky Mick was going home he turned into the house of Phil Oge, a little farmer who lived close to Mick himself.

"Where were you, Mick?" says Phil.

"I was at the forge to see if the smith would be ready to-morrow to put pins in my harrow. Tim was pressing me to send to him to-day, as he had but little to do."

"Is he not going to Killarney?"

"I heard him say that he should send the donkey to Killorglin for a little coal."

"I am glad you came in to me. I was speaking to Tim yesterday, and he told me he could not do anything to my plow until next Wednesday. The time is slipping from me, and with little done. I had better take my plow to him now, as the smith has leisure. No one will be coming to him to-day."

Mick lit his pipe and went on home. When Mick left the forge, and since he had nothing else to do, Tim went in to shave and clean himself for the fair. He was but half-shaved when Phil struck his head in the door, saying, "God bless all here."

"God and Mary bless you," says Tim, but not from his heart, as he had a notion that Phil did not come without business. "I suppose you're going to town."

"Indeed I am not; I have something else to do besides street-walking," says Phil.

tuairim aige náir táinig Pilib san gnó; “ir dóca go bfuilir as tuit ar an tppáir.”

“Nílim, go déimhin; tá a malairt de gnó agam ná ppáirig-eaét,” arpa Pilib.

“Ir iomrda lá beir tú ar tsoib an teampaill, a Pilib.”

“Má fhead féin, pé ir ceart dom mo díceall a déanam an faio atáim ar an paozal ro, 7 anoir bat máit liom dá gcuipéa mo céacda i ttreo dam. Cím nac bfuil tú ró-gnótae.”

“Ir truaig liom, a Pilib, nac féidir liom don ní a déanam leo’ céacda inoiu—níl don gual agam, agus tá iacall oim tuit go Cill Áinne dá iarrair.”

“Ní gábad duit don tmuibléir a beir opt mar gheall air rin; tá máilín gual ra trucaill agam.”

“Droic-éiric opt féin ir do céacda,” arpa Tadhg rá n-a fiac-laib. “Cad tá le déanam ar do céacda, a Pilib?”

“Tá clár a cup air, cupair a cup ar an roc, 7 é cup beagán ra bfo. Teartuigeann beagán cupairde ó bapp an cóltair 7 caiteir bolta nua a déanam do’n paca.”

“Níl don cupair agam aét don pmuicín amáin a gheallar a cup ar pann-aicín do Seagán Séamuir,” arpa an gaba.

“Tá lán mo dóctair cupairde agam-ra ra baile,” arpa Pilib. “Bi-re as baint an trean-clár do’n céacda; bea-ra ar n-air leir an gcupair san moill.”

“Dúo máit liom, dá mb’féidir liom é, do gnó a déanam inoiu, aét do rsoil cor m’úir nbe nuair a bior as cup iapann ar pot le Seagán Ure c, agus beir iacall oim cor nua cup ann. Bior cun cor a bpeir abaile liom inoiu ó’n donac.”

Fear beag canncapac do b’eat Pilib Óg. Connaic pé go maít gur a o’iarrair leir-rgeil do déanam do bí Tadhg Saba, agus bí a cócal as éirge.

“Sé mo tuairim, a Tadhg,” ar reiréan ra deiréat, “nac bfuil don fonn opt m’obair do déanam. Bat cóir go mbéat mo cúro airgí-re cóim maít le hairgeat ilicil na gCear, aét cím nac mar rin atá an rgeal, agus ó tá mo cor ar an mbótar tá gairne eile ra pappóirde cóim maít leat-ra.”

“Déan do roga ruo; nílim-re a’ bpaít ar do cúro airgí-re, a rgeannóir! Beir leat do fear-céacda pé aít ir maít leat,’ arpa an gaba.

“Ir maít é mo buideacár, a Tadhg; aét ir dóig liom go mb’féair duit fanamaint ra baile ná beir ro’ maíopin laaige ar ppáir Cill Áinne, as caiteam do córo’ airgí 7 do pláinte.”

“Ir cuma duit-re, i n-aínn an diabail! Níl hé do cúro airgí-re a bím as caiteam, a rppuínlóigin. B’féidir nac é gac don gaba bea cóim bog leat ir bior-ra as déanam cupairde doo’

"You'll be many a day beside the church, Phil."

"Even so, I ought to do my best while in this world; and now I would like you to put my plow in order for me. I see you are not very busy."

"I am sorry, Phil; I cannot do anything to your plow to-day. I have no coal, and I am obliged to go to Killarney for it."

"You need not trouble about that, I have a bag of coal in the cart."

"Bad luck to you and your plow," says Tim, under his teeth. "What has to be done to your plow, Phil?"

"It wants a board, to steel the sock, and to put it a little in the sod. The point of the coulter wants a little steel, and you must make a new bolt for the rack."

"I have no steel but one little scrap I promised to to put on a furze spade for Jack James," says the smith.

"I have plenty of steel at home," says Phil. "You be taking the old board off the plow and I'll be back with the steel without delay."

"I would like if I could to do your job to-day, but the handle of my sledge split yesterday when I was putting tires on a wheel for Jack Brack, and I must put a new handle on it. I was going to bring home a handle from the fair."

Phil Oge was a cantankerous little man. He saw clearly that it was trying to make excuses Tim the Smith was, and his choler was rising.

"It is my opinion, Tim," says he at last, "that you have no intention of doing my work. One would think my money would be as good as Tricky Mick's; but I see that is not how the case stands, and as my foot is on the road, there are other smiths in the parish besides you."

"Do as you like; I'm not depending on your money, you fright. Take your old plow to where you please," said the smith.

"How well I am thanked, Tim, but I do think it would be better for you to stay at home than to be puddle-trotting on the streets of Killarney, spending your money and your health."

"You need not care a damn. It is not your money I am spending, you mean little creature. Maybe 'tis not every smith would be as easy with you as I have been, making shoes for your 'crock' out of your gathering of old iron. Be off now, and maybe you would pick up an old horseshoe on the road," and with that Tim shut the door.

fean-ghroga ar do bailiúghaó fean-tarhainn. Imtigh leat anoir, agus b'féidir go fágáir fean-éirí capall ar a' mbótar," agus leir rin do dhúin Cathógs an doir.

Bí sílir as cup de gur bain ré amac ceapóca áro-a'-Cluigín. B'é an gaba bí i n-áro-a'-Cluigín fear ós a bí tamall maí ó poin 'n-a púntíreac as Cathógs Saba. Ó d'fás ré Cathógs bí ré tamall dá aimpír i gCorcaig 7 bliadain nó dó i nÁlbain. Buacail ciallmair do bí ann 7 ceapócaí maí. Eogan Ua Laochair do b'ainm dó: Ní raib móran páirt aige poin sílir nuair do connaic ré é as teact, agus ní mó 'ná rin bí aige noimhir nuair d'innir sílir dó ar an gcairmir do bí ioir é féin 7 an fean-gaba.

Dubairt an gaba ós le sílir go raib eagla air ná béat caoi aige ar don ní do déanam le n-a céacra go dtí deiread na reachtmaine. Níor maí leir sílir d'eiteac, aet bí sílir aige ná béat sílir fáta le peiteam com fáta rin agus go mbéat ré as breit a céacra leir ar n-air go dtí Cathógs nó go dtí gaba éigin eile, aet ní raib don maí dó ann.

"Fágha-ra annro mo céacra," arfa sílir, "dá mb'éigean dom fuireac leir go ceann coigtióir ó 'noiu, 7 tar éir an doir beil a fuair ar ó Cathógs Saba an lá ro ní baogal dó go brát air pinginn uaim-re."

"Anoir, a sílir," arfa Eogan, "cá a fíor asat go maí naé bfuil Cathógs ró-buireac díom-ra i staob teact annro, agus nílim a fáat aet an fíinne nuair a deirim go mb'feair liom go móir ná fágha-ra ceapóca Cathógs cun teact cun mo ceapócan-ra."

"Ar an fíinne ir córa fáat a beir," arfa sílir, "aet deirim leat muna mbéat don gaba eile ar ro go catair Corcaige ná faigead Cathógs Ua Dhoir don ní le déanam uaim-re."

Bí a féarún féin as Eogan Ua Laochair. Ní raib do élainn as Cathógs Saba aet don ingean amáin. Ní raib sí aet 'n-a gearraile as dul ar rsoil nuair do bí Eogan 'n-a púntíreac as a natair. Bí sí ana-ceanamail ar Eogan, agus níor b'áon iongnad é. Buacail gádmair rudaileac do bí ann; níor b'feair leir beir mearg buacail eile mar é féin 'ná beir i láir rgaata páirí agus gleo aca do fuiread allairí opt. Mar geall air reo ní raib leab 'ra baile gan beir ceanamail ar an ngaba ós, agus bíodar go léir go han-uaigneac nuair d'fás ré Cathógs Ua Dhoir. Ba mó an t-uaigneac do bí ar Neillí bis a' gaba 'ná ar don'ne eile nuair d'imtigh Eogan, agus áoin sí go fuireac 'na díar.

D'fár Neillí fuar 'n-a cailín deir gártamail. Do caillead a mátar nuair bí sí reat mbliadna déas d'aoir, agus ó bár a mátar 'sí Neillí bí mar bean-tige as Cathógs, agus ní mirde a fáat go raib sí 'n-a mnaoi-tige maí. Ní raib ar pobal na Tuairé

Phil continued on his way till he came to the forge of Ard-a-Clugeen. The smith at Ard-a-Clugeen was a young man who had been a good while ago an apprentice with Tim the Smith. Since he left Tim he spent part of his time in Cork, and a year or two in Scotland. A sensible young man was he, and a good tradesman. Owen O'Leary was his name. He had not much welcome for Phil when he saw him coming, and he had less for him when Phil told him of the row between himself and the old smith. The young smith told Phil that he was afraid he would have no time to do anything to his plow until the end of the week. He did not like to refuse Phil, but he was hoping that Phil would not be satisfied to wait so long, and that he would be taking his plow back to Tim, or to some other smith, but it was all in vain.

"I'll leave my plow here," says Phil, "if I had to wait for it till this day fortnight; and after the abusive language I got to-day from Tim the Smith, from this day forward there is no chance of his ever again receiving a penny from me."

"Now, Phil," says Owen, "you know very well Tim is not too thankful to me for coming here, and I am but telling the truth when I say that I would much rather you did not leave Tim's forge to come to mine."

"It is the truth which should thrive ('Tis in the truth the luck ought to be)," says Phil; "but I tell you, that if there was not another smith from this to the city of Cork, Tim O'Byrne would get nothing to do from me."

Owen O'Leary had his own reasons. The only family Tim the Smith had was a daughter. She was but a little girl going to school when Owen was an apprentice with her father. She was very fond of Owen, and little wonder. He was an affectionate, soft-natured boy. He would as soon be in the midst of a pack of children, who would deafen you with their noise, as with other lads like himself. On this account there was not a child in the village who was not fond of the young smith, and they were all very lonesome when he left Tim O'Byrne. The smith's little Nelly was more lonely than anyone else when Owen went away, and she cried bitterly after him.

Nelly grew up to be a pretty, graceful girl. Her mother died when she was seventeen years of age, and from the death of her mother Nelly was housekeeper to Tim, and it is not amiss to say that she was a good housewife. There was not a man in the Tuogh flock who had a prettier stocking than Nelly's

feap ba deire rtocha 'nád a'tair Neilli, agus ar fon go raib Taois 'n-a Gabá, agus gan cpoiceann nó-geal air, ní raib léine an tragh-airt féin níor síle 'nád a léine ar maidin Dia Domnaigh.

Ir beas an t-iongnad nuair táinig Eoghan Ua Laoisair abaitle go noubairt ré leir féin go mbéad Neilli ós mar mnaoi aise, agus ir dóig liom go raib ríre ar an aignead céadna, aet níor mar rin do'n tcrean-Gabá. Ili raib don deabad air cun cleamhnair do déanam dád ingin, mar bí a píor aise go maít go mbéad ré an-leatlámac gan Neilli, aet i n-a aignead féin baó maít leir, dád mbéad fonn pórtá uirri, go mbéad Séamur Táiliúra mar éliamain aise.

Bí feirm beas talman as Séamur, aet ba minice é Séamur as an gcearócáin, a píor 'n-a déal aise agus é as réirdead na mbuilg do'n Gabá, nó a' bualaó dó nuair do bí Taois as cur cruaid ar painn nó as déanam cruad do capall, 7, ar nór Taois féin, bí an-dúil aise i rparíorídeact. Bí tri pabailíní bó aise agus cúpla colpac, 7 iad go léir ar tógáil ar teact na Máirta. Ní raib Pilib i bpat tap éir imteacta nuair do bí Séamur Táiliúra agus a tpucaill as doras an Gabá.

"Bfuil tú ullam, a Taois?" arfa Séamur.

"Táim i ngiorraet dó," arfa Taois; "ní'l agam le déanam aet mo bpoíga do cur oim. Bporcuig ort, a Neilli; tá an bpós rin maít go leór anoir. Cá bfuil mo capabac? Ná bac leir a' rsgátán. Anoir, a Séamur, táim ullam."

"Nac bfuil tura a' teact linn, a Neilli?"

"Ní'lim, a Séamur, go fóill; b'féoir ar ball go raígan féin le coir Máire Óróin, agus béir a' t-apal agaimn."

"Ir feárr dúit teact linn-ne. Dád oícar mo capall, ir feárr é 'nád apailín Máire."

"Go raib maít agat, a Séamur. Do gellar do Máire fupíead léi. Déam i n-am go leór i gCill Áirne; ní'l puinn le déanam agam-ra ar an donac."

"Beata dúine a toil," arfa Séamur, agus ar ríubal leó.

Nuair a bíodar tamall beas ar a' mbótar dubairt Taois le Séamur, "Ar buail Pilib ós umac?"

"Níor buail; cad 'n-a taob?"

"Bí ré annro tamall beas ó foin le n-a céadna. Do gellar bó, tá peactmáin ó foin, go mbéinn ullam Dia Céadaoin'; aet ní béad ré pártá gan teact eugam ar maidin, agus mé tap éir mícil na gCear do leigint abaitle mar gell ar ná raib don gual agam. Bí gac re read agaimn le 'n-a céile go rabamair apion feargac. D'árouig Pilib a céadna leir, agus ir dóca ná béir rtao leir go mbuailpead ré ceapóca Eogainín Uí Laoisair."

"Raib Míceál na gCear as an gcearócáin ar maidin inoiu?"

father, and though Tim was a smith, and without a very white skin, still the priest's alb on Sunday morning was no whiter than his Sunday shirt.

It is little wonder that when Owen O'Leary came home he said to himself that he would have young Nelly for a wife; and I think she was of the same mind; but such was not the case with the old smith. He was in no hurry to make a match for his daughter, for he knew very well he would be badly off without Nelly; but in his own mind he wished, if she had a notion of marrying, that he would have James Tailor for a son-in-law.

James had a little farm of land; but James was oftener at the forge, his pipe in his mouth, and he blowing the bellows for the smith, or sledging for him when Tim would be steeling a spade, or making shoes for horses, and like Tim himself he was very fond of street-walking. He had three little tatters of cows, and a couple of heifers that were lifting (ready to fall with hunger) on the coming of March.

Phil had not long gone when James Tailor and his cart were at the smith's door.

"Are you ready, Tim?" said James.

"I'm near it," says Tim. "I have but to put on my shoes. Hurry on, Nelly. That shoe is all right now. Where is my cravat? Never mind the looking-glass. Now, James, I am ready."

"Are you not coming, Nelly?"

"I am not, James, yet awhile. Maybe by and by I would go with Mary Crone, and we shall have the ass."

"You had better come with us. Bad as my horse is, he is better than Mary's little donkey."

"Thank you, James. I promised Mary to wait for her. We shall have time enough in Killarney. I have not much to do at the fair."

"Have your own way," says James, and away with them.

When they were a short time on the road Tim said to James, "Did you meet Phil Oge?"

"No. Why?"

"He was here awhile ago with his plow. I promised him a week ago that I should be ready on Wednesday, but he would not be content without coming to me this morning, and I after letting Tricky Mick home because I had no coal. We had every second word with each other until we were both angry,

"Ná bfuilim, tar éir a phá leat go faib cun ruo éigin do d'éanam le 'n-a céadta."

"Bíod' seall," arsa Séamur "supab é Míceál do cuip i gceann philib teacht eusat."

"Ar m'anam 7 san d'póic-ní ar m'anam, go mb'féidir go bfuil an ceapc agat, agus má'r mar rin atá an rseal nára paoda go bpaíad Míceál topar a deas-oibreacha. Dubart le Míceál féin na faib don gual agam, agus eus philib máilin suail 'n-a tpucaill leir. San ampar 'ré Míceál bun a' tubairte."

"Ní cuipinn tairir é."

"I'r dóig liom féin ná beaó ré páirta san béit ag d'éanam miorfair imear gcomarran," arsa Taois.

"I'r fíor duit rin. Ar eualair cao do dein ré ar Dómnall Ruad? Bí Dómnall ag dul le roc go dtí ceapóca na Ceapaige nuair táinig Míceál na gCleap ruar leir, agus é ag dul a d'iarraidh páil móna ó'n bpoirtac."

"Cá bfuil tú ag dul?" arsa Míceál.

"Táim ag dul leir reo go dtí an ceapóca cun é cuip bláipe beas 'ra b'fó. Támaoio ag treabab páircín na gCloo, 7 ir ana-deacair i treabab le roc atá beagán ar a b'fó."

"Cait do roc 'ra tpucaill agus tar irteac tú féin. I'r mór an ní anró na marcaideacá."

"Go faib maic agat, a Míicil; agus b'féidir ó táim leat-lámao go b'pápa an roc ag an gceapócam; abair le Tomár é cuip fíor-beagán 'ra b'fó."

"Deanpaó é rin agus páite," arsa Míceál, agus d'iompais Dómnall Ruad abailte. Aet cao do dein an cleapáide aet a phá leir a' ngaba roc Dómnall do cuip beagán eile ar an b'fó, i rligiú go faib a céadta go mór níor meara ná bí ré."

"Lá eile bí Míceál a d'iarraidh rleagáin tall ar an nSorc m'buide. Cap ré irteac i ndopar Séamur Mlaoi. Bí Séamur 'n-a fuide ar ríol ar aghaio an dopair irteac ag cuip taoibín ar a b'póig. Ó bí an lá go han-bpoitallac, agus Séamur ag cuip allair de, do bain ré de féin a péirbic agus épac ré ar érucá é i otaoib tair do'n dopar. Do dearg Míceál a píop agus bí ré ag gabáil dá cuip bheartaideacá, mar ba gnaic leir. Táir éir leat-uair nó mar rin do d'puro ré ríor i n-aice an dopair. D'fan ré ag an dopar tamall beas agus a lámh ar an leat-dopar. D'féac ré ar an gcrúca, ag leigint air go faib náipe air. "'S amlaio," ar peircan, "do cuip Mlaipe anonn mé féacaint a b'pá-aínn iapaet na ruoa rin (an péirbic) cun ceapc do cuip ag sor ann."

"Bí Séamur Mlaoi ar dearg-buile, agus léim ré 'n-a fuide, aet má léim bí Míceál imighe. Do cait Séamur a capúr leir,

and I suppose he will not stop now until he reaches Owney O'Leary's forge."

"Was Tricky Mick at the forge this morning?"

"Am I not after telling you that he was, to get something done to his plow?"

"I'll bet," says James, "that it is Mick put it into Phil's head to come to you?"

"On my soul, and not putting anything bad on my soul, I believe you are right, and if such is the case, I hope it won't be long until Mick gets the reward of his good works. I told Mick himself I had no coal, and Phil had a little bag of coal in the cart with him. Without doubt Mick is the root of the mischief."

"I would not put it past him."

"I think myself he would not be happy if he were not making mischief between neighbors," says Tim.

"'Tis true for you. Did you hear what he did to Daniel Roe? Daniel was going with a sock to the Cappagh forge, when Tricky Mick overtook him as he was going for a rail of turf to the bog."

"'Where are you going,' says Mick.

"'I am going with this to the forge, to put it a little bit 'in the sod.' We are plowing the little stony field, and it is very hard to plow it with a sock a little out of the sod.'

"'Pitch the sock into the cart and come in yourself. It is a good thing to get the lift.'

"'Thank you, Mick; and maybe, as I am very short of hands, you would leave the sock at the forge. Tell Tom to put it just a little in the sod.'

"'I will do that and welcome,' says Mick, and Daniel turned home. But what did the trickster do, but tell the smith to put Daniel's sock a little more out of the sod, so that his plow was far worse than before.

"Another day Mick was looking for a slaan over at Fortbee. He turned into the house of James the Bald. James was sitting on a stool opposite the door putting a patch on his shoe. As the day was sultry and James sweating, he took off his wig and hung it on a hook behind the door. Mick lit his pipe, and he was, as usual, going on with his pranks. After half an hour or so he moved down near the door. He stayed at the door a little while, with his hand on the half-door. He looked at the hook, pretending that he was ashamed. 'It is how,' says he, 'Mary sent me over to see if I could get the

ἀέτ, ἰ ν-ιοναὸ Μιέιλ το θυαλαὸ λειρ ἀν ἡσκαρῦρ, ὁ'αὐμπις πέ
 κορεάν μόρ βί ἀρ ἱαρεὲτ ἀς ἃ μῖναοι εὐν ὀλλαν το ὁατῦσαὸ.
 Ὕρυντ εὐόσαν ἡλα ὀσῶσιπε 'να ἑαρωαίσε μαίτ ? ”

“Cá b'fior dām-ra roin,” arpa Taús, ἡ ní zo ró-mílir ; “ἀέτ
 ní τοῖς ἡομ ἡυαὸ εἰ πεαῶρ ἃ ἑαρωαίσεαέτ' ἀτά ἀς ταρῖαε na
 ἡωαοιne εὐ ἡε ; 'πέ ἃ εὐτο ἡλαῶαρ ἡεαλλαν ἱαὸ. Ὕι ἀν τεαῖγα
 zo πλεαῖαἡν ἡαῖἡ ἀίσε. Ὕαὸ εὐμα ἡομ τῶ ἡεῖρρεαὸ πέ ἡαῡρ
 τὸ πέἡν ἀς Ὕραιοεαὸ na ἡεαῖἡna nó τῖορ ἀρ ἃ ἡῖαναρ, ἀέτ ἱρ
 τοῖς ἡομ-ρα ἡυρ μόρ ἀν ἡῖῖπε τὸ τεαέτ ἡ ἑαρωαὸ ὁο εὐρ ἡαῡρ
 εὐῖἡ ἀέεῖμαῖρ ἡαἡ ἀῡρ τῶ πέ 'νοῖρ.”

CAIBIDIL 11.

CAPTAR NA DAOINE AR A CÉILE,
 AÉT NÍ CAPTAR NA CNUIC NÁ NA FLÉIBTE.

ἡαῡρ το θυαἡ ἀν ἡεῖρτ CILL Ἀῖῖἡne ἡ'έῖσεαἡ τὸῖἡ ὁεὸε ἡεῖτ
 ἀεα ἡ τοῖς Séamuir ἡἡ Ὕρῖῖḡἡἡ 'ρα Spáio ἡαῡῖ, ἀῡρ ἡῖορ ἡ'ῖαῶα
 τὸῖἡ zo ἡαῖἡ ἡραον eile ἀεα ἡ Spáio na ἡCεaῖe ἡαῡρ εαῖαὸ ὀρῖα
 ἡεῖρτ nó τῖῖῖῖ eile ἀῡρ ταῖτ ὀρῖα. ἡἡ ἡαῖἡ ἡεαὲ ἀν ἡae εαῖῖῖe
 ἡαῡρ ἡἡ ἀν ἡαἡa ῖῖῖαὲ zo ἡεῖρ.

ἡἡ ἡαῖἡ Neilli ἡ ἡῖαὸ ἀρ ἃ' ῖῖῖῖῖ zo ἑῖῖῖῖ ῖἡ ἃ ἡαῖῖῖ ἀῡρ
 εἰ ἀρ ἡεαὲ-ἡεῖρσε. ἱρ ἡαῖῖῖ το ἡἡ ῖἡ ῖἡ ῖἡἡ ἀῡρ ἀν εαῖἡἡ eile
 ἀς ὁεαῖἡἡ ἃ ἡḡῖῖῖῖ. ἡαῡρ το ἡῖῖῖῖ ἡἡἡἡ εὐν τεαέτ ἃἡaἡe
 το ὁeἡἡ Neilli ἃ ὁῖeαἡἡ ἃ ἡαῖῖῖ το ἡeαἡἡἡ ἡéἡ, ἀέτ ἡἡ ἡαῖἡ
 ἡaῖῖῖῖῖ ὁἡ ἡeῖτ ἃ ταῖἡἡἡ ἡῖῖ ; ὁ'ῖἡἡ ῖἡ ῖἡἡ ἀῡρ Séamuir ἀρ ἀν
 ῖῖῖῖῖ zo ὁῖῖ τῖῖῖἡ na ἡοῖῖῖe ἀῡρ zo ἡαἡῖῖῖῖ ἡραον ἀρ ἡeῖρσε
 nó ἡ ḡῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ ὁῖῖ.

Ὕἡ εαῖἡἡἡἡ ἡeαḡ εἡeαῖῖῖ ἀς Séamur Táἡἡἡῖῖῖῖῖ. Ὕἡ ἀν ἡῖῖῖῖ
 ῖῖῖῖ ἀῡρ ἀν ὀῖῖῖe ἡeαἡ, ἡ ὁῶ ἡἡeαὸ ἀν ἡeῖρτ ῖῖῖῖ ἡeῖρ ἀν
 ἡeῖῖ το ἡἡ ὀἡῖῖ ἀεα ἡαῡρ ῖῖḡῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ CILL Ἀῖῖἡne ἡeαὸ ἀν
 ῖḡeαἡ zo ἡaῖῖ ἃeα, ἀέτ ἡἡ ἡαἡῖῖῖῖ. ἡαῡρ εἡḡῖῖῖῖῖ ἡe Ὕραιοεαὸ
 na ἡeαῖἡἡ ἡἡ ὁeὸε ἡe ἡeῖτ ἃeα, ἡ ἡαῡρ ἡἡ ἀν ἡαἡ ἃς τεαέτ ἡaἡῖ
 ἀρ ἀν ὁῖῖῖῖῖἡἡ τῖῖῖ ῖἡ ἀρ ῖἡeαῖḡ ἃ ὁῖῖῖῖῖ ἀρ ἀν. ἡἡῖῖῖῖῖ, ἀῡρ
 'ῖἡἡ ἡἡ εἡῖῖῖῖῖῖ το εὐῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ ἡῖḡἡἡ ἀν εαῖἡἡ ἀρ ῖῖῖῖἡ. Cῖῖῖῖῖ
 ἀν ῖῖῖῖ ῖῖeαῖῖῖ ἡῖἡἡe ῖῖῖḡ. Ὕῖ ῖḡῖeαὸ ἀν ῖeαῖ ὁeῖτ εὐῖῖ
 ḡeαῖ ῖἡἡ ἡυρ ῖῖῖ na ὁaοἡne ἡaἡῖ εὐḡe, ἀῡρ ἡαῡρ εὐῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ
 εἰ ῖἡῖῖe ἀρ ἀν ἡἡῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ zo ἡαῖἡ ἃ ἡῖἡ ἡῖῖῖῖῖ, ἀέτ ἡἡ
 ἡαῖἡ.

Ὕἡ ἡῖῖῖ ἀν ἡἡ zo ἡαῖἡ ἀν ὁeῖῖῖῖῖ 'n-ἃ εὐῖῖῖῖῖῖe ἀρ εἡῖῖἡ ἀν
 ἡῖῖῖῖ ἃς Ὕραιοeῖῖἡ na Spῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ ; ἡἡ ῖἡ ἃς ἡaἡe. Ταῖ εἱρ
 ῖeαῖῖῖῖ ἀρ ἡῖἡ ἀν ἡαἡ 'ῖἡ ὁῖῖῖῖῖ ἀν ὁeῖῖῖῖῖ, “ἡἡ'ἡ ἃον
 εἡῖῖἡ ἡῖῖῖῖ, ἀέτ ἡeῖῖ ῖἡ ταἡἡἡ zo ἡἡeῖῖ ἡῖeῖῖῖ ἃῖῖ ἀρ εαῖῖῖῖ,
 ἃ ῖῖῖḡ.” Ὕῖ ἡ'ῖῖῖῖ ὁῖῖῖῖ ; ἡἡ ἀν ἡαἡ ῖῖῖῖῖ ἡἡἡ ἃον ἡἡῖ ὁο
 ὁeαῖῖῖ ἡαῖ ἡeαἡ ἀρ ἃ ἡῖἡἡ.

loan of that thing (the wig) to set a hen hatching in it.' James the Bald was mad; he jumped up, but if he did Mick was gone. James threw the hammer after him, but instead of hitting Mick with the hammer, he struck a big pot which his wife had borrowed to dye wool in. Is Owen O'Leary a good tradesman?"

"How do I know?" says Tim, and not sweetly; "but I don't think it is the excellence of his workmanship that is drawing the people to him; his blarney, that coaxes. He has always the slipping tongue. I would not mind had he set up at Laune Bridge, or below at Meanus, but I do think it is a shame for him to come and set up his forge so near to me as it is now."

CHAPTER II.

"People meet, but hills and mountains don't."

When the two reached Killarney they must have a drink in James Breen's house in the new street, and it was not long until they had another drop in Hen-street, where they meet three others with a thirst on them. Half the day was not spent when the smith was tipsy enough.

Nelly was not long in town when she saw her father, and he half-drunk. Herself and the other girl were but a short time doing their business. When they were ready to come home Nelly did her best to coax her father with her, but it was useless trying to persuade him. Himself and James stayed in town till nightfall, and until they were both drunk, or near it.

James Tailor had a gentle little horse. The road was good and the night bright, and had the pair been satisfied with what they had drunk when they left the town of Killarney things would have been well with them, but they were not satisfied. When they came to Laune Bridge they were to have a drink, and when the smith was coming out of the cart he fell on the flat of his back on the road, while at the same time something caused the horse to move. The wheel passed over Tim's hand. The poor man screamed so bitterly that the people ran out to him, and when they saw him stretched on the road they thought his hand was broken, but it was not. It was a great matter (it was fortunate) that the doctor was living close to

l'a'p na bápaé tap éip lae an aonaiḡ, aḡur daoine aḡ teacé ḡo tci ceárhoa Taḡs bi pé buaḡarḡa ḡo leóp. Cuiḡ pé rḡeala éun ḡaba na ceapaḡe bi an-muinteapḡa leip i ḡeómnaiḡe, aḡ péacaine an ḡeuppeaḡ pé a mac éuiḡe ap feaḡ peacéḡmaine éun ḡo mbéaḡ am aḡe ap fear éiḡin eile do foiaḡar.

'Sé an ppeaḡpa nuair an teacéḡḡe ḡo paḡaḡar pó-leac-lámaé ap an ḡceapaḡ, acé b'féirip i nḡeipeaḡ na peacéḡmaine ḡo mbéaḡ an fear óḡ ábalta ap tuit ap feaḡ lae nó dḡ éun cabpuḡaḡ le Taḡs.

"An ppeaḡḡaḡin puḡaiḡ," appa Taḡs, nuair a éuala pé cao toubaiḡe a tḡine muinteapḡa, "tá fíor aḡam-pa ḡo maḡe cao tá 'n-a ceann; acé béir an rḡeal ḡo epuaḡ opm-pa nó paḡeacḡ-pa é." Nuair éuala Ceḡan Ua Laoḡaiḡe cao do tuit amac ap ácaip Heitli níor b'paḡ. ḡo paib pé aḡ uopar ciḡe an ḡaba. Ní paib mópaḡ fáitee aḡ Taḡs poimip, acé pap ap fás pé an ceimceán bi taob eile ap a' rḡeal.

"Ip tpuas tiom," appa Ceḡan, "tupa beḡe map 'caoi, ḡ ḡan aon'ne aḡac acé tú féim. An féirip tiom-pa aon níḡ do tḡeanaḡ tuit?"

"Ní fearḡar," appa Taḡs; "ip tḡeala ḡo bḡuil do tḡeain le tḡeanaḡ aḡac féim, aḡur béir níor mó aḡac anoir ó táim-pe map a bḡuilim.

'An té bíonn fíor buailtear cor aip,
Aḡur an té bíonn ruar óltar tḡeac aip.'"

"Ní béir i bḡeo fíor, le conḡnaḡ tḡe; aḡur mó lám ip m'focai tuit naé bḡuil aon tḡainne opm-pa obaiḡe a bḡeḡ uat-pe. Map a bḡuil aon ḡaba eile aḡac fóp cuippeaḡ-pa mo pḡunncípeac éuḡac ḡan moill."

"ḡo paib maḡe aḡac," appa Taḡs, aḡ eip láime plán amac aḡur aḡ bḡeḡe ḡneim daingean ap lám Ceḡain.

Nuair bi an ḡaba óḡ aḡ iméacé puḡ Heitli ap lám aip aḡur aḡubaiḡe "Mite beannaéḡ opt. Bíor a' cuimneam opt; bí fúil aḡam leac, acé bi eagla opm tḡa tḡeocá féimis ḡo mbéaḡ m'acair pó-ḡoipḡeac leac, map bi fíor aḡam ḡo maḡe ná paib pé pó-buḡeac tḡeot."

"Ní móip ip féirip tiom a tḡeanaḡ, acé tḡeapḡaḡ mo tḡeacall; aḡur tá 'r aḡac-pa, a Heitli, ḡo nḡeapḡainn mópaḡ ap do fon-pa."

"Táim ḡo nan-buḡeac tḡeot, a Ceḡain," appa Heitli, ḡ tuirne 'n-a cionnaéaib.

Cuaḡ an ḡaba óḡ ábaile 'r níor b'paḡa tap éip iméacé' tḡo ḡeáimis Seamur Táitliupa ipceac. Bí Heitli aḡ an uopar.

"Cannor tá t'acair, a Heitli?"

little Spiddogne Bridge. He was at home. After looking at the smith's hand the doctor said "there was no bone broken, but it will be a while before you can handle a hammer, Tim." 'Twas true for him. The smith was three months without doing anything, owing to his hand.

Next morning after the fair, and people coming to Tim's forge, he was troubled enough. He sent a messenger to the Cappagh smith, who was always very friendly with him, to see if he would send his son to him for a week, until he had time to provide some other man.

The answer the messenger got was that they were very busy at Cappagh, but perhaps at the end of the week the young man might be able to go for a day or two to help Tim. "The little sooty sweep," says Tim, when he heard what his friend said, "I know what is in his head, but it will go hard with me or I'll be even with him."

When Owen O'Leary heard what had happened to Nelly's father it was not long until he was at the smith's door. Tim had not much welcome for him, but before he left the hearth there was another side to the story. "I am sorry," says Owen, "to see you as you are, with no one but yourself. Can I do anything for you?"

"I don't know," says Tim. "I suppose you have plenty to do yourself, and you will have more now since I am as I am."

"He that is down is trampled;
He that is up is toasted."

"You won't be long down, please God, and my hand and word to you, I do not covet the taking of your work from you. If you have no other smith yet, I will send my apprentice to you without delay."

"Thank you," says Tim, putting out his sound hand and firmly grasping the hand of Owen.

When the young smith was leaving Nelly caught him by the hand, saying, "A thousand blessings on you. I was thinking of you, but I feared that even if you did come my father would be too surly with you, for I know very well he was not too thankful to you."

"It is not much I can do, but I'll do my best, and you know, Nelly, I would do much for your sake."

"I am very grateful to you, Owen," says Nelly, and a blush on her countenance.

“Tá ’r aghat go maith cannaí tá ré, a Séamur: Tá ré ’na lúige ar a leabair agur tá eagla oim go mbéid ré ann go fóill: Duail fuair éirge; táim-re ag dul a d’iarraidh cana uirge ó’n abainn.”

“D’fhan Séamur tamall maith agur nuair bí ré imighthe do glaothais Taois ar Neilli cun deoch uirge fuair do tabairt dó. “Suir ar a’ gcaitaoir go fóill, a Neilli, a éirí; tá puo éigin agham le ríad leat.”

“Do fuir Neilli ar an gcaitaoir ag taoib na leabha, aet gan éinne aici cao do bí ’n-a éeann.

“Tá eagla oim go mbéad im’ maithneac, a Neilli, i n-eapball mo fadgaíl; aet baó éuma liom dá bfeicinn tura agur do teinteán féin aghat. Ir dóca dá mbéad go faiginn-re éinne uait ann.”

“Táim páirta mar a bfuilim,” arfa Neilli; “agur ’otaib tura beir id’ maithneac, ní mar rin a beir an rgeal aghat, le congnam dé.”

“B’féirí rin, a gíad; aet mar rin féin baó maith liom dá bfeicinn tú póirta.”

“Ní’l don fonn póirta oim-ra, a áitir, agur dá mbéad féin ní anoir an t-am éun beir ag cuimneam aip.”

“Táim-re dul i n-aoir, aet baó móir an pártá aghat oim é dá mbéideá-ra i d’ait big féin. Tá peim deas deap ag Séamur táillúra, ní’l éirí trom aip, 7 tá fíor agham ná é bfuil cailín eile ’ra páirtíre do b’féirí le Séamur a beir mar mnaoi aise ’ná tú féin.”

“Táim an-buideac do Séamur. Ní le hearbair mna tige a beir ré ag póirt; tugann a máitir aipe dor na buair agur leatann a deirbír an t-aoileac ar na prátaí. An bean-treabha atá uait anoir?”

“D’oragail Taois a fúile. Ní raib don éinne aise ná bead a ingean páirta le Séamur do póirt. Bain a noubairt rí an t-anál de agur ní raib’ fíor aise cao do b’féirí do do ríad aet i gceann tamall noubairt ré—

“Saoilear, a Neilli, go rabair féin agur Séamur táillúra muintearda go leor le éile.”

“Táimí, ar fon nac bfuilim ró-buideac de ’otaib oibre an lae iné.”

“Go é an leigear a bí aise aip?”

“Dá mbéad ré ’ra baile ag tabairt aipe dá gno féin, ’n-ait ba éora do beir, éicpá-ra abailé liom-ra, agur ní beirdeá mar ataoi iné.”

“Taoi ró-éirí ar Séamur boet, a Neilli. Éiréann tú gur minic a tagann ré cun congnam a tabairt dom-ra nuair a bím

The young smith went home. It was not long after his departure when James Tailor came in. Nelly was at the door.

"How is your father, Nelly?"

"You know very well how he is, James. He is lying in bed. I fear he will be there awhile yet. Go up to him; I am going for a can of water to the river."

James stayed a good while, and when he was gone Tim called Nelly to bring him a drink of cold water. "Sit on the chair awhile, Nelly dear, I have something to say to you."

Nelly sat in the chair beside the bed, but without any notion what was in his head.

"I am afraid I shall be a cripple, Nelly, in the end of my life; but I would not mind if I saw you in possession of your own hearth. I suppose if you had it, I would get a corner from you in it."

"I am content as I am," says Nelly, "and as to your being a cripple, that is not how the case will be with you, with God's help."

"Maybe so, Nelly, my dear; but all the same, I wish I saw you married."

"I have no notion of marrying, father, and, even if I had, this is not the time to be thinking of it."

"I am getting into age, and it would be a great satisfaction to my mind if you were in your own place. James Tailor has a nice little farm, there is not a heavy rent on it, and I know that there is not another girl in the parish he would rather have for a wife than yourself."

"I am very thankful to James. It is not for want of a housekeeper he will marry; his mother minds the cows, and his sister spreads the manure on the potatoes. Is it a plow-woman he wants now?"

Tim opened his eyes. He had no notion that his daughter would not be ready to marry James. What she said took his breath away, and he did not know what he had better say, but after awhile he said—

"I thought, Nelly, that you and James were very friendly with each other."

"We are, though I am not too thankful to him as to the work of yesterday."

"How could he help it?"

as cup iarrainn ar poitib nó nuair a bíonn obair trom mar rin ioir lám' agam."

"B'fearra dó go mór aise a tabairt dá páirte beag talman. Nác minic ió' béal 'An té bíonn 'n-a bpoibíreac dó féin, bíonn fé 'na feibíreac maíe do na daoib eile."

"I' beag a faoilead, a Neilli, ná déanfa fuo oim."

"Dad maíe liom fuo a déanam oir, a aair; aet mar a mbé xó ar talam a' domain aet é féin amáin ní béinn mar éile aise Séamur Táilliúra."

Le n-a linn rin o'fás Neilli an feómra, agus do fól rí go fuigeac ar fead tamall.

Nuair o'fás Séamur teac an gaba bi fé rárta go leór. Saon fé ná raib anoir le déanam aise aet dul agus an "páirte" do bheir abair leir cun Neilli an gaba do pórao. Bi fé san tobac agus éar fé irteac i riopa Seagán an leara cun bliúpe tobac do déannaic.

"An fíor," arfa Seagán an leara, "sur bair an gaba a lám as teac ó Cill Áinne afeir?"

"Ní' fé fíor agus ní' fé bfeagac," arfa Séamur. "Ní' a lám bairte, aet tá rí goirtece com mór rin go bfuil eagla oim ná beir don maíe ann go deo. Tá an fear boet buadarta go leór, aet 'fé an fuo i' mó tá cup air anoir, san Neilli beir pórt."

"B'fearra duir féin i pórao, a Séamur. Ní fuláir nó tá mírte beag aise as Taois, agus tá Neilli 'n-a cailín éall-mair."

"B'feirir go b-pórfainn," arfa Séamur, agus o'imtíe fé air abairte.

Lá ar na bárae bi fé leatá ar fuo na parróirte go raib cleamnar déanta ioir Séamur 7 ingin an gaba.

Ar fead feactmaine tar éir goirtece láime Taois do dein Eogan Ua Laoisair agus a púirtíreac obair an dá ceartócan cun go bfuair Taois gaba ós ó baile an mullinn. I' beag laete rit na feactmaine ná raib Eogan tamall as ceartócan Taois agus tamall beag as caint le Taois féin agus l'feirir le Neilli.

Nuair éainis an gaba eile ó baile an mullinn o'fáir Taois ar Eogan teact anoir agus afeir nuair a béad am aise, agus éainis go minic. Nuair bíod an beirte 7 duine aca ar gac taob do'n teme i' mó fuo do bíod aca as cup tré 'na éile, 7 Neilli i mbun a ngnóta féin timceall na cipíneac. Nuair fuair Eogan rgeata go raib cleamnar focair ioir Neilli agus Séamur Táilliúra bi iongnad air, aet duibairte fé leir féin má'r mar rin do bí an rgeat ná raib fé ceart do-ran a beir com minic irteac 'r amac i

"If he were at home attending to his own business, where he ought to be, you would have come home with me, and you would not be as you are to-day."

"You are too hard on poor James, Nelly. You see it is often he comes to give me help when I am putting tires on wheels, or when I have other similar heavy work on hands."

"It would be much better for him to mind his little bit of land. Have I not often heard from your own mouth, 'He who is a bad servant for himself is a good one for others'?"

"I little thought, Nelly, that you would not obey me."

"I would like to obey you, father; but if there was but him alone on the face of the earth, I would not be the partner of James Tailor." With that Nelly left the room, and she cried bitterly for awhile.

When James left the smith's house, he was satisfied enough. He thought that he had nothing to do but to go and bring home the lines in order to marry the smith's Nelly. He was without tobacco, and he turned into John of the Lis to buy a bit of tobacco.

"Is it true," said John of the Lis, "that the smith broke his hand coming from Killarney last night?"

"'Tisn't true and 'tisn't lying," said James. "His hand isn't broken, but it is hurt so much that I am afraid it will never be any use. The poor man is troubled enough, and the thing that is troubling him most is Nelly to be unmarried."

"You'd better marry her yourself, James. It isn't possible but Tim has a bit of money, and Nelly is a sensible girl."

"Maybe I would," said James, and went on home.

Next morning it was spread all over the parish that there was a match made between James and the smith's daughter. For a week after the injury to Tim's hand Owen and his apprentice did the work of the two forges until Tim got a young smith from Milltown. There were few days during the week that Owen wasn't at Tim's forge, and a little time talking to Tim himself, and maybe to Nelly.

When the other smith from Milltown came, Tim asked Owen to come now and again when he had time; and he often came, when the pair of them used to be one at each side of the fire. They used to discuss many things while Nelly was about her own business in the house. When Owen heard the news, that a match was settled between Nelly and James Tailor, he was surprised; but he said to himself, if that was the case, it wasn't right for himself to be in and out so often at the forge

ortig na ceáirdeán. D'iméig lá nó dó mar seo 7 san tuar as Eoghan ar an gceáirdeán. Arfa Taois le Neillí:

"A bpeaca tú Eoghan inoiu nó inóe?"

"Ní feaca," arfa Neillí.

"Tá fáil agam nac bfuil don ní air. Ní faib pe annro 'nir ó aepugad 'nóe; ní feadar cad tá á coimeád."

"Ní'l fíor agam-ra," adubairt ríre, aet bí amhar aici, mar euala rí rgeal an cleamhair.

Ir dóca ná faib Eoghan ró-parra i n'aigneas. Bí fonn ir faic ceap air. Baó maic leir tuar do tabairt anonn go ceáirdeán Taois, aet mar rin féin bí beagán náire air géilleas go faib buadairt air. Bí ré as obair go dian, aet ba cuma dó beic diomaoín nó gnoéac, níor b'féidir leir póras Neillí do cup ar a ceann.

Tpátnóna an tarra lá, nuair do bí deireas le hobair an lae asur an ceapóca dúnta, buail Eoghan trearna na páirceanna, asur bí ré as cup de go dtánis ré amac ar an mbótar i n-aice tige na ceáirdeán. Bí Neillí as an doras.

"Cannor tá t'adair, a Neillí?" arfa Eoghan.

"Tá ré dul i bpeadar. Tar irteac. Ní'l ré leat-uair ó bí ré as caint ort. Bí iongnas air go raibair cóim fada san buailas irteac eúige."

"Ní béas as dul irteac anoir, a Neillí. Tá deabas orm."

"'N é rin Eoghan, a Neillí?" ar' an Gabba.

"Sé, a adair."

"Cad 'n-a taob nac bfuil ré teact irteac?"

"Deir ré go bfuil deabas air, a adair."

"Adair leir teact irteac. Tá gno agam de."

Do buail Eoghan irteac.

Arfa an Gabba, "Cá raibair le reactmáin? Bíor cun rgeala cup anonn eúgat féacaint cad a bí ort."

"Ó! ní faib ploc orm, aet go raibar an-gnoéac, asur sur faoilcar go mbéas puo éigin eile búr scur tpe 'n-a céile 'ná ríab a beic a cuimneam orm-ra."

"Aet go mbéas mo lám bacac plán agam apir, asur buideas le Dia tá rí dul cun cinn go maic, ní béas don ní as cup buad-airta orainn."

"Go deimín, ní cúir buadairta an rgeal aguib, aet a malairt, asur go n-éirigir búr bpóras lib," arfa Eoghan, asur toet 'n-a epóide.

"Apú goe é an póras?" arfa Taois Gabba.

"Nac bfuil Neillí asur Séamur Táilliúra le beic pórtas i noiar an Capaisir?"

"Fiarpais do Neillí féin an fíor é nó bpeas."

house. A day or two passed in this way without Owen taking a turn to the forge.

Says Tim to Nelly, "Did you see Owen to-day or yesterday?"

"I did not," says Nelly.

"I hope there's nothing wrong with him. He wasn't here since 'ere yesterday. I don't know what's keeping him."

"I don't know," says she; but she had a suspicion, for she heard the tale of the match.

It is likely Owen wasn't very easy in his mind. He was between hope and fear. He would like to take a turn over to Tim's forge; but for all that, he was a little ashamed to admit his trouble of mind. He was working hard, but it was all the same to him whether idle or busy, he couldn't put Nelly's marriage out of his head.

On the evening of the second day, when the day's work was finished and the forge shut up, Owen went over across the fields, and was going ahead until he came out on the road close to the forge house. Nelly was at the door.

"How's your father, Nelly," says Owen.

"He's improving. Come in. It isn't half an hour since he was speaking of you. He was wondering you were so long without dropping in to him."

"I won't be going in now, Nelly, I'm in a hurry."

"Is that Owen, Nelly?" says the smith.

"'Tis, father."

"Why isn't he coming in?"

"He says he is in a hurry, father."

"Tell him to come in. I want him."

Owen walked in.

Says the smith, "Where have you been this week past? I was going to send over a message to see what was wrong with you."

"Oh, there wasn't a bit wrong with me, but that I was very busy, and that I thought you would have other things to bother you than for you to be thinking of me."

"Were my lame hand but better again, and, thank God, it is going on well, there would be nothing troubling me."

"Indeed, your case is not a case of trouble, but the opposite, and I hope the marriage will be prosperous," said Owen, with a load at his heart.

"Why, then, what marriage?" said Tim the Smith.

"Are not Nelly and James Tailor to be married after Lent?"

"Ask Nelly if it is truth or falsehood."

"An fíor é, a Neillí?"

"Ní'l, agus ní beir go deo," arsa Neillí, agus amac an doimhne léi.

Ar feadh tamaill níor labhair don'ne do'n beirt focal.

"O'féidir, a Catha," arsa Eoghan, "go dtabairfid Neillí dam-ra?"

"Sé ir fearra dúit an deirt rin a cup cuici féin."

Agus do cuir, agus ní gabad inniint cad é an freagra fuair ré ó Neillí. Bí an párróirde ag magadh fad Séamur Cailliúra; áit fuair ré rtoróigin beas ó Gleann na gCoileac ná raib ró-ós áit go raib píce púnt rppéir aici.

CATHA:

allaróir—deafness.

nabalíní bó—miserable cows.

ar tógáil—"lifting," not able to lift themselves owing to winter want.

Sac ar a feadh or sac re feadh—every second word, "one word borrowed another."

ir gearr = ir gearr = ir gearr—soon, very soon.

ar m'anam—by my soul. The m is aspirated.

parpéir—dispensation from banns.

múirle beas aingis— a little lump of money.

Toct 'na éiríe—a load at his heart.

Sean-ghoza—an old, worthless horse.

"Is it true, Nelly?"

"No, and it never will be," says Nelly, and out the door with her.

For awhile neither of the pair spoke a word.

"Maybe, Tim," says Owen, "you'd give Nelly to me?"

"You'd better put that question to herself."

And he did, and it is needless to tell the answer he got from Nelly.

The parish was laughing at James Tailor; but he got a little stump from Glennagolagh, who wasn't too young, but who had a fortune of twenty pounds.

ΔΙΤΡΙΣΕ ΑΝ ΡΕΔΕΥΡΑΙΣ:

Α ΡΙΣ ΤΑ ΑΡ ΝΕΙΜ 'Ρ Α ΕΡΥΤΑΙΣ ΑΔΑΜ,
'S Α ΕΥΡΕΑΡ ΕΑΡ Ι ΒΡΕΑΕΘ ΑΝ ΎΒΑΙΛ,
ΟΕ! ΡΣΡΕΑΘΑΙΜ ΟΡΤ ΑΝΟΙΡ, ΟΡ ΔΡΟ,
Ο ΙΡ ΛΕ ΤΟ ΣΡΑΡΑ ΤΑ ΜΕ ΔΣ ΡΪΛ.

ΤΑ ΜΕ Ι Ν-ΑΟΙΡ, Δ'Ρ ΤΟ ΕΡΙΟΝ ΜΟ ΒΛΑΤ,
ΙΡ ΙΟΜΘΑ ΛΑ ΜΕ ΔΣ ΤΟΥ ΑΜΥΣ',
ΤΟ ΤΥΙΤ ΜΕ Ι ΒΡΕΑΕΘ ΑΝΟΙΡ ΝΑΟΙ ΤΕΡΑΤ,
ΔΕΤ ΤΑ ΝΑ ΣΡΑΡΑ ΑΡ ΛΑΙΜ ΑΝ ΎΑΙΝ.

ΝΥΑΙΡ ΒΙ ΜΕ ΟΣ Β'ΟΛΕ ΙΑΘ ΜΟ ΤΡΕΙΤΕ,
ΒΥΘ ΜΟΡ ΜΟ ΡΡΕΙΡ Ι ΡΕΛΕΙΡ 'Ρ Ι Ν-ΕΑΕΡΑΝΝ;
Β'ΡΕΑΡΡ ΛΙΟΜ ΣΟ ΜΟΡ ΔΣ ΙΜΙΡΤ 'Ρ ΔΣ ΟΙ
ΑΡ ΜΑΙΟΙΝ ΤΟΜΝΑΙΣ ΝΑ ΤΡΙΑΙΛ ΕΥΜ ΔΙΡΡΥΝΝ:

ΝΙΟΡ Β'ΡΕΑΡΡ ΛΙΟΜ ΡΥΙΘΕ 'Ν ΔΙΕ ΕΑΙΛΙΝ ΟΙΣ
ΝΑ ΛΕ ΜΝΑΟΙ ΡΟΡΤΑ ΔΣ ΕΕΙΛΙΘΕΑΕΤ ΤΑΜΑΙΛ,
ΤΟ ΜΙΟΝΝΑΙΘ ΜΟΡΑ ΤΟ ΒΙ ΜΕ ΤΑΒΑΡΤΑ
ΔΣΥΡ ΤΡΑΙΡ ΝΟ ΡΟΙΤΕ ΝΙΟΡ ΛΕΙΣ ΜΕ ΤΑΡΜ:

ΡΕΑΕΘ ΑΝ ΎΒΑΙΛ, ΜΟ ΕΡΑΘ 'Ρ ΜΟ ΛΕΥΝ!
ΙΡ Ε ΜΙΛΛ ΑΝ ΡΑΟΓΑΙ ΜΑΡ ΣΕΑΙΛ ΑΡ ΒΕΙΡΤ Ι
Δ'Ρ Ο'Ρ ΕΟΙΡ ΑΝ ΕΡΑΟΡ ΑΤΑ ΜΙΡΕ ΡΙΟΡ,
ΜΥΝΑ ΒΡΟΙΡΡΕΘ ΙΟΡΑ ΑΡ Μ'ΑΝΑΜ ΒΟΕΤ.

ΙΡ ΟΥΜ, ΡΑΡΑΟΡ! ΤΑ ΝΑ ΕΟΙΡΕΑΕΑ ΜΟΡΑ,
ΔΕΤ ΤΙΛΤΟΕΑΘ ΤΟΙΘ ΜΑ ΜΑΙΡΥΜ ΤΑΜΑΙΛ,
ΣΑΕ ΜΘ ΒΥΑΙΛ ΑΝΥΑΡ ΑΡ ΜΟ ΕΟΛΑΙΝ ΡΟΡ,
Α ΡΙΣ ΝΑ ΣΙΟΙΡΕ 'ΣΥΡ ΤΑΡΡΤΑΙΣ Μ'ΑΝΑΜ.

* *Literally*: O King, who art in Heaven and who createdst Adam, and who payest regard to the sin of the apple, I scream to Thee again and aloud, for it is Thy grace that I hope for. I am in age, and my bloom has withered, many a day am I going astray, I have fallen into sin more than nine fathoms (deep), but the graces are in the hands of the Lamb.

When I was young, evil were my accomplishments, great was my

RAFTERY'S REPENTANCE.

[From Douglas Hyde's edition of "Songs ascribed to Raftery," page 356.]

O King of Heaven, who didst create
 The man who ate of that sad tree,
 To Thee I cry, oh turn Thy face,
 Show heavenly grace this day to me.*

Though shed be now our bloom of youth,
 And though in truth our sense be dull,
 Though fallen in sin and shame I am,
 Yet God the Lamb is merciful.

When I was young my ways were evil,
 Caught by the devil I went astray;
 On sacred mornings I sought not Mass,
 But I sought, alas! to drink and play.

Married or single, grave or gay,
 Each in her way was loved by me,
 I shunned not the senses' sinful sway,
 I shunned not the body's mastery.

From the sin of the apple, the crime of two,
 Our virtues are few, our lusts run free,
 For my riotous appetite Christ alone
 From His mercy's throne can pardon me.

Ah, many a crime has indeed been mine,
 But grant to me time to repent the whole,
 Still torture my body and bruise it sorely,
 Thou King of Glory, but save the soul.

delight in quarrels and rows. I greatly preferred playing or drinking on a Sunday morning to going to Mass. I did not like better to sit beside a young girl than by a married woman on a rambling-visit awhile. To great oaths (I was) given, and lustfulness and drunkenness, I did not let (pass) me by. The sin of the apple, my destruction and my grief! it is that which destroyed the world on account of two. Since gluttony is a crime I am down (fallen) unless Jesus shall have mercy on my poor soul.

D'éalais an lán a' r níos tós mé an fáil,
 No sup iteasóí an bárr ann ar cuip tú d'úil;
 Aét a áirio-uis an Ceirte, anoir péir mo éar;
 A' r le rruet na ngrápa fluic mo fáil:

Ir le do grápa do glan tú Máire,
 A' r fáor tú Dáibid do rinne an aitriúge,
 Do tuis tú Maoire plán ó'n mbátao,
 'S tá crochuasó láidir sup fáor tú an gaoithe:

Mar ir peacac mé nac n'earra rcoir,
 Ná rólar móir do Dia ná Muire,
 Aét fáit mo bhróin tá mo coirpeaca rómam,
 Mar féoil mé an rcoir ar an méar ir fuioe.

A Rís na Glóire tá lán de grápa,
 'S tú rinne beoir a' r fion de'n uirge,
 Le beasán aráin do riar tú an rluas,
 Oé! rreardait fóir agus rlanais mire:

O a Íosa Críost a d'fulaing an páir,
 A' r do adlaasó, mar do bí tú úmal,
 Cuirim cuimríd* m'anama ar do rgsát,
 A' r ar uair mo báir ná tabair dam cúl:

A Baintiógain párricair, máitair a' r maigdean,
 Sgátán na ngrápa, aingeal a' r naomh,
 Cuirim coraint m'anama ar do lámh,
 O tós mo páirt, 'r béir mé fáor.

* "Cuimríd" i gConnacetaib, i n-áit "comairce," .7. dóisíonn.

It is on me, alas! that the great crimes are, but I shall reject them if I live for a while (longer), beat down everything upon my body yet, O King of Glory, but save my soul. The day has stolen away, and I have not raised the hedge, until the crop in which Thou delightedst was eaten. But, O High King of the Right, settle my case, and with the flood of graces wet mine eye. It was by Thy graces Thou didst cleanse Mary, and didst save David who made repentance, and Thou broughtest Moses safe from drowning, and, O Merciful Christ, rescue me. For I

The day is now passed, yet the fence not made,
The crop is betrayed, with its guardian by ;
O King of the Right, forgive my case,
With the tears of grace bedew mine eye.

In the flood of Thy grace was Mary laved,
And David was saved upon due repentance,
And Moses was brought through the drowning sea,
—O Christ, upon me pass gracious sentence.

For I am a sinner who set no store
By holy lore, by Christ or Mary ;
I rushed my bark through the wildest sea,
With the sails set free, unwise, unwary.

O King of Glory, O Lord divine,
Who madest wine of the common water,
Who thousands hast fed with a little bread,
Must I be led to the pen of slaughter !

O Jesus Christ—to the Father's will
Submissive still—who wast dead and buried,
I place myself in Thy gracious hands
Ere to unknown lands my soul be ferry'd.

O Queen of Paradise, mother, maiden,
Mirror of graces, angel and saint,
I lay my soul at thy feet, grief-laden,
And I make to Mary my humble plaint.

am a sinner who never made a store, or (gave) great satisfaction to God or to Mary, but, cause of my grief! my crimes are before me, since I sailed my scud (*aliter* score) upon the longest finger (*i.e.*, put things off).

O King of Glory, who art full of grace, it was Thou who madest beoir and wine of the water; with a little bread Thou didst provide for the multitude, oh, attend to, help, and save me. O Jesus Christ, who didst suffer the passion and wast buried, because Thou wast humble, I place the shelter of my soul under Thy protection, and at the hour of my death turn not Thy back upon me.

'Noir tá mé i n-aoir 'r ar bhuac an báir,
'S ir fearr an rpar go dtéigim i n-uir,
Aet ir fearr go deirdeannac ná go bpad,
Asur fuaspaím páirt ar Rir na n'Dúl.

Ir cuaille san mait mé i scoirnéall fáil.*
No ir cormúit le báo mé a cailt a rtiúr,
'Do bhirpíde ardeac a n-agsaio carraiz 'ra 'bhráigí†
'S do beirdeac dá bácaó 'rna tonntaib fuar'.‡

A fopa Críort a fuair bár Dia h-Aoine,
A d'éirig arir ann do ruz san loet,
Nac tú tug an trlige le aithrige do déanamh,
'S nac beas an rmuáineac do rinnear ort!

Do 'ríla, ar dtúr, míle 'r o't sceuo,
An ríce go beac, i sceann an do-déas,
Ó'n am timpling Críort do reub an seataio,
Go dti an bliadain a n-deapnaio Reachtúrais an aithrige.

* Aliter, "ir cuaille cor mé i n-éadan fáil," G.

† = fairrige. Aliter, "ar bhuac na rpa."

‡ Aliter, "beirdeac 'sa bácaó 'r a cailtpeac a rnaíh"; aliter, "reol," aliter, "ríúal"; aet d'atpáig mé an líne le comfuaím do déanamh."

O Queen of Paradise, mother and maiden, mirror of graces, angel and saint, I place the protection of my soul in thy hand, O Mary, refuse me not, and I shall be saved.

Now I am in age, and on the brink of the death, and short is the time till I go into the ground, but better is late than never, and I appeal for kindness to (or perhaps, "I proclaim that I am on the side of") the King of the elements.

I am a worthless wattle in a corner of a hedge, or I am like a boat

Now since I am come to the brink of death
And my latest breath must soon be drawn,
May heaven, though late, be my aim and mark
From day till dark, and from dark till dawn.

I am left like a stick in a broken gap,
Or a helmless ship on a sunless shore,
Where the ruining billows pursue its track,
While the cliffs of death frown black before.

O Jesus Christ, who hast died for men,
And hast risen again without stain or spot,
Unto those who have sought it Thou showest the way,
Ah, why in my day have I sought it not !

One thousand eight hundred years of the years,
And twenty and twelve, amid joys and fears,
Have passed since Christ burst hell's gates and defences,
To the year when Raflery made this Repentance.

that has lost its rudder, that would be beaten in against a rock in the ocean, and that would be a-drowning in the cold waves. O Jesus Christ, who didst die on a Friday, and didst rise again as a faultless King, was it not Thou who gavest me the way to make repentance, and was it not little that I thought about Thee? There first happened one thousand and eight hundred (years), and twenty exactly, in addition to twelve, from the time that Christ descended, who burst the gates, until the year when Raflery made the "Repentance."

AN CÚIS D'Á PLÉIÖ:

(Leir an Reachtúrao.)

Éirighíde ruar tá 'n cúrra as teannaö lú,
 Bíod cloídeam d' r pleas asuib i bpaobar zeur,
 Ir gearr uaid an Cúis, tá 'n dáta caitte,
 Mar rghíob na hAbroail na naoim 'r an éleir;
 Tá an coinneall le múcaö euz lúiteir iarta leir,
 Aöt téirö ar bup nglúnaib d' r iarraib d'cuinge,
 Suröirö an tUan 'r beirö an lá as na Catolcais,
 Tá an Mhumán tre iaraö 'r an Chúir d'á pléirö.

Tá 'n dá Chúige Múman ar riubal, 'r ni rtaofaio
 So leasgar döib deacmaö d' r cior dá péir, †
 'S dá otugfaide döib congnaim d' r éire [do] fearam
 Bheirö' gárhoar lās d' r sac bearna péirö.
 Bheirö' gaili ar a g-cúl, d' r san teacö ar air aca,
 Asur ' Orangemen ' brúigte i gciúmar* sac baile 'gaimn
 Bpeiteam d' r Júry† i oteac cúirte as na Catolcais'
 Sacrana marö, 'r an éróin ar ghaeöeal:

* Sghíobta "ingdeoin" 'ran ms. mar labairtear r g-Connactaib é.

† 'S é "coirte" an t-ainm ceair coiréionn aöt veir an Reachtúrao "Júry" le "coimara," no coim-fuaim, oo déanam le "cúl" asur "brúigte."

* *Literally:* Rise ye up, the course is drawing near to you, let ye have sword and spear with sharp edge, not-far-off from you in the [mystic number] "Five," the date is expired, as have written the apostles, the saints, and the clergy. The candle is to be quenched which Luther brought lit with him, but go ye on your knees and ask a petition. Pray ye the Lamb and the day shall be won by the Catholics, Munster is on fire, and Cúis dá plé—i.e., the cause is a-pleading.

† This would make it appear that Raftery composed his song in 1833 or 1834, since the tithe war did actually come to a successful issue in 1835 and in the same year Thomas Drummond inaugurated a new régime at Dublin Castle.

‡ Pronounced "*Leach d-ar play*," which means "The cause a-pleading."

§ The two provinces of Munster are afoot, and will not stop till tithes be overthrown by them, and rents according, and if help were given

THE "CUÍS DÁ PLÉ."

(BY RAFTERY.)

(From "The Religious Songs of Connacht.")

Rise up and come, for the dawn is approaching,*

With sword, and with spear, and with weapon to slay,
For the hour foretold by the saints and apostles,

The time of the "FIVE"† is not far away.

We'll quench by *degrees* the light of the Lutherns.

Down on your *knees*, let us pray for the Southernns.

God we shall *please* with the prayers of the Catholics.

Munster's afire and Cúis dá plé.‡

There's a fire afoot in the Munster provinces ;§

It's "down with the tithes and the rents we pay."||

When we are behind her, and Munster challenges,

The guards of England must fall away.

Though Orangemen grudge our lives, the fanatics,

We'll make them budge, we accept their challenges ;

We'll have jury and judge in the courts for Catholics,

And England come down in the Cúis dá plé.

them and [we were] to stand by Ireland the [English] guards would be feeble, and every gap [made] easy. The Gall (Gael, Irish) will be on their back, without ever returning again, and the Orangemen bruised in the borders of every town, a judge and a jury in the court-house for the Catholics, England dead, and the crown on the Gael.

|| From this verse it appears that some at least of the peasantry, even at that early period, distinctly associated the struggle against tithes with the idea of a possible struggle against rents. Very few appear to have seen this at the time, though Dr. Hamilton, the collection of whose tithes led to the sanguinary affair of Carrickshock, in Kilkenny, where no less than 28 of the police were killed and wounded, said to the spokesman of a deputation of the peasantry who waited on him, "I tell you what it is, you are refusing to pay tithes now; you will refuse to pay rents by and by." To which the spokesman of the peasantry retorted, "There is a great difference, sir, between tithes and rents; we get *some value* for the rents, we get the land anyway for them; but we get no value at all for the tithes." The incredibly bitter feelings engendered by the struggle at Carrickshock, in 1831, found vent in an English ballad, founded on an Irish model, one verse of which I heard from my friend Michael Cavanagh, of Washington, D.C., who was once private secretary to John O'Mahony, and author of the "Life of Meagher," who was himself "raised" in that neighbourhood. This verse struck me as being so revoltingly savage and at the same time so good a specimen of

Béiró aḡainn faoi Cháirs pléaráca 'r cuideadta;
 Ól a'r imirt a'r rporit o'da péir,
 Béiró maire 'ḡur blát aḡur fár ar ériannaib,
 Snuaó 'ḡur rnar aḡur orúct ar feur;
 Feiciró rió fán a'r neam-ápo ar Shacraáais',
 Ár námaio le fán aḡur leaḡaó a'r lear (?) orra;
 Teinnteadá cnám ann ḡac ápo aḡ na Catolcais',
 'S naé rin i ḡan brabadé (?) an Chúir o'da pléiró:

Ir iomóda fear breáḡ faoi an trát ro teilḡte*
 O Chorca ḡo h-Innir 'r ḡo Baile Roirceé,
 Aḡur buacailiróe bána le fán aḡ imteadé
 O íráio Chille-Chainniḡ ḡo "Dancu Bae."
 Adé iompócaio an cápoa 'r béiró lám maic aḡainn-ne
 Searfaió an máo ar élar na h-imirte,
 O'da bfeicirinn-re an rára o Phorcláirḡe ḡo Biorra 'rra
 Sheinnḡinn ḡo deimín an Chúir o'da pléiró:

*Labairtear an focal ro maí "teilḡte." Ir focal coitḡionn i ḡConnadtaib é.
 Ir ionnann "bí pé teilḡte" aḡur "Chuaio breiteamnar na cúirte 'na aḡaio."

Irish vowel-rhyming, that it were a pity not to preserve it. It runs thus, as well as I can remember it—

"Oh, who could desire to see better *sporting*,
 Than the peelers *groping* among the *rocks*,
 With skulls all fractured, and eyeballs *broken*,
 Their fine long *noses* and ears cut *off*!
 Their roguish *sergeant* with heart so *hardened*,
 May thank his heels that so nimbly ran,
 But all that's past is but a *token*,
 To what we'll *show them* at *Slieve-na-man*!"

It is worth mentioning that the Kilkenny peasants who made this desperate attack gave their words of command in Irish, and, no doubt, felt that they were the "Gael" once more attacking the "Gall."

When Easter arrives we'll have mirth and revelry,*

Eating and drinking, and sport, and play,
Beautiful flowers, and trees, and foliage,

Dew on the grass through the live-long day.†

We'll set in amaze the Gall and the Sassenach,

Thronging the ways they will all fly back again,

Our fires shall blaze to the halls of the firmament,

Kindling the chorus of *Cúis dá plé*.

There are many fine men at this moment a-pining

From Ennis to Cork, and the town of Roscrea,
And many a Whiteboy in terror a-flying

From the streets of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay.

But there's change on the cards and we'll now take a hand again,

Our trumps show large, let us play them manfully,

Boys, when ye charge them from Birr into Waterford,

It is I who shall lilt for you the *Cúis dá plé*.‡

Joseph Sheridan Lefanu, almost the best of our Anglo-Irish novelists, prophesied of the landlords who looked on quiescent during the tithe war: "Never mind, their time will come; rents will be attacked as tithes are now, with the same machinery and with like success." "His prophecy," says his brother, W. R. Lefanu, "was laughed at." Long after, one who had heard him said to him, "Well, Lefanu, your rent war hasn't come." All he said was, "'I will come, and soon, too," as it did.

* By Easter we shall have revelry and company, drinking and playing, and sport according; there shall be beauty and blossom and growth on trees, fairness and fineness and dew upon the grass. Ye shall see falling-off and contempt on the Sassenachs, our enemy precipitated, and overthrow and defeat (?) upon them, bonfires in every art, (*i.e.*, point of the compass) for the Catholics, and is not that, and nothing over, the *Cúis dá plé*.

† The Celtic imagination of this verse, and its "revolt against the despotism of fact," is characteristic in the highest degree of the Irish peasant.

‡ There is many a fine man at this time sentenced, from Cork to Ennis and the town of Roscrea and White Boys wandering, and departing from the street of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay. But the cards shall turn, and we shall have a good hand; the trump shall stand on the board we play at. If I were to see the race on 'hem [*i.e.*, them driven to fly] from Waterford to Birr, I would sing you indeed the *Cúis dá plé*.

Éirigiúe ruar, a'r gluairiúe uile,
 Téiríúe ar an gcnoc agus glacaig' b'ur ngleur,
 As Dia tá na spára a'r béir pé 'n b'ur scuireadéa,
 Bíod' agus meirneac, ir b'ead' an rgeul é.
 Snótócair' rib' an lá ann gac' áir' de Shacranaig',
 Duailir' an clár 'r' béir na cáir' dea' teac' eugaid',
 Ólaid' ar lám', anoir, pláinte Raiteir',
 'S é cuirfead' doair' bail' ar an gCúir v'á pléir.

* Rise up and proceed all of you come upon the hill and take your equipment. God has the graces, and He shall be in your company. Let ye have courage; it is a fine story [I have to tell you], ye shall gain the

Up then and come in the might of your thousands,
Stand on the hills with your weapons to slay;
God is around us and in our company,
Be not afraid of their might this day.
Our band is victorious, their cards are valueless,
Our victory glorious, we'll smash the Sassenachs,
Now drink ye in chorus, "Long life to Raftery,"
For it's he who could sing you the *Cúis dá plé*.*

day in every quarter from the Sassenachs. Strike ye the board and the cards will be coming to you. Drink out of hand now a health to Raftery; it is he who would put success for you on the *Cúis dá plé*.

IS FADA O CUIREAD SÍOS;

(Leir an Reachtúrad.)

Ir fada ó cuiread ríor go dtiocfaid ré 'ran traozal
 Go ndóirctíde fuil 'r go ndeunfaíde rléucta,
 Do réir mar rghíob na naoim l mbliadain an naoi* tá 'n
 baogal
 Má géillimid do'n rghioptúir naomta.
 An balla deuntar fuar ni fanann ré a b'ead fuar,
 Sgiopann ré ó'n r'roc—"foundation,"
 Aét an áit a ndeacáir an t-aol ni corócair cloé ar coróé',
 Tá an éarraig faoi 'na fuide nac bpleurzfair.

Ir ríoppuide rean an Chúirt do raoilead éabairt anuar
 Aét 'ré meafaim-re gur níó nac féiríor,
 Tá naoim deatari le n-a bpuac agur Cphioir [to] éur an rluaz
 A'r congócair ríad na h-uain le céile.
 Adaltreanur 'r r'púir do éoraig an rgeul ar r'úir,
 Agur hannraoi an t-Oét do éreig a céile,
 Aét díogaltar ríe a'r ruais ar "Orangemen" go luat
 Nac bpuair ariam an "conspiration."

*Ir corínúil go raib an t'rean-éarraingheact reo i g-cuifhne ag an Reachtúrad.

Nuair éailfear an leóhan a neart
 'S an póctánán breac a b'rig,
 Seinnfíó an élaíreac go binn binn
 Toir a h-oét agur a naoi.

Ir corínúil go meafann re an rghioptúir agur rean-éarraingheacta le
 céile! Labairfear "baogal" mar "baogal" ann ro, aét "naomta" mar
 "naemta." Dá bpoirfead ré ó'a rann deunfaid ré "baégal" de "baogal"
 agur "naomta" de "naomta"!

* No doubt Raftery is alluding to the old prophecy scarcely yet forgotten, which may be thus translated:—

"When the tawny Lion shall lose its strength,
 And the bracket Thistle begin to pine,
 Sweet, sweet shall the wild Harp sound at length,
 Between the Eight and the Nine."

HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SAID?

(BY ANTHONY RAFTERY, OF THE CO. MAYO.)

How long has it been said that the world should be bled,
 And blood flow red like a river?
 In the year of the "NINE," when the crimson moon shall shine,
 (It stands written in the Scripture for ever).
 The wall that has been built where no blood-cement is spilt
 Slips forth from its uncertain foundation,
 But where blood has gone and lime, it shall stand through tide
 and time,
 As a bulwark and a rock to the nation.†

Everlasting is the court that they thought to make their sport;
 But that court can stand wind, rain, and weather?
 St. Peter is on guard, with Christ to watch and ward,
 And to gather all his lambs in, together.
 Adultery and lust began the game at first,
 When Henry the Eighth ruled the nation;
 But shout and rout pursue that bloody Orange crew,
 Never favored by our Lord's consecration.‡

Literally: "When the Lion shall lose his strength and the speckled thistle his vigor, the harp shall play sweetly, sweetly, between the Eight and the Nine." In another poem of his called the "History of the Bush," he alludes to a prophecy that the "Gaels would score a point in the 29th year."

† *Literally:* It is long since it was set down that it would come into the world that blood should be spilt and slaughter made, according as the saints wrote, in the year of the Nine is the danger, if we submit to the Holy Scripture. The wall which is built cold [*i.e.*, without mortar] it does not stay long up, it slips from the bad foundation, but where the lime went, a stone shall not move out of it forever; the rock is under it settled, which shall not burst.

‡ Everlasting and ancient is the Court that it was thought to bring down, but 'tis what I think, that it is a thing impossible, St. Peter is at its brink (*i.e.*, by it side), and Christ, whom the multitude crucified, and they will keep the lambs together. Adultery and lust began the story first, and Henry VIII. who forsook his consort, but vengeance, running and rout [fall] speedily on the Orangemen, who never got the consecration.

Whene'er ye rise or lie, think upon God on high,
And practise all his virtues—we need them—
This strange world changes fast, as change both wind and blast;
From a small thing may arise our freedom.
Elizabeth, who thought Faith might be sold and bought,
And who harassed all the just of the nation,
In chains she now is tied with Luther at her side,
They are paying for their "Reformation."*

Dear God! but this is play! they thought to burn and slay,
But their courage ebbs away down to zero;
Their William clad in mail, who left in chains the Gael,
They shall never again see that hero.
A bell is rung in Rome, it says our triumph's come,
With bonfires, and music, and cheering,
Since George is on the throne the Orangemen make moan,
They run cold in every bone—they are fearing! †

O Christ for us who died, *we* never sold Thy bride,
Do not see us set aside we beseech Thee;
But they who sing the praise of Luther's crooked ways,
Shall their impious petitions reach Thee!
The Orangemen assert that our clergy are but dirt,
Insulting us since Luther's arrival;
May treachery and shame be their lot who bear the blame
Of turning into English the Bible.‡

+ Oh, God! is it not great the sport, the lot that thought to burn us, how they had to deny their vote? And William, who began the fight, and who put the Gael out of their way, they shall see him no more prepared [for fight]. A bell shall be struck in Rome, there shall be bonfires and music in every little and in every great [place] throughout Erin. Since George came to the throne the Orangemen are under grief, and without power to blow their nose.

‡ O Jesus crucified on tree, do not see the people put down who never sold the woman who reared thee, on any consideration; but Luther and his crooked way, and the family that believe in him, is it not a bad right that they should get submission. If it is true for the Orangemen, there is no use for the clergy in their talk, and the proof of that, Ireland has to read, that it is injustice, murder and treachery, and the deception (?) of the children of the Galls that turned the Bible over into English.

Chualaid mé, munab bpeug, so ttiucfaid pé ran traeḡal
 So s-cuipride máigirtir léigin ann gac cúinne,
 Ní bfuil 'ran gcár aet rḡeim* aḡ meallad uainn an tḡeio
 Aḡur oiúltaiḡib do ḡnóḡaiḡib lúiteir.
 Cḡeioir do'n éleir 'r ná tḡeioir ar malairt féir,
 No caillirid rib Mac Dé 'r a cúmacta,
 'S an long ro éuaid a léig (?) má tḡeideann rib ann de léim
 Iompócaid ri a'r beid rib fúite.

Altaiḡib le Dia, tá an t-actair bairtliú fíar,
 'S congḡócaid pé ar na caorcaib ḡáirda,
 An rliocet i ḡ-cat ná i ngliac nár oíol an páir aríam
 Aḡur reappaid pé anagaid bḡrcáig a'r Dálaiḡ.
 Tá Clanna ḡall 'n ar nḡaiḡ mar beirdead maḡra alla ar fliab
 Bheir' aḡ iarraid an t-uan do ḡoio ó'n máḡair.
 Aet ['r] O Ceallaiḡ óeunfaḡ a bḡiaḡac ḡan cú ḡan eac ḡan
 rrian
 Le toil a'r cúmact riḡ na nḡrára:

Ní'l riḡeadóir láun na bḡeioe ná ḡréaraid anḡaiḡ a laé
 Náe mbionn aḡ piocaḡ bpeug ar úḡoair,
 A mbíobla ar báir a méar, aḡ deapbuaḡad 'ran éiteac,
 Aet iocfaid ríad i nḡeire cúire.
 Féar ḡan raḡairc ḡan léigean a míniḡear ḡaoib an rḡeul,
 Raḡteirid o'éirt le ar' ouḡraḡ,
 '[S] aḡeir so flaitḡear Dé nae raḡaird neac so n-eug
 Bheirdear aḡ plé le leaḡraib lúiteir:

*= an focal béarla "scheme."

* I heard, unless it be a lie, that it shall come in the world that a master of learning shall be placed in every corner. There is nothing in the case but a scheme deceiving the flock from us, and refuse ye the works of Luther. Believe in the clergy and go not exchanging grass, [i.e., remain on your own pasture] or ye shall lose the Son of God and His power, and this ship that went to ruin (?), if ye go into it of a leap, it will turn and ye shall be underneath it.

I heard, if it be true, a rumor strange and new,
That they mean to plant schools in each corner;
The plan is for our scaith, to steal away our faith,
And to train up the spy and suborner.
Our clergy's word is good, oh seek no other food,
Our church has God's own arm round her;
But if ye will embark on this vessel in the dark,
It shall turn in the sea and founder.*

But thanks be to the Lord, Father Bartley is our sword,
Set fast in our midst as a nail is;
'Tis he shall guard the sheep, his clan was not for sleep,
He will stand against the Burkes and the Dalys.†
The Gall is on our tracks, like wolves that rage in packs,
They seek to tear the lamb from the mother;
But O'Kelly is our hound, and to hunt them he is bound,
Till we see them fall to tear one another.‡

The man who weaves our frieze, the cobbler who tells lies,
They read learned authors now!—cause for laughter—
Their Bible on their lips and at their finger tips!
But they'll pay for it all hereafter.
A blind unlettered man expounds to you his plan,
Rafferty, whose heart in him is burning,
Who bids ye all to know that none to heaven can go
On the strength of their Luther's learning.§

† The Dalys of Dunsandle, no doubt.

‡ Render thanks to God, Father Bartley (*i.e.*, Bartholomew) is in the West, and he will keep guard over the sheep, he is of the race that in battle or conflict never sold the passion [perhaps a mistake for "sold the pass"], and he will stand against Burkes and Dalys. The children of the Gall are after us, as it were wolves upon the mountains, that would be seeking to steal the lamb from the mother; but O'Kelly will hunt them without hound, horse, or bridle, by the will and the power of the King of the Graces.

§ There is not a weaver of lawn or frieze, or a cobbler after his day, that does not be picking lies out of authors, their Bible on the top of their fingers, assuring and perjuring; but they shall pay at the end of the case. A man without sight, without learning [it is] who expounds to you the story, Rafferty, who listened to all that was said, and who says that to the heaven of God no one shall ever go who will be pleading with the books of Luther.

malлуḡað an bōeir ar śacsanaib;

(leir an "nḡeḡān ḡlar.")

Δ Όια ḡur ḡoiru
An uair 'r an lā
Δ bḡeicḡimio śacraḡa
leḡḡa ar lār!

Δ Όια ḡur ḡoiru
An lā 'ḡur an uair;
Δ bḡeicḡimio i
Δ'r a cḡoirōe-re ḡo ruar.

ḡo ruar Δ'r ḡo cḡapḡa,
'S i cḡāiōḡe ḡan bḡiḡ,
ḡan cḡor ann a lāmāib
ḡan cḡor ann a cḡoirōe:

bainḡiōḡain bī innti,
bainḡiōḡain ḡan bḡōn;
Δēt bainḡimio ti-re
ḡo pōil a cḡōin.

bēiō an bainḡiōḡain āluinn
ḡo cḡāiōḡe Δ'r ḡo ōūbāc;
Ōir ḡeobaiō rī cūtiḡḡað
An lā rin, Δ'r luāc;

luāc na pōla
Ōo ōōirḡ rī 'na rḡuḡ;
ḡuil na bḡear bān
Δḡur ḡuil na bḡear ōub;

luāc na ḡcḡoirōe rin
Ōo bḡir rī ḡo tiḡḡ,
Cḡoirōḡe bī bān
Δḡur cḡoirōḡe bī ōub;

luāc na ḡcḡāiḡ
Tā ō'ā mbānuḡað anōiā;
Cḡāiḡa na m'bān
Δḡur cḡāiḡa na n'Ōub;

luāc an ocaraḡ
Cūir rī ar bonn,
luāc na bḡiaḡḡar
ḡḡaōil rī le ponn;

THE CURSE OF THE BOERS ON ENGLAND.

(TRANSLATED BY LADY GREGORY.)

O God, may it come shortly,
 The hour and this day,
 When we shall see England
 Utterly overthrown.

O God, may it shortly come,
 This day and this hour,
 When we shall see her
 And her heart turned cold.

It is she was a Queen,
 A Queen without sorrow ;
 But we will take from her,
 One day her Crown.

That Queen that was beautiful
 Will be tormented and darkened,
 For she will get her reward
 In that day, and her wage.

Her wage for the blood
 She poured out on the streams ;
 Blood of the white man,
 Blood of the black man.

Her wage for those hearts
 That she broke in the end ;
 Hearts of the white man,
 Hearts of the black man.

Her wage for the bones
 That are whitening to-day ;
 Bones of the white man,
 Bones of the black man.

Her wage for the hunger
 That she put on foot ;
 Her wage for the fever,
 That is an old tale with her.

Luac na mbaintreabac
 O'pás rí gan rí,
 Luac na ngairgiðeac
 Cuir rí ar bior.

Luac na noilleacta
 O'pás rí fá éirí,
 Luac na noibirtac
 Cuir rí ar fán.

Luac na n-Inoianac
 (Truaš a gcár),
 Luac na n-áiriceac
 Cuir rí cum báir:

Luac na n-Éireannac
 Céar rí ar éoir,
 Luac gac cinn
 O'á nðearnaí rí ršior:

Luac na milliún
 Do lúb rí 'r do búr,
 Luac na milliún
 Fá ocup anoir:

Δ Tigeapna go dtuitir
 Ar mullač a cinn
 Mallačt na nðaoine
 Do tuit le n-a linna

Mallačt na ruapac
 Δ'r mallačt na mbeas,
 Mallačt na n-anbpann,
 Δ'r mallačt na lag:

Ní éirteann an Tigeapna
 Le mallačt na móir,
 Δčt éirteir Sé corðce
 Le orna faoi ðeoir.

Éirteir Sé corðce
 Le caoineac na mbočt,
 'S tá caointe na miltib
 O'á ršaoileac anocht.

Her wage for the white villages
She has left without men ;
Her wage for the brave men
She has put to the sword.

Her wage for the orphans
She has left under pain ;
Her wage for the exiles
She has spent with wandering.

For the people of India
(Pitiful is their case) ;
For the people of Africa
She has put to death.

For the people of Ireland,
Nailed to the cross ;
Wage for each people
Her hand has destroyed.

Her wage for the thousands
She deceived and she broke ;
Her wage for the thousands
Finding death at this hour.

O Lord, let there fall
Straight down on her head
The curse of the peoples
That have fallen with us.

The curse of the mean,
And the curse of the small,
The curse of the weak
And the curse of the low.

The Lord does not listen
To the curse of the strong,
But He will listen
To sighs and to tears.

He will always listen
To the crying of the poor,
And the crying of thousands
Is abroad to-night.

Éireócaíó na caointe
 Go Dia, tá fuar,
 Ní fada go ppoirpíó
 Sae mallacé a éluar.

Béiró cúmaé, an lá rí
 As sae uile deór
 Long-cogairó do bátaó
 'S an bpaipge móir.

Asur cuicpíó, na mallacé,
 Go tnom ar an lué
 D'pás áirpíe 'na pápac
 A'r bórpaís go boéc.

Cúma Éiríde Cailín.

Donnéaó ua Dargáin d'áirpí, 7 Taóó ua Donnéaó do éuir ríor.

A Dómnaili Óig, má téiróir tar paipge
 Beir mé féin leat, ir na déin do deapmao,
 Ir béiró asat féipín lá donais ir marpáiró,
 Ir ingean Ríóó Spéige mair céile leaptá asat.

Má téiróir-pe anonn tá comaréta asam oir;
 Tá cúl pionn asur óa fúil glara asat
 Óa cocán déas id' cúl buirde bacallac,
 Mar véaó béal-na-bó nó ríor i ngairpáite:

Ir déirdeanaé aréir do labair an saóar oir;
 Do labair an naorac 'ra' éurpáicín doimín oir;
 Ir tu id' "caogairde donair" ar fuo na scoillte;
 'S go pabair san céile go hrát go bpaipí me.

Do geallair dam-ra, asur d'innpí bpeas dam,
 Go mbeiréa piomam-ra as cpó na scaopaé;
 Do leigear fear asur trí céaó glaoúac cuíat,
 'S ní bpaipar ann aét uan a' méiríó.

Do geallair dam-ra, ní ba deacair duit,
 Longear óir fá épann-reoil airpíó;
 Óa baile déas do bailtib marpáiró;
 Ir cúirt bpeas aolú cor taóó na paipge.

That crying will rise up
To God that is above ;
It is not long till every curse
Comes to His ears.

Every single tear
Shall have power in that day,
To whelm a warship
In the great deep.

And they shall fall for a curse
Heavily upon the people
Who have left Africa a waste
And the Boers in poverty.

1901.

THE GRIEF OF A GIRL'S HEART.

O Donall og, if you go across the sea, bring myself with you and do not forget it ; and you will have a sweetheart for fair days and market days, and the daughter of the King of Greece beside you at night.

It is late last night the dog was speaking of you ; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird through the woods ; and that you may be without a mate until you find me.

You promised me, and you said a lie to me, that you would be before me where the sheep are flocked ; I gave a whistle and three hundred cries to you, and I found nothing there but a bleating lamb.

You promised me a thing that was hard for you, a ship of gold under a silver mast ; twelve towns with a market in all of them, and a fine white court by the side of the sea.

Do gheallair dam-ra, ní nár b'féidir,
 So dtiubhrá laimhinne do éirícean éirí dam;
 So dtiubhrá bhróga do éirícean éan dam;
 Ir eulaíod do'n tríoda ba d'aoiré i n'éirínn.

A Domhnall óis, b'féidir duit mire astat
 'Ná bean uafal uaidhreac iomaireac;
 Do éiríodáinn bó astat do-ghéanainn cuisean duit;
 Ir, dá mbaíod éiríod é, do buailfínn buille leat.

Oc, ocón, astat ní le hocraí,
 Uireadba bíod, díge, ná coúlata,
 Fá ndearr damra beic tanaíde triualda;
 Acet ghráod fíri óis ir é breíod so follur me!

Ir moé ar maidín do connac-ra an t-óisféar
 Ar muin capall as gabáil an bótair;
 Níor d'fuir fé liom ir níor éirí fé ríodó orm;
 'S ar mo capad abaille dam 'r ead do góilear mo bótáin.

'Nuair téiríom-re féin so Tobair ar Uaignir,
 Suidim ríor as déanam buadairé,
 Nuair éim an ríogal ir ná feicim mo buacáil;
 So raib ríad an ómair i mbairr a ghrúadna.

Síú é an Domhnac do tugar ghráod duit,
 An Domhnac díreac roim Domhnac Cárga;
 Ir mire ar mo glúinib a' léigead na páire,
 'S ead bi mo dá fúil a ríor-tadairt an ghráod' duit.

Ó! adé, a máirín, tadair mé féin do,
 Ir tadair a bfuil astat do'n tríogal so léir do;
 Éirí féin as iarrad déirce,
 Astat ná gab ríar ná aniar im' éileam.

Dubairt mo máirín liom gan tadairt leat
 Indiu ná i mbáireac ná Dia Domhnais,
 Ir oic an tríad do tug rí ríoga dam,
 'S é "dúnaí an doiríar é tar éir na ríoga."

Tá mo éiríde-re com d'ub le háirne,
 Nó le gual d'ub a b'ead i gceáirdeáin,
 Nó le donn b'óige b'ead ar hallaib bána;
 'S gur deirí líonn d'ub díom or cionn mó pláinte:

Dó bainir roir díom, ir do bainir ríar díom,
 Do bainir roimam, ir do bainir im' diaí díom,
 Do bainir ghealac, ir do bainir grian díom,
 'S ir ró-mór m'eagla gur bainir Dia díom!

You promised me a thing that is not possible, that you would give me gloves of the skin of a fish ; that you would give me shoes of the skin of a bird ; and a suit of the dearest silk in Ireland.

O Donall óg, it is I would be better to you than a high, proud, spendthrift lady : I would milk the cow ; I would bring help to you ; and if you were hard pressed, I would strike a blow for you.

O, ochone, and it's not with hunger or with wanting food, or drink, or sleep, that I am growing thin, and my life is shortened ; but it is the love of a young man has withered me away.

It is early in the morning that I saw him coming, going along the road on the back of a horse ; he did not come to me ; he made nothing of me ; and it is on my way home that I cried my fill.

When I go by myself to the Well of Loneliness, I sit down and I go through my trouble ; when I see the world and do not see my boy, he that has an amber shade in his hair.

It was on that Sunday I gave my love to you ; the Sunday that is last before Easter Sunday. And myself on my knees reading the Passion ; and my two eyes giving love to you for ever.

O, aya ! my mother, give myself to him ; and give him all that you have in the world ; get out yourself to ask for alms, and do not come back and forward looking for mé.

My mother said to me not to be talking with you to-day, or to-morrow, or on the Sunday ; it was a bad time she took for telling me that ; it was shutting the door after the house was robbed.

My heart is as black as the blackness of the sloe, or as the black coal that is on the smith's forge ; or as the sole of a shoe left in white halls ; it was you put that darkness over my life.

You have taken the east from me ; you have taken the west from me ; you have taken what is before me and what is behind me ; you have taken the moon, you have taken the sun from me, and my fear is great that you have taken God from me !

bÁn-énoic Éireann óg:

(Le Donnchad Mac Conmáir.)

Beir beannaíocht óm' éiríde go tír na h-Éireann,
 bÁn-énoic Éireann óg!
 Cum a mairéann de píolraíó lú a' r' éirí,
 Ar bÁn-énoic Éireann óg.
 An áit úo 'nar b'aoibinn binn-íut éan,
 Mar fáim-éruit éaoín as caoinead fadóal;
 'Sé mo éar a beir míle míle i gcéin,
 Ó bÁn-énoic Éireann óg.

Bídeann barrá boí rím ar éaoín-énoic Éireann,
 bÁn-énoic Éireann óg!
 'S ír fearra ná 'n tír ro oit fad léirde ann,
 bÁn-énoic Éireann óg!
 Dob áro a coillte 'r ba díreac réir,
 'S a mbáit mar aol ar máoilinn geir;
 Tá fadó as mo éiríde i m'íntinn féin
 Óo bÁn-énoic Éireann óg.

Tá garra líonmáir i dtír na h-Éireann,
 bÁn-énoic Éireann óg!
 A' r' fearaóin fíoríde ná claoiríde ceoíra
 Ar bÁn-énoic Éireann óg!
 m' fadóiríre éiríde 'r mo cúinne ríeul;
 Iad as fálloiríe ríor fá fíeim, mo leun!
 'S a mbáite o'á roinn fá éir go raor,
 bÁn-énoic Éireann óg!

Ír fírring 'r ír móir iad cruada na h-Éireann,
 bÁn-énoic Éireann óg!
 A gcúro meala 'sur uadair a'gluairíde 'na fíadra,
 Ar bÁn-énoic Éireann óg;
 Raíaró mé ar cuairt no ír luac mo fadóal,
 'Do'n talam beas fúairíe rin ír ual do fadóal!
 'S go mb'fearra liom 'ná duair o'á uairíde é
 Beir ar bÁn-énoic Éireann óg.

* Composed whilst the poet was in exile, on the Continent (at Hamburg), during the penal régime. The name Éiré (Ireland) is dissyllabic and may be pronounced as "cyré." The bard was born at Cratloe, Clare County, about 1710, and outlived the century. In spite of the penal laws against education, he succeeded in acquiring, at home and

THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRÉ.

(By DONCATH MAC CONMARA. CIRCA 1736.*)

(Translated by Dr. Sigerson in "Bards of the Gael and Gall.")

Air: "Uileacan Dub O."

Take my heart's blessing over to dear Eiré's strand—

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

To the Remnant that love her—Our Forefathers' Land!

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

How sweet sing the birds, o'er mount there and vale,

Like soft-sounding chords, that lament for the Gael,—

And I, o'er the surge, far, far away must wail

The Fair Hills of Eiré O.

How fair are the flowers on the dear daring peaks,

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Far o'er foreign bowers I love her barest reeks,

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Triumphant her trees, that rise on ev'ry height,

Bloom-kissed, the breeze comes odorous and bright,

The love of my heart!—O my very soul's delight!

The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Still numerous and noble her sons who survive,

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

The true hearts in trouble,—the strong hands to strive—

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Ah, 'tis this makes my grief, my wounding and my woe

To think that each chief is now a vassal low,

And my Country divided amongst the Foreign Foe—

The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

In purple they gleam, like our High Kings of yore,

The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

With honey and cream are her plains flowing o'er,

Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Once more I will come, or very life shall fail,

To the heart-haunted home of the ever-faithful Gael,

Than king's boon more welcome the swift swelling sail—

For the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

on the Continent, a mastery of classic and foreign languages. Besides short poems, he wrote a mock-heroic *Æneid*, detailing his adventures. In his old age he became blind, and the Irish teachers and pupils in Waterford, with old-time liberality and appreciativeness, laid a tribute on themselves for his maintenance.

Sgairpeann an bpuict ar gheamhar agus féar ann;
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg;
 Agus tagaíod rin ubla cumhra ar geugaibh ann;
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg.
 Bíolair agus rama i ngleanntaibh ceo
 'S na rriota 'ran tramra-a' labhairt ar neoin;
 A'r uirge na Siúipe a' bpuict 'na flóig,
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg.

Ir orgailte fáiltéad an áit rin Éire,
 Bán-énoic Éireann óg!
 Agus toiraod na pláinte a mbárr na déire;
 A mbán-énoic Éireann óg.
 Ba binne 'nád meura ar téadaibh ceoil,
 Seinnm 'gur géimpead a laog 'r a mbó,
 Agus taitneam na gneine orda doirda 'r óg
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg.

The dew-drops sparkle, like diamonds on the corn,
Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Where green boughs darkle the bright apples burn
Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Behold, in the valley, cress and berries bland,
Where streams love to dally, in that Wondrous Land,
While the great River-voices roll their music grand
Round the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Oh, 'tis welcoming, wide-hearted, that dear land of love!
Fair Hills of Eiré O!

New life unto the martyred is the pure breeze above
The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

More sweet than tune flowing o'er the chords of gold
Comes the kine's soft lowing, from the mountain fold,—

Oh, the Splendor of the Sunshine on them all,—Young and Old.
'Mid the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

SEADHNA:

(Coir na teineas: peg, nóra, Sobnuir, Síle beas, Cáit ní bhuaicalla).

Nóra. A peg, innir rgeul dúinn:

peg. B'aic liom rin! Innir féin rgeul.

Sob. Ní'l aon maic innici, a peg; b'feapp linn do rgeul-ra.

Síle. Déin, a peg; beidmí ana-focair.

peg. Nac maic náir fanair focair aréir, 'nuair bí "Maora na n-Oét gCor" agam uá innirint!

Síle. Mar rin ní rcaora Cáit ní bhuaicalla ac am' ppuocad.

Cáit. Thuair o'éiteac! Ní raðar-ra do' ppuocad, a caill ién!

Sob. Ná bac i féin, a Cáit; ní raib doinne' uá ppuocad ac i uá leigint uirpí.

Síle. Do bí, arcóin; agur muna mbeirdeac go raib, ní liugfainn.

Nóra. Abair le peg nac liugfair anoir, a Síle, 7 inneorairí rí rgeul dúinn.

Síle. Ní liugfad, a peg, pé ruo imteocairí orm.

peg. Má'r ead, ruig annro am' aice, i tpeo ná feurairí doinne' tú ppuocad gan fíor dom.

Cáit. Bidead seall go bpuocairí an cat i. A coice big, beirdeac rgeul beas againn, muna mbeirdeac tú féin 7 do cur liugfaige.

Sob. Éir, a Cháit, no cuirpí ag sul i, 7 beidmí gan rgeul. Má cuirtear fearg ar peg, ní inneorairí rí aon rgeul anoét.

Sead anoir, a peg, tá gac doinne' eum, ag brat ar rgeul uaic.

peg. Bí fear ann fad ó, 7 ip é ainm do bí air, Seadhna; 7 gneupairde b'eac é; bí tíg beas deap clúcmair aise, aig bun enuic, ar taob na foitine; bí caðairí fúgán aise do deim pé féin do féin, 7 ba gnaic leir fúirde innici um tpaénóna, 'nuair bidead obair an lae epiochnuighe; 7 'nuair fúirdeac pé innici, bidead pé ar a fártac. Bí meabós mine aise, ar epocad i n-aice na teineas; 7 anoir 7 aríur cuirteac pé a lár innici, 7 cógac pé lán a dúirí de'n min, 7 bidead uá cógaint ar a fuamneap. Bí epann uball ag fáir ar an ttaob amuic de doirp aise, 7 'nuair bidead tairt air, ó beir ag cógaint na mine, cuirteac pé lár 'pa epann fan, 7 cógac pé ceann de 'rna n-ublaib, 7 o'iteac pé é—

Síle. O a Thairpáir! a pheg, náir deap é!

peg. Ciaco, an caðairí, nó an min, nó an t-uball, ba deap?

Síle. An t-uball, gan amfup!

SEADNA'S THREE WISHES.

FROM SEADNA (SHAYNA), BY FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

(BY THE FIRESIDE PEG, NORA, GOBNET, LITTLE SHEILA,
KATE BUCKLEY.)

NORA.—Peg, tell us a story.

PEG.—I'd like that. Tell a story yourself.

GOBNET. She is no good, Peg; we prefer your story.

SHEILA.—Do, Peg; we will be very quiet.

PEG. How well you did not keep quiet last night, when I was telling "The dog with the eight legs."

SHEILA. Because Kate Buckley would not stop, but pinching me.

KATE. You lie! I was not pinching you, you little hag!

GOB. Don't mind her, Kate. There was no one pinching her, but she pretending it.

SHEILA. But there was; and only that there was I would not screech.

NORA. Tell Peg that you won't screech now, and she will tell us a story.

SHEILA. I won't screech now, Peg, whatever will happen to me.

PEG. Well, then, sit here near me so that no one can pinch unknown to me.

KATE. I'll engage the cat will pinch her. You little hussy, we would have a fine story but for yourself and your screeching.

GOB. Whist! Kate, or you'll make her cry, and we'll be without a story. If Peg is made angry she will not tell a story to night. There, now, Peg, everyone is mute, expecting a story from you.

PEG. There was a man long ago and the name that was on him was Seadna, and he was a shoemaker. He had a nice well-sheltered little house at the foot of a hill, on the side of the shelter. He had a chair of *soogauns* which he himself made for himself, and it was usual with him to sit in it in the evening when the work of the day used to be completed, and when he sat in it he was quite at his ease. He had a *malvogue* of meal hanging up near the fire, and now and then he used to put his hand into it and take a fist-full of the meal, and be chewing at his leisure. He had an apple-tree growing outside his door, and when he used to be thirsty from chewing the meal, he used to put his hand into that tree and take one of the apples and eat it.

Cáit. b'fearr liom-ra an min; ní bainfeadh an t-uall an t-ocpar de duine.

Sob. b'fearr liom-ra an cátaoir; 7 cuipfinn peg i n-a fuíde innti, aís innrint na rseul.

peg. 1r maít cum plámaíí tá, a Šobnuic.

Sob. 1r fearr cum na rseul túra, a phes. Cionnur o'imtis le Seathna?

peg. Lá dá raib ré as déanamh b'pós, túg re pé n'eara ná raib a tuille leatair aise, ná a tuille r'naíte, ná a tuille céipeac. Bí an taoibín déirdeanac ruar, 7 an s'reim déirdeanac cup'ta; 7 níorb' fuláir do dul 7 aóbar do folátar put a b'feutoradh ré a tuille b'pós do déanamh.

Do gluar pé ar maidin, 7 bí trí r'sillinge 'n-a póca, 7 ní raib ré aét mile ó'n ois' 'nuair buail duine boct uime, aís iarraid' déirce. "Tabair dom déirce ar ron an tSlánuig'ceora, 7 le h-anmannaib' do márb', 7 tar éann do fláinte," ar' an duine boct. Thug Seathna r'silling do, 7 annran ní raib aise aét dá r'silling. Dubairt pé leir féin go mbféidir go n'eanfadh an dá r'silling a šnó.

Ní raib pé aét mile eile ó baile 'nuair buail bean boct uime, 7 i cor-noctuišce. "Tabair dom congnadh éigin," ar' r'irí, "ar ron an tSlánuig'ceora, 7 le h-anmannaib' do márb', 7 tar éann do fláinte." Do glac truaige oí é, 7 túg ré r'silling oí, 7 o'imtis rí. Do bí don r'silling amáin annpoin aise, aét do éiomáin pé leir, a b'rae air go mbuailfeadh rianr éigin uime do cuipfeadh ar a cumur a šnó a déanamh. Níorb' fada sup caradh air leant' 7 é as sul le fuact 7 le n-ocpar. "Ar ron an tSlánuig'ceora," ar' an leant', "tabair dom ruo éigin le n-ite." Bí tis órta i n'gar uóib', 7 do éuar' Seathna irteac ann, 7 éannuig' ré b'ric aráin 7 túg pé cum an leint' é. 'Nuair fuair an leant' an t-arán o'áepuig a dealb'; o'fár pé ruar i n-áirde, 7 do lar folar iongantac 'n-a fúilib' 7 'n-a éanacáib', i o'treo go o'táinic r'sannrad' ar Sheathna.

Site. Dia linn! a peg, 1r oóca sup éuit Seathna boct i luige.

peg. Níor' éuit; aét má'r eadh, ba oíceall do. Chom' luat asur o'f'eud ré labairt, dubairt pé: "Cao é an raóar duine túra?" asur 1r é f'p'eagra fuair pé: "A Sheathna, tá Dia buídeac oíot. Ainseal íread' mire. 1r mé an tríomadh h-ainseal sup éugar' déirce do anoiu ar ron an tSlánuig'ceora, 7 anoir tá trí guíde asat le fašáil ó Dia na glóire. Iarr ar Dia don trí guíde 1r toil leat, 7 šeobair iad; aét tá don éomairle amáin asampa le tabairt éuit,—ná deapmuid an Trócaire."

SHEILA.—Oh, my goodness! Peg, wasn't it nice?

PEG.—Which is it; the chair or the meal or the apple, that was nice.

SHEILA.—The apple, to be sure.

KATE.—I would prefer the meal. The apple would not take the hunger off a person.

GOB.—I would prefer the chair, for I would put Peg sitting in it telling the stories.

PEG.—You are good for flattery, Gobnet.

GOB.—You are better for the stories, Peg. How did it go with Seadhna?

PEG.—One day as he was making shoes he noticed that he had no more leather nor any more thread nor any more wax. He had the last piece on, and the last stitch put, and it was necessary for him to go and provide materials before he could make any more shoes. He set out in the morning and there were three shillings in his pocket, and he was only a mile from the house when he met a poor man asking for alms. "Give me alms for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health," said the poor man. Seadhna gave him one shilling, and then he had but two shillings. He said to himself that possibly two shillings would do his business. He was only another mile from home when he met a poor woman, and she barefooted. "Give me some help," said she, "for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health." He felt compassion for her and gave her a shilling, and she went away. He had one shilling then; still he went on expecting that he would meet some good fortune which would put it in his power to do his business. It was not long till he met a child and he crying with cold and hunger. "For the sake of the Saviour," said the child, "give me something to eat." There was a stago house near them and Seadhna went into it, and he bought a loaf of bread and he brought it to the child. When the child got the bread his figure changed. He grew up very tall, and light flamed in his two eyes and in his countenance, so that Seadhna became terrified.

SHEILA.—Oh! God help us! Peg, I suppose poor Seadhna fainted.

PEG.—He did not, but then, he was very near it. As soon as he could speak, he said, "What sort of person are you?" The answer he got was, "Seadhna, God is thankful to you. I am an angel. I am the third angel to whom you have given alms to-day for the sake of the Saviour. And now you have

“Asgur an ndéiripir liom go bpaigead mo gúirde?” arpa Seathna: “Déiripim, gan amhar, ” arp’ an t-aingeal. “Tá go maith,” arpa Seathna, “tá cataoir beag dhear fúgán agam ’ra baile, 7 an uile dhaitín a tagann ardeac, ní fuláir leir gúirde innce. An ceuto duine eile a fúirpíod innce, aet mé féin, go sceanglaíod ré innce!” “Fáipe, fáipe! a Sheathna,” arp’ an t-aingeal; “rin gúirde bheag imitigte gan tairbe. Tá dá ceann eile agat, 7 ná dearmuio an Tríocaire.” “Tá,” arpa Seathna, “mealbóisín mine agam ’ra baile, 7 an uile dhaitín a tagann ardeac, ní fuláir leir a d’orin a fátaod innce. An ceuto duine eile a cuipríod lám ’ra mealbóisín rin, aet mé féin, go sceanglaíod ré innce,—feuc!” “O a Sheathna, a Sheathna, ní’l fars agat!” arp’ an t-aingeal. “Ní’l agat anoir aet don gúirde amáin eile. Iarr Tríocaire Dé do t’anam.” “O, ir fíor duit,” arpa Seathna, “ba dóbair d’om é dearmuio. Tá crann beag uball agam i leat-taoib mo d’oruir, 7 an uile dhaitín a tagann an t’reo, ní fuláir leir a lám do cúp i n-áirde 7 uball do rtaíod 7 do bheir leir. An ceuto duine eile aet mé féin, a cuipríod a lám ’ra crann roin, go sceanglaíod ré ann—O! a d’aoine!” ar reiréan, ag rsgairtead ar gáiríde, “nac agam a beir an r’póir orra!”

’Nuair táinig ré ar na triúiríob, v’feuc ré ruar 7 bí an t-aingeal imitigte. Dein ré a maectnam air féin ar fead tamail maith, il ré deiréad fíar tall, duhairt ré leir féin: “Feuc anoir, ní’r don amadán i n-Cíunn ir mó ioná mé! Dá mbeiréad triúe ceangailte agam um an taca ro, duine ’ra’ cataoir, duine ’ra’ mealbóisín, 7 duine ’ra’ crann, ead é an maith do d’eanfap fan dompa 7 mé i b’pao ó baile, gan biaod, gan deoc, gan aig sead?” Ní cúirge bí an méirín cainte máirde aige ná tu, ré fé n’deara ór a cómair amad, ’ran áit a maib an t-aingeal-feap fada caol duib, 7 é ag glinneamaint air, 7 teine éreara ag teact ar a dá fúil ’n-a r’p’eadair nime. Bí dá d’airc air mar beiréad ar pocán gabair, 7 meigioll fada liat-gorm garb air, eirboll mar beiréad ar márad ruad, 7 crúb ar cóir leir mar crúb tairb. Do leat a beul 7 a dá fúil ar Sheathna, 7 do rtaíod a éaint. I sceann tamail do labair an feap duib. “A Sheathna,” ar reiréan, “ní gá d’uit don eagla do beir ort móm-ampa; ní’lim ar tí do díogbála. Ba mian liom tairbe éigin do deanam duit, dá nglactá mo cómairle. Do cloiréap tú, anoir beag, dá ráod go rabair gan biaod, gan deoc, gan aig sead. Tiub-painn-re aig sead do d’ótain duit ar don cóingíoll beag amáin.” “Asgur gheadóad tré lár do rsgairt!” arpa Seathna, 7 táinig a éaint do; “ná feutpá an méirín do ráod gan duine do millead leo’ cuio glinneamná, pé h-é tú féin?” “Ir cuma duit cia h-é mé, aet beupfad an oiréad aig sead duit anoir agur ceannócaíod

three wishes to get from the God of Glory. Ask now of God any three wishes you please, and you will get them. But I have one advice to give you. Don't forget Mercy." "And do you tell me that I shall get my wish?" said Seadhna. "I do, certainly," said the angel. "Very well," said Seadhna. "I have a nice little *soogaun* chair at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to sit in it. The next person that will sit in it, except myself, that he may cling in it!" "Oh, fie, fie! Seadhna," said the angel; "there is a beautiful wish gone without good. You have two more. Don't forget Mercy!" "I have," said Seadhna, "a little *malvogue* of meal at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to stick his fist into it. The next person that puts his hand into that *malvogue*, except myself, that he may cling in it, see!" "Oh, Seadhna, Seadhna, my son, you have not an atom of sense! you have now but one wish more. Ask the Mercy of God for your soul." "Oh, that's true for you," said Seadhna, "I was near forgetting it. I have a little apple-tree near my door and every *dalteen* that comes the way makes it a point to put up his hand and to pluck an apple and carry it away with him. The next other person, except myself, that will put his hand into that tree, that he may cling in it!--Oh! people!" said he, bursting out laughing, "isn't it I that will have the amusement at them!"

When he came out of his laughing fits and looked up, the angel was gone. He made his reflection for a considerable time, and at long last he said to himself, "See now, there is not a fool in Ireland greater than I! If there were three people stuck by this time, one in the chair, one in the *malvogue*, and one in the tree, what good would that do for me and I far from home, without food, without drink, without money?"

No sooner had he that much talk uttered than he observed opposite him, in the place where the angel had been, a long, slight, black man and he staring at him, and electric fire coming out of his two eyes in venomous sparks. There were two horns on him, as there would be on a he-goat, and a long, coarse, greyish-blue beard, a tail as there would be on a fox, and a hoof on one of his feet like a bull's hoof. Seadhna's mouth and his two eyes opened wide upon him, and his speech stopped. After a while the black man spoke: "Seadhna," said he, "you need not have any dread of me. I am not bent on your harm. I should wish to do you some good if you would accept my advice. I heard you just now say that you were without food, without drink, without money. I would

an oipead leatáir agus cóimeádoirí ag obair tú go ceann trí leithéad níos, ar an gcóiríoll ro—go dtiocfaid liom an uair rin ? ”

“ Agus má féidir leat, cá ragaíonn an uair rin ? ” “ Cá beas túit an deir rin do éir, ’nuair beid an leatáir foirde 7 leithéad ag gluaisead ? ” “ Táir geirdeirde—bíodh agat, feiceam an t-áirgead. ” “ Táir-re geirdeirde, feud ! ” “ Do éir an fear túb a lámh ’n-a póca, 7 tarrainis ré amac rparán mór, 7 ar an rparán do leis ré amac ar a uair capn beas t’ór breas buide. ”

“ Feud ! ” ar reiréan ; 7 fín ré a lámh 7 éir ré an capn de bíoraibh gleoróte gléineamla ré fúilibh Sheathna doict. “ Do fín Seathna a dá lámh, 7 do leatáir a dá lafar cum an óir. “ Go réir ! ” ar’ an fear túb, ag tarrainis an óir éirge ardeac ; “ ní’l an maraó t’éanta fóir. ” “ Bíodh ’n-a maraó ! ” ar’ra Seathna.

“ San teir ? ” ar’ an fear túb. “ San teir, ” ar’ra Seathna.

“ Dar b’is na mionn ? ” ar’ an fear túb. “ Dar b’is na mionn, ” ar’ra Seathna.

[An oirde na dáirí rin.]

Nópa. Seath ! —a r’eg—támaíonn annro—áir—tá raotár orm—bíodh ag r’it—bí eagla orm—go mbeirdead an r’geul ar riubal romam, 7 go mbeirdead cuir de caillte agam.

R’eg. Am’ b’maíar go b’pamamair leat, a Nópa, a laois. Ní’l i b’pá ó táiríis Gobnuir.

Gob. Mar rin do bí cuiríon agam dá theunam, 7 b’éiríon dompa túb r’iar teir an im go beul an f’earrta, 7 ’nuair bíodh ag teac a baile an cóiríar, do túit an oirde orm, 7 geallaim túit gur bamead r’p’ b’ aram. Bíodh ag cummíugad ar Seathna 7 ar an óir 7 ar an b’fear n’uub, 7 ar na r’p’eadáibh bí ag teac ar a fúilibh, 7 mé ag r’it r’it a mbeiríonn déirdeanac, ’nuair tógar mo ceann 7 cat do eiríonn ac an r’u’ ’n-a fearaí ar m’ agair amac

give you money enough on one little condition." "And, torture through the middle of your lungs!" said Seadhna, as soon as he got his talk, "could you not say that much without paralysing a person with your staring, whoever you are?" "You need not care who I am; but I will give you as much money now as will buy as much leather as will keep you working for thirteen years, on this condition, that you will come with me then."

"And if I make the bargain with you, whither shall we go at that time?" "Will it not be time enough for you to ask that question when the leather is used up and we will be starting?" "You are sharp-witted. Have your way. Let us see the money." "You are sharp-witted. Look!" The black man put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a large purse, and from the purse he let out on his palm a little heap of beautiful yellow gold.

"Look!" said he, and he stretched his hand and he put the heap of exquisite glittering pieces up under the eyes of poor Seadhna. Seadhna stretched both his hands, and the fingers of the two hands opened for the gold.

"Gently!" said the black man; "the bargain is not yet made."

"Let it be a bargain," said Seadhna.

"Without fail?" said the black man.

"Without fail," said Seadhna.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things?" (shrines: hence outles) said the black man.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things!" said Seadhna.

(NEXT NIGHT.)

NORA.—There!—Peg—we are here—again—. There's a *saothar* on me—. I was running. I was afraid—that the story would be going on before me, and that I would have some of it lost.

PEG.—Indeed, Nora, my dear, we would wait for you. It is not long since Gobnet came.

GOB.—Yes, for we were making a churn, and it was necessary for me to go west with the butter to Baul-an-Ghearrtha; and when I was coming home the short cut, the night fell on me, and I promise you that there was a start taken out of me. There was not the like of it of a jump ever taken out of me. I was thinking of Seadhna, and of the gold, and of the black man, and of the sparks that were coming out of his eyes, and I running before I would be late, when

—An Gollán! ar an gceud amarc dá dtugas air, do tuiobrainn an leabhar go raib aóirca air!

Nóra. A diamaire, a Shobnuit, éirí do bheul, 7 ná bí dár mboird-ras leo' gollánaib 7 leo' aóircaib. Aóirca ar an nGollán! feuc air rin!

Shob. B'éirí, dá mbeirdeá féin ann, sur beas an ponm masaró do beirdeas ort.

Sile. Feuc anoir! cia atá as coras an rgeil? B'éirí go gcuirfeas Cáit ní buacalla orm-ra é.

Cáit. Ní cuirfid, a Sile. Táir do' cáilín maic anocht, 7 tá ana-cion asam ort. Mo shrád í rin! Mo shrád am' éiríde iriis í!

Sile. Seas go díreac! fan go mbeir fearas ort! 7 b'éirí ná déarrá "Mó shrád í rin!"

Nóra. Seo, reo! rtaoair, a cáilíníde. Mire 7 mo gollán ra nbeair an obair reo. Cáit uait an rtoea roin, a Bés, 7 rgaoil cúgáinn an rgeul. An bfuair Seathna an rparán? Ir iomda duine bí i fuict rparáin d'fagáil 7 nac bfuair.

Bés. Com luat 7 tuihairt Seathna an focal, "dar bpiis na mionn!" do táinig aepuasó shé ar an bfeair noub. Do noct ré a fiacra fíor 7 tpuar, 7 ir ias do bí go dílúite ar a céile. Táinig róro epónáin ar a bheul, 7 do teip ar Seathna a deunam amac cia 'co as gáiríde bí ré nó as rparanntuasó. Act 'nuair d'feuc ré ruar ioir an dá fúil air, ba dóbair go dtiucfas an rganntas ceutna air a táinig air i rtoeac. Do tuis ré go maic nac as gáiríde bí an díolmuineac. Ní feacair ré ruam poime rin don dá fúil ba meara 'ná ias, don feucaint ba máll-uighe 'ná an feucaint do bí aco, don clár eudain com dúir, com rpooc-aigeannta leir an glár eudain do bí ór a gcionn. Mór iabair ré, 7 do rin' ré a dícea i san a leigint air sur tuis ré fé nbeara an rparanntuasó. Le n-a linn rin, do leig an fear tui an t-ór amac aip ar a bair, 7 do cómairim.

"Seo!" ar reirean, "a Seathna. Sin céad punt asat ar an gceud rfilling tugar uait inoiu. An bfuilir díolta?"

"Ir mór an bheir í!" arra Seathna. "Dad cóir go bfuilim."

"Cóir nó eugcóir," ar' an fear tui, "an bfuilir díolta?" 7 do gheiruis 7 do bhoruuis ar an rparanntuasó.

"Ó! táim díolta, táim díolta!" arra Seathna, "go raib maic asat-ra."

"Seo! má 'reas," ar reirean. "Sin céad eile asat ar an dara rfilling tugar uait inoiu."

"Sin í an rfilling tugar do'n mnaoi a bí cor-noctuisge."

"Sin í an rfilling tugar do'n mnaoi uarail ceutna."

I raised my head, and what should I see but the thing standing out overright me—the *Gollan*! On the first look I gave it I'd swear there were horns on it.

NORA.—Oyewisha, Gobnet, whist your mouth, and don't be bothering us with your *Gollans* and your horns. Horns on a *Gollan*! Look at that!

GOB.—Maybe if you were there yourself, 'tis little of the inclination of fun would be on you.

SHEILA.—See, now! who is stopping the story? Maybe Kate Buckley would put it on me.

KATE.—I will not, Sheila; you are a good girl to-night. I am very fond of you. My darling she is! My darling in my heart within she is!

SHEILA.—Yes, indeed! Wait till you are angry, and maybe then you would not say "my darling she is."

NORA.—Come, come! stop, girls. I and my *Gollan* are the cause of this work. Throw away that stocking, Peg, and let us have the story. Did Seadhna get the purse? Many a person was on the point of getting a purse, and did not.

PEG.—As soon as Seadhna uttered the words—"By the virtue of the Holy Things!" a change of appearance came on the black man. He bared his teeth above and below, and it is they that were clenched upon each other. A sort of low sound came out of his mouth, and it failed Seadhna to make out whether it was laughing he was or growling. But when he looked up between the two eyes on him, the same terror was near coming on him that came on him at first. He understood well that it was not laughing the "lad" was. He never before then saw any two eyes that were worse than they, any look that was more malignant than the look they had, any forehead as evil-minded as the forehead that was above them. He did not speak, and he did his best to pretend that he did not notice the growling. At the same time the black man let the gold out again on his palm and counted it.

"Here!" said he, "Seadhna, there are a hundred pounds for you for the first shilling you gave away to-day. Are you paid?"

"I should think I am."

"Right or wrong!" said the black man, "are you paid?" and the growling became sharper and quicker.

"Oh! I am paid, I am paid," said Seadhna, "thank you!"

"Here! if so," said he, "there is another hundred for you, for the second shilling you gave away to-day."

“Ma ba bean uasal í, cao do beir cor-noctuiḡte í, ⁊ cao do beir sí mo ḡsilling do bpeit uaim-re, ⁊ san aḡam aḡt ḡsilling eile i n-a uiaib?”

“Má ba bean uasal í! ‘Dá mbeirdeas a fíor aḡat! Sin í an bean uasal do mill mipe!”

Le linn na bḡocal rain do ḡas do, do táinig ciut cor ⁊ lám air, do ḡas an bḡannḡán, do luis a ceann riap ar a muineál, o’fheú ré ruar inḡ a’ ḡpéir, táinig bḡiuc báir air ⁊ clóo cuirp ar a ceannaḡaib.

‘Nuair connaic Seathna an iompáil lí rin, táinig ionḡnas do a éiríde air.

“Ní fuláir,” ar reiréan, so neamḡuireas, “nó ní hé reo an céas uair aḡat aḡ aipeaḡtain teacḡ táirri riúo.

Do léim an fear dub. Do buail ré buille dá éiríde ar an oḡalaib, i oḡreo sup ciut an fío do bí ré cor Seathna.

“Ciorḡbas oḡt!” arḡ eiréan. “Éirḡ do beul no barḡfar tú!”

“ḡabaim pároúin aḡat, a duine uasail!” arḡa Seathna, so moḡamail, “ceapḡ so mb’ éiríde sup bḡaon beas do bí ólta aḡat, o’ḡas o’ḡ sup tḡḡair céas punt mar málairḡ ar ḡsilling dam.”

“Tiubḡainn—⁊ reasḡ ḡcéas dá oḡioḡas liom baint ó’n oḡairbe do rin’ an ḡsilling céasna, aḡt ‘nuair tḡḡair uair í ar ron an tSlánuḡḡeóḡa, ní féiríde a cairbe do lot coirde.”

“Aḡur,” arḡa Seathna, “cao íḡ ḡas an mair do lot? Ná fuil ré com mair aḡat cairbe na ḡsillinge úo o’fásbail mar tá ré?”

“Tá an iomas cainte aḡat—an iomas ar fas. Dubairḡ leat do beul o’ éirḡeasḡ. Seo! rin é an ḡparán ar fas aḡat,” arḡ an fear dub.

“Ní héiríde, a duine uasail,” arḡa Seathna, “ná beirdeas oḡoḡin na haimpe ann. Ír iomḡa lá i oḡrí bliathnaib oéas; ír iomḡa bḡos beirdeas beunta aḡ duine i ḡcaiteaib an méir rin aimpe, ⁊ ír iomḡa cuma i n-a n-oḡpeas ḡsilling do.”

“Ná bierḡ ceirḡ oḡt,” arḡ an fear dub, aḡ cur ḡmḡta ḡáipe ar. “ḡarḡaib ar com ḡeup i néirínn ⁊ ír mair leat é. Bierḡ ré com teann an lá oéirdeasḡ ⁊ tá ré inoia. Ní bierḡ puinn ḡnóḡa aḡat de ar rain amas.”

"That is the shilling I gave to the woman who was barefooted."

"That is the shilling you gave to the same gentlewoman."

"If she was a gentlewoman, what made her barefooted? and what made her take from me my shilling, and I having but another shilling left?"

"If she was a gentlewoman! If you only knew! she is the gentlewoman that ruined me!"

While he was saying those words a trembling of hands and feet came on him. The growling ceased. His head leaned backwards on his neck. He gazed up into the sky. An attitude of death came on him, and the stamp of a corpse came on his face.

When Seadhna saw this deadly change, the wonder of his heart came on him.

"It must be," said he, in a careless sort of way, "that this is not the first time with you hearing something about *her*."

The black man jumped. He struck a blow of his hoof on the ground, so that the sod which was under Seadhna's foot trembled.

"Mangling to you!" said he; "shut your mouth or you will be maimed!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Seadhna, meekly; "I thought that perhaps it was a little drop you had taken, and to say that you gave me hundred pounds in exchange for a shilling."

"I would, and seven hundred, if I could succeed in taking from the good which that same shilling did; but when you gave it away for the sake of the Saviour it is not possible to spoil its good for ever."

"And," said Seadhna, "what need is there to spoil the good? May you not as well have the good of that shilling as it is?"

"You have too much talk; too much altogether. I told you to shut your mouth. Here! there is the purse entirely for you," said the black man.

"I suppose there is no danger, sir," said Seadhna, "that there would not be enough for the time in it. There is many a day in thirteen years. 'Tis many a shoe a man would have made in the lapse of that portion of time, and many a way he would want a shilling."

"Don't be uneasy," said the black man, putting a bit of a laugh out of him. "Draw out of it as hard as ever you can. It will be as plump the last day as it is to-day. You will not have much business of it from that forward."

"NÍ AR DÍA A BUIÓEACAS."

"Do tarraigis Diarmuid a dúirín dubh donn ar a póca, 7 do fín cuige í, 7 d'iméis 7 do éadair reirean annsan go meatalacán teinead do bí ar bair na trága, beirear ar meacán airte 7 réitear, réitear í go tréan tuig tearuibe; aet dá tréine a anál 7 da éuiga a réitead, ní raib maic do ann; réitear aipr 7 aipr eile níor tréine, níor tuiga, níor tearuibe ná ceana, aet do bí a gno 'n-a fárac air, mar do bí an tear ion éas anr an rpréig. Beirear ar rpréig eile 7 réitear fúití go feargac fuinneamail fíocmar, 7 a fúile ar dearglarad, 7 réiteanna a muiníl cóm atuighe rin go rabadar i reat a bpléargta: 'dob' fárac do a réitead am. Beirear ar an rpréig 7 caitear irtead i gcoimleatan an éadair í, as rád, "Go réitid mácair an áirdeireora tú mar teinid!" 7 tugtar buille dá coir deir do'n éad eile do'n teinid 7 reairtear ar fuo an báin í. Do connaic an éad eile é díreac donn le n-a linn rin, 7 do cuireadar don ula-dáirteig amáin arta do éogfad na maib ar a n-uaisib. Éirigir uile—an méid a' nac raib i n-a rearm díob—7 tagair i n-a timcioll, as lúbarraig le leatan-gáire 7 as reairtead ar a lán-dícioll. Beirear duine ar rpréig, duine eile ar rpréig eile, 7 mar roin díob riar ríor go heargall timcioll, an beag 7 an móir, an t-óg 7 an t-aorta; 7 reo as réitead iad, ar énam a noicill, as tnuic le teinid 7 tear do éur aipr i ngac rpréig, 7 é riar orra, do bpiis sup rgar teodact le gac rmeacair díob beag nac o lúib laðair.

"Atá teine im' rpréig-re," arra neac éigin:

"Séir leat a buacail!" arra Domnall: "Cá bfuil tú?—réir leat go tagad éuagat."

"Do léim ré de luit-préir 7 táinig i n-a aice—" Séir! réir, a diabail!" ar reirion, "7 ná leis an rmeacair ion eug—réir!—ar do báir réir!"

"Do léis an buacail reairta 7 do rtor de'n tréitead:

"Tairbeáin orú, a diabail!" ar reirion.

"Do éuit an buacail ar báinid gáirid; beirior réin ar an rpréig, le amplad 7 airc cun gail, dógtar a órdós 7 caitear an rpréig uad d'iarraet. Éuit rí ar an mbán; níor bpiir rí ámaet. Cuirear a órdós i n-a béal le coir na píopa.

"Tarraigis! tarraigis anoir!" arra áillteoir éigin i n-a mearg:

"Do bí ré ar buile,—beirior ar an rpréig le n-a láim éle, 7

THE THANKFULNESS OF DERMOT.

BY PATRICK O'LEARY.

DERMOT drew his dark-brown *dudeen* from his pocket and handed it to him, and he went then to a smouldering fire which was at the top of the strand. He catches a dying coal of fire out of it and blows, blows it strong, quick, fierce; but though strong his breath, and though quick his blowing, it was in vain for him. He blows again and again stronger, quicker, fiercer than before, but his labour was of no avail, for the heat had died in the ember. He seizes another ember and blows it angrily, lively, wrathfully, his two eyes flaming, and the veins of his neck swelled to such an extent that they were ready to burst; his blowing was to no purpose, however. He catches the ember and flings it into the centre of the harbour, saying, "May the devil's mother blow you for a fire!" and deals a blow of his right leg to the rest of the fire and scatters it about the *bawn*. The others saw him just at that very moment, and they raised one wild, ringing shout that would wake the dead out of their graves. They all rise—such of them as were not standing—and they gather round him, breaking their sides with broad mirth, and laughing their level best. One catches up an ember, another another, and so on of all the rest from first to last, small and big, young and old, and they set to blowing as well as ever they could, fain to put fire and heat again into each ember, and it impossible, for warmth had parted from each little coal of them all but a few.

"There is fire in my coal," said someone.

"Blow on, my boy!" said Donal. "Where are you?—blow on till I come to you."

He jumped quickly and came to his side. "Blow! blow, you devil!" says he; "and don't let the little ember die—blow!—for your life, blow!"

The boy laughed and stopped blowing.

"Fetch it to me, aroo, you devil!" says he.

The boy burst into a fit of insuppressible laughter; himself seizes the coal through greed and burning desire for a smoke; he burns his thumb and throws down the coal all of a sudden. It fell on the *bawn*; but it did not break though. He puts his thumb in his mouth along with the pipe.

"Smoke! smoke now!" says some arch fellow in the crowd.

He was raging mad. He seizes a coal with his left hand and blows it so furious that sparks flew from it. He blows

féidear cón hairéinneac roin i sup rppéac pí. Séidear arís 7 léimear rmeaáaro do'n deapz lapair ipceac i n-a uét, map do bí buillac a léineac ar leacáð, 7 dógar é láirpeac. Do con saib ré speim ar an rppéiz ámh, 7 brúgar an lapair ríor i mbéal na píopa 7 tarrpaisear, tarrpaisear, tarrpaisear. ar éuma sup seárr go raib deatac as éirise go sorim glóimhar n-a flamaip croidib or cionn a éinn.

Annran do bí ré ar a toil: Do fuir na daoine go léir as breitniugað ar an múr as luarzað or a scómair, 7 é as teacé ipceac go mear. Do bí Dómnall as dúdað a píopa 7 san don duine as cur éirise ná uair. Níor b'fada sup éirise rcaile dá píopa ámhacé, do tarrpaz ré i dár n-dóiz ar énámh a díeill, acé níor b'fú dúit feucaint ar an ngal beas báir do bí as teacé amac airtí. Annran do éuir ré rsgugal ar féin, ip róibead ná'r ceangail a béal ioctair dá béal uactair le doic tarrpazce acé ní raib bris 1 n-a gno.

“Fasbáð duine éigin péiteoir dom—ar pon Dé fasbáð!” ar reirion, 7 do luis ré níor dúluigce ar an tcarpac; i n-asaró beir as baint an tralacair ar poll na píopa, ip amlaib bí re as a daingniugað ann—san coinne leir san aimpéar. Faoi deiríod, 'nuair do fuair ré an réan rgarca le n-a faotair, 7 go raib as dul de, dá tréine luis re éirise, do dóg ré an duir ar a béal, 7 do glaoir go hairéinneac ar duine éigin, péiteoir o'fasbáil do. O'iméiz trúp nó ceatpar de buacailiríob go fuiz páirc do bí lán de tráitíniríob, acé do bí ré rceannz maic uairíram. O'fan reirion as peitíom orpa go rciocparóir tar n-air, anoir as cur na píopa ion a béal, 7 arís as a baint ar, 7 arís eile as rátað a lúirín inntí o'feucaint a raib motáil an teair iméizce airtí. 'Nuair do éuair fuil tar peiteamantar aise, do léim ré féin tar clóirde ipceac; reo as cuapac é anonn 'r anall, 7 bíor ar a fúilíob le fasairc éun fasbála, dá mb'féoir. Do bí pac ion áhuom air pá ceann tamail—fuair ré bpoð cuibearac reamair, 7 do rácuiz 1 gcró na píopa é go tapair. Annran tuz ré roza faoi n-a tarrpac, acé o'fan an bpoð map a bí, 7 ní corpócað ar a lúiríacáib. Do tréall ré an ac-uair, acé b'é an rsgéal céadna é. 1 n-deiríod rtracra do, bup an tráitín go caillce air, ipcis 1 gcró na píopa. Do léim ré i n-a éoirí buile tar clóirde, ní raib fulaz (=fulang) na foróne aise, 7 do éair an duirío fad a upcáir amac annran níuir móir. Ní raib méam ar donneac le heazla bpuighe, map do bí toza an eolair aca go léir ar Dómnall, 7 cao é an fasar b'ead é, 'nuair do beirdeac ré amuiz leir féin. O' fan na daoine go léir i n-a fuirde go

again, and a spark of the red flame jumps into his breast, for the front of his shirt was open, and it burns him immediately. He kept his hold on the coal though. He bruises the flame down into the mouth of the pipe, and draws, draws, draws, in a manner that soon smoke was rising blue and glorious in wreaths above his head.

Now was he perfectly happy. All the people sat looking at the seaweed rocking right before them, while it was coming in fast. Donal was smoking his pipe, and nobody interfering with him. But it was not long till his pipe grew sulky; he pulled it, of course, as best he could, but it would not be worth your while to look at the little dying fume that was coming out of it. He then put a long neck on himself, the lower lip all but adhered to his upper lip through the strain of pulling, but his work was to no purpose.

"Let someone get a '*cleaner*' for me—for God's sake, let him!" says he, and he applied himself more earnestly to pulling, but instead of taking the dirt out of the hole of the pipe, he was only fastening it in it—unwittingly, of course. At last, when he found success separated from his labour, and that he was failing, though energetically he set about it, he took the *diuid* out of his mouth, and called furiously to somebody to fetch him a '*cleaner*.' Three or four boys went to a field that was full of *trahneens*, but it was a good distance from him. He remained behind waiting till they should come back, now putting the pipe in his mouth, again taking it out, and again thrusting his little finger into it to ascertain whether the feeling of heat had left it. When at length he could bear this waiting no longer, he himself jumped in over a fence, he commences searching hither and thither, and his eyes blazing through madness for finding, if possible. Luck was his in a little while. He got a pretty thick *brobh* and shoved it quickly into the tube of the pipe. He then tried to pull it back, but the *brobh* remained as it was, and would not move from its place. He tried again, but it was the very same as before. In the end of the pulling, the *trahneen* meanly broke *on him* inside in the tube of the pipe. He jumped out over the fence blazing mad; he could not keep his passion in check, and he threw the *diuid* as far as he could cast it into the great sea. There was not a tittle out of anybody for fear of a quarrel, for they all knew Donal full well, and what manner of man he was when he would happen to be ill at ease within himself.

ceann fearaid, 7 ar an bfead go bí an múr. As dhuirim leir an tcráig go bog rít. Táinig don tonn amáin, i ndeiriú na bóla, do líon an cuan ruar go baic le múr ríogógaí fada deas. Do bpeab Dóinnall i n-a cóilg-pearam 7 do cáit é féin ar a sruaga anuas ar éarn do'n múr 7 do bí as a réitíoc le fuirre, nuair seo irtead tonn eile, do cuair lea'rtuar de 7 pul ra feuto reirion cunnineam ar don-níó (acé ar an múr) do feudab ar léi amac é roir púe fead. Do béic 7 do rípead ar éobair, níet ní raib bpeir deabair ar donne'—níó nár b'iongnad—tut bpiúntar a caillte cun eirion do fadard.

“Cuimhir iarraid ar éirí ruar go tíg Diarmuda léit,” arsa Diarad fadard.

“Beirdead re báitte pul a rroicride leatfuge ruar,” arsa fadard bair.

“Cuir an raicín amac 7 b'feud go nspreamócad ré é,” arsa Míceál óg.

Le n-a linn rin do luig an báitteacáin 7 do glaoir i n-áir a éinn 'ra srua as iarraid cabra, as ráó, “Ar fon Dé 7 fadard mé! fadard mé! a daoine, fadard mé! ó a Dia, tá m báitte! fadard mé, fadard mé ópú!” Níor fadard ré do béic as callairíoc mair rin, mair do bí uéad mair aige.

“Ragad 7 rnámpad amac cuige,” arsa Diarmuid Mac Amhlaoir.

“Ná teigir,” arsa na daoine go léir i n-aon béal.

“Ragad,” ar reirion. “Ní beirdead a cuillead as feudaint ar annran amuis, as fagbáil báir ar ar scomair.”

Rug Míceál Meata ruar ar bpolac a léinead 7 dubairt, “Máire, go deimín ní ragair, ir fada ruar go sguinneócainn ar tú liogaint amac cuige.”

“Bog díom,” arsa Diarmuid, “bog do sguim díom.”

“Ní bogfad,” arsa Míceál Meata, “ní beag a bfuil caillte 7 fain-re irí.” Oipead donn do béic Dóinnall de caoirípead amuis. “Ní'l donne' caillte fód,” arsa Diarmuid. “Bog díom, a deirim leat, bog díom;” acé ní bogfad. Do rírac reirion é féin uad 7 do cáit de a cuir éadais 7 do léim irtead 'ran mair 7 'ran múr; do rnáin amac cun Dóinnall do bí beag nac tabairt 7 do rírac irtead leir é ar cuma éigin go tóí an cráig. Tuit Dóinnall i laige 'mair ar go tóáinic ar an tcalam tirim 7 do fan innti go ceann i bpead. Nuair táinig ré cuige féin, dubairt duine éigin leir sguir éairt do bfuideadar do bpeit le Dia i tóad nár bárad é.

All the people remained sitting for some time, and during that time the seaweed was drawing near the strand slowly and gradually. One wave came at long-last which filled the harbour up to the brim with branchy, long red seaweed. Donal jumped to his feet, and flung himself on his hunkers down on a heap of seaweed, and was freeing it in a great fuss, when in comes another wave which went above him, and before he could think of anything (except the seaweed) it swept him clear out. He screamed and shrieked for help, but there wasn't too much haste on anybody—a thing not to be wondered at—to go at the peril of his life in order to save him.

“Let us send up for a rope to Dermot Liath's,” said Pierce Power.

“He would be drowned before one would reach half-way up,” says Paddy Buidhe.

“Put out the rake, and perhaps he would catch on to it,” says Mick Oge.

Just then, the drowning man screeched and called with erect head, and at the highest pitch of his voice, imploring aid, saying, “For God's sake and save me! save me! O men, save me! O God, I am drowned! save me, save me, oroo!” He never stopped but calling thus, as loud as he could, for he was long-winded.

“I'll go and swim out to him him,” says Dermot MacAuliffe.

“Don't,” said all the people in one voice.

“I will,” said he. “I won't be any longer looking at him there outside, dying before our very eyes.”

Meehawl Meata seized him by the bosom of his shirt, and said, “Wisha faith you won't. It is long, indeed, till I'd think of letting you out to him.”

“Let me go,” says Dermot MacAuliffe; “loose your hold of me.”

“I won't,” says Meehawl Meata; “there is enough lost, and let you stay inside.” Just then Donal screamed with a shrill shriek outside. “There's nobody lost yet,” says Dermot; “let me go, I tell you, let me go,” but he wouldn't. He tore himself from him, divested himself of his clothes, and jumped into the sea and into the seaweed, swam out to Donal, who was nearly exhausted, and dragged him with him, some way or other, to the beach. Donal fell into a faint just as he reached the dry ground, and remained in it a long time. When he came to himself, somebody said to him that he ought to

“Ná bí im bódrao,” ar reirion; “má táim rábálta, ní ar Óia a buirdeácar, mar ní móir do bí ré im cúram; t’fásfao annan amuis mé go mberðinn báitte, múcta, 7 ip beas an gearrabaic do cuirfeao ré ar aileir, geallaim-re tuit; aet berdeao buirdeao do Óiarmaio MacAmhlaoib, an fear glan s’lánta, cuairt i n-einead a cailte cun mé faoraio. A! a óuine, má táim rábálta,

Ní ar Óia a buirdeácar!”

SEATRÚN CÉITINN:

[Leir an Aetair O Duinnín.]

Ní’l don ugdar do junne an oircaio le Céitinn cum léigeannt ip litirgeaet do congbaíl beo i mearg na nuaimeao, go móir-móir daoine leata Moza. Níor b’eoó sup reirioib Seatrún reanear ró-beaet, ró-cinnnte, aet sup cuir pé le céile i n-aon bolz amáin na tuairpzighe do bí le fagbaíl ar Cipunn inr na rean-leabhaib. Ní raib tuairpzig eile le fagbaíl com deap, com fuinnnte ip do leat pé ar fuair na tíre. Ní raib doinne ’n-a reoláire fožanta ná raib eolar aise ar rtáir Céitinn, ip ní raib críoenužar véanta ar reoláire i reoil go mbeao macraimail véanta aise do’n “b’fopar feara.” I mearg na otuatae rim-plirde ní leompaó doinne ampar do cúp ar an geunntar žugann Céitinn ar žabáil na hCipeann le paptolan, ip leir an geuro eile do’n treib rin tar leap. Ní leompaó doinne réanaó sup crém-eao žaerdeal žlar le natar nime, ip sup éneapuis Maoir a éneao ’ran éisipt le feartaib Dé. Bíodap na daoine realbuižte t’fírinne na ržéal rain, ip bí a n-up-móir ’n-a mbéal aca, ip ní raib oán ná laoir žan tagairt éigin uop na móir-žairpzigib ar ar žrāet Céitinn. Ip oóis linn muna mbeao sup ržpíobao an “fopar feara” ná beao cuinne na rean-amrpie, ná ammeada na rean-žlaie, ná éaeta na leoman leat com abaró i n-aigheao na nuaimeao ip bíodap leir-céao bliadān ó foin.

Ip fíor, go deimin, go raib na neite peo i leabhaib eile ar ar žóž Seatrún iao, aet ní’l up-móir uop na leabhaib peo le fagbaíl i nuiu. Do cailleamap iao, ip tá an “fopar feara” ’n-ar mearg, žan focal, žan litir žs teartabáil uairó. Tamail ó foin ip ar éigin do bí óuine uapat i žCúigeao Muman ná raib a macraimail do’n “fopar feara” go ceanaimail i geoméao aise. Bí



return thanks to God since he was not drowned. "Don't be bothering me," says he; "if I am saved, God is not to be thanked for it, for 't isn't much He was in my care; He would leave me there outside till I'd be drowned and suffocated, and it is little it would affect Him, I assure you; but I will be thankful to Dermot MacAuliffe, the good, decent man, who in the face of his being lost went to save me. Why, man alive, if I am saved,

God is not to be thanked for it!"

GEOFFREY KEATING.

Extract from "Irish Prose," by Rev. PATRICK S. DINEEN.

No author has done as much as Keating to preserve literature and learning amongst the people, especially the people of Leath Mhogha. Not that Keating wrote a very accurate or critical history, but he amassed into one repository the accounts of Ireland given in the old books. There was no other record to be found so neat, so well constructed as his, and it circulated throughout the country. No one was considered a good scholar who was not acquainted with Keating's History, and at school no student was considered finished till he had made a copy of "The Forus Feasa." Amongst the simple country folk no one dared to cast a doubt on the account Keating gives of the occupation of Ireland by Partholan and the rest of that band from across the sea. No one dared deny that Gaedheal Glas was bitten by a serpent, and that Moses healed his wounds in Egypt by the power of God. The people were convinced of the truth of these stories, and the greater portion of them were ready on their lips, and there was no poem or song that did not make some reference to the great heroes of whom Keating makes mention. It seems to us that had "The Forus Feasa" not been written, the remembrance of by-gone times, or the names of the old chieftains, or the exploits of the heroes would not have been half so fresh in the minds of the people as they were some fifty years ago.

It is true, indeed, that these things were to be found in other books, from which Keating extracted them, but the greater part of these books are not to be found at the present day. These are lost to us, while "The Forus Feasa" is with us, with not even a word or a letter wanting to it. Some time

ré ag na daoineib boéta éom maic leir na huairib. I r cuimhin linn féin figeadóir boét do mair i nIarlár Ciarráide, nár mór i tceannta dóctain na hoirdé do bí 'n-a feilt, do cairbeáin dom a macraimail do Céitinn go ceanamail, carpa i linn-éadac, i r san dul ag páirte breic air, ná díogbáil ar bit do déanam dó. Da gheall le leabhar nsoimta é ar a meap, i r níor díomaoim do bí an leabhar pain, mar i r blarta cruinn do bí tuairpís ar gac leatánac de i gceann an figeadóir, agus ba deacair áiteam air go raib focal aet pípinne 'ran méir do rpsíob Céitinn ar Fenniar fear-pao, ar Párolan, i r an cúir eile aca. Tá cuimne Céitinn fóir i meap ag daoinead nár léis, i r ná fearaib riam a cúir raotair. I r dóis leir a lán go raib dpaoidéac éigin ar an nduine, nó gur ó neam do táinig ré cum cunntar ar sean do tabairt dúinn. Ní mór an t-iongnad gur éirid na daoine nár duine doonna Seatpún. Do tpeib gailta do b'eac é, aet 'n-a diaib rin bí ré ioir *Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis*. Caoiticeac ó cpoideiamac, Sagart, Doctúir Diaácta do b'eac é. fearléigeannta i lairid i r i leabhair na n-áitpeac do b'eac é, i r éac ré a lán dá raogal 'ran bfrainc. Aet 'nuair d'fill ré a baile tug ré é féin ruar ar fad d'obair na hEaglaise le díogair iongantais gur cuiread ruagairt peaca air, i r gur b'éigean dó dul i bpolac i gcumar doib i ngleann Eatarlac. I r é an ruo i r iongantais i mbeac-aib Seatpún go bfuair ré uain i r caoi ar na leabair do ceartuis uair i gcóir a feandair, do bailiugad an fad do bí fán i r ruag-airt air. Do ruadail ré go Connaictaib i r go Doirpe, aet ní mór do meap do bí ag fearaib Ulad ná ag Connaictaib air. I gceionn tpi nó ceatair do bliadantaib bí an "Fopur feara" go léir curta i gceann a céile aige (1631). Do rpsíob ré fóir dá leabhar diaáda, "Coair Sgiac an Aipinn," agus "Tpi Dúir-Áoite an Báir."

Dála an "Fopur feara," tornuigean ré ó'n bfríortpac, i r tagann anuar go 1200. Tá ré lán do sean-pannaib i n-a mbailig-tear ainmeaca na tpeac do táinig go hCúinn, i r i n-a gcuirtear le céile na héacra do bain leo. Tá a bfuil i bprór de, leir, annpo i r annpú múcta le ainmeacaib taoipeac i r flait i r a gcpaob geinealac. Níor ceap Seatpún don nio ó n-a meabair féin; gac a tucann ré dúinn—na rgealta, na heactraide, na gabá-lair, na héacra ar muir i r ar tpi—fuair ré iad go léir i feantleabhair do bí pá meap ag ollamhaib i r páirid. Ní pinne ré aet iad do cúir le céile i r d'aontugad. Dá mbeac ré ag áit-rpsíobad na neiteac rin i n'om, agus a aigneac lán do léigean na haimprie reo, ní'l deapmad ná go gcuirpeac ré a lán díob i leat-taib, do bpiú ná bainneann ríad le fíir-feandair. Aet do

back there was hardly a gentleman in Munster who had not his copy of "The Forus Feasa" affectionately guarded. The poor people as well as the upper classes had it. I myself remember a poor weaver who lived in West Kerry, who had little more than enough of food for the passing day, showing me his copy of Keating, which was fondly wrapt up in a linen cloth, while children were forbidden to handle it or injure it in any way whatever. He looked upon it as a sacred book. Nor did he possess it in vain, for that weaver had an accurate, perfect knowledge of every page of it in his head, and it would be difficult to persuade him that there was any error in any word Keating wrote about Fennius Fearsad, Partholan and the rest. There is a traditional remembrance of Keating still amongst the people who never saw or read his work. Many think that the man was under the spell of magic or that he came from heaven to give us an account of our ancestors. It is not so strange that the people believed that Keating was not a mere human being. He sprang from a foreign stock, yet he was among those who were "more Irish than the Irish themselves." He was a Catholic of heart-felt sincerity, a priest, a Doctor of Divinity. He was a man versed in Latin and in the works of the Fathers, and he passed a good deal of his life in France. But when he returned home he devoted himself altogether to the work of the Church with astonishing zeal, until he was hunted and was obliged to conceal himself in a gloomy cave in the Glen of Aherlow. The strangest circumstance connected with the life of Keating is that he found opportunity while in a state of flight to collect the books he required for his History. He travelled to Connaught and to Derry, but the Ulstermen and the Connaughtmen paid little heed to him. He completed the whole "Forus Feasa" within three or four years (1631). He also composed two spiritual books, "The Key-Shield of the Mass" and "The Three Shafts of Death."

As regards "The Forus Feasa," it begins at the very beginning and comes down to 1200. It is full of old verses in which the names of the tribes who came to Erin are mentioned and in which the exploits with which they were connected are recorded. The prose portion, too, is here and there overcrowded with the names of chieftains and princes and with their pedigrees. Geoffrey did not invent anything himself; what he sets before us—the tales, the adventures, the invasions, the exploits on land and sea—he found them all in old books which were held in esteem by *ollamhs* and *seers*. All he has

repiob pé an “*Forus Feara*” tá geall le tri céad bliadan ó foin, agus ní bhionnadh ná raib an oipead rain amhair i n-aoib píunne na n-éad ro an triad rain. Agus ir mar an geatna atá an rgeal as tíoptaib eile: Tá a lán éad ir eadtra i reandap na Róma do epeo na Románaig so mionlán i n-amraip bipeit ir Oibio—ná fuil ionnta déit úir rgealta na bpeleat. Ar an nóir geatna ní géilleann don rgeatpe anoir d’éadcaib hengirt ir hópia agus dá leiteoiruib d’éadcairuib i reandap na bpeatame.

Adt ’n-a d’iait rin, ní ceart a deapmad so mbionn bunatap píunne m’ na rgealtaib reo do gnat. Míor cüm na píitde rgeat ar d’uir san deatpam éigin do beit air—*nec fingunt omnia Credere*—eio do geupitear leir i iut na mbliadan, i n-epio ná haitneocairde é pá deipeat. D’ole an bail ar tip ná beid úir-rgealta do’n traapar rain epuinnte ir meargta trió a curo reandap. Da éomairde é ná raib eile ná fáit le pinreapib i mearg a daoineat, ir nár míor aca a cáil ná a glóir.

Ir álainn an díon-bpóllac a cupeann Seatrún le n-a “*Forus Feara*.” O tead an dapa Henrí anall eugainn ir poime, níor gab por ná ruaimnear na huatair Sasannais déit as cup ríor bpeaga ir rgealta aitre ar ar nóitcar. Sioprio de bapra, Stanhupre, Camden, Hanmer, ir an tread rain uile—ní raib uata déit rinn do cup fá coir ar d’uir, ir ó teir rin opta, rinn do marlugat i rgeatib fallra. Agus tar eir ar bpeapann do baint dinn, ba bpeagise ir ba éapeapise do bíotap ’n-a piam. Do eug Seatrún fuca ’an díon-bpóllac le punneam ir le peirg. Do pcon pé ar a déite an pámeir marlugteat do cup an bapra ’n-a leabap, níor pás pé punn do Stanhupre san péabat, ir triom é turpaing a láime ar Camden ir ar Spenper. So deimin ir geall le gairgídeat míor éigin é—le Coin Cúlainn nó Aicill—a curo airm géarta ’n-a láim, éadac pláta ó mullac cinn so triogtib air, ir é as gabáil le díograp ir le dian-peirg ar na daoimib beaga ro do deapbuig éiteat i geoinnib a d’itcar, ir do marlug a minncear. Dá mbeat pé ar marpcon i noiu, tabap-pat pé paobap bata dop na reandairuib atá anoir fá míor-meap, ar fíuote ir ar mac Amílaom, ir ar Hume.

Doer pé ’n-a díon-bpóllac :—

“Mí’l rpaire dá rpiobann ar éunnn nac as iappat locta agus toibé me do tabairt do rean-áallat agus do gaebeatib bíó; bíot a píadnuire rin ar an teir do beir Cambrenir, Spenper, Stanhupre, Hanmer, Camden, bapetio, Morpion, Dabir, Campion, agus gab nuat-áall eile dá rpiobann uirte o

done is to put them together and reconcile them. If he were to re-write these things now, having his mind filled with the learning of to-day, there is no doubt that he would set aside a good deal of them as not pertaining to true history. But he wrote "The Forus Feasa" almost 300 years ago, and it is not strange that so little doubt was cast on the truth of these events at that period. Such, too, is the case in other countries. There are many stories and wonders in Roman History which the Romans fully believed in the time of Virgil and Ovid, but which are only the romances of the poets. In the same way no scholar now believes in the exploits of Hengist and Horsa nor in such like wonders in the History of Britain.

At the same time it should be remembered that there is usually a substratum of truth in such stories. The poets did not originally invent a story without there being some appearance of reality in it. "The Cretans even do not invent all they say"—though the tale is added to in the course of years, in such wise that one would not recognise it at last. It were not well for a country not to have romances of this kind amassed together and mingled with its history. It were a sign that there did not spring up for generations either a poet or a seer amongst her people, and that the people did not prize her honour and glory.

Geoffrey prefixes a splendid *Apologia* to his "Forus Feasa." From the coming over to us of Henry the Second and previous to that date the English authors never ceased from writing lies and disgraceful calumnies about our country. Gerald Barry, Stanishurst, Camden, Hammer and all that tribe only wanted to trample us under foot at first, and since that failed them, to insult us by fallacious histories, and when they took our land from us, they were more lying and insulting to us than ever. Geoffrey attacked them in the *Apologia* with vigour and fury. He tore asunder the insulting rubbish Barry had put together in his book, he did not leave much of Stanishurst that he did not rend to bits; heavy is the weight of his hand falling on Camden and on Spenser. Indeed, he is like some great champion, like Cuchulainn or Achilles, his arms ready in his hands, clad in armour from head to foot, while he strikes down with zeal and fierce wrath those diminutive persons who gave false evidence against his country and who insulted his people.

Were he alive to-day he would belabour with his staff's edge the historians who are held at present in esteem, Froude, Macaulay and Hume. He says in the *Apologia*: -

"There is no historian who treats of Ireland that does not

foin amac, ionnup supabé nór beagnac an pñompolaidín do gníó
as rsgriobad ar éipeannacais . . : : ip é do gníó enomad
ar béarais fo-daoinead asur caillead mbeas n-úip-ireal ar
otadairt mait-gníom na n uaral i nbearmad, asur an méio a
baineap sup na rean-šaebealais do bi as áitiugad an oileáin reo
na ngabáltair na rean-šaili," 7c.

Ip minic a goirteap an Herodotup Šaebealac ar Šeatúr,
asur ip deimin sup mór a bfuil do córmaileac eacopca apaoi.
Tá caint Šeatúrán deap, pimplide, milip-bmašpac, map caint
"Átar an tSeandair." Séanair apaoi baot-foail, neam-
briogšmapa, neam-paromeamla, acé 'n-a n-ionad acá fuinneam ip
tatac i ngac line dá rártaib. Cuipio apaoi irteac na húr-
rgealta baineap le n-a otir, šan amšap do cur ar a bripinne.
B'é Herodotup an céad rárirde do cur reanear na nŠpéiseac i
n-easap ip i gcuinneap, asur ciot sup b'paoa 'n-a diair do
rsgriob pé, b'é Céitinn an céad reanearde o'ópuiš ip do ceapuiš
i plaet, ip i n-easap reanear na nŠaebeal. Do bain na filirde—
na Špéisiš ip na Románais—a lán ar rártaib Herodotup, asur
'pan gcuma gcéadna tuš Céitinn innbeap a noótair dor na
filirib Šaebealac, o' dooagán Ua Račaille, do Šeagán Clápac
Mac Domnaili, ip o'eošan Ruad. Acé ni feicimio oiošair i
otaob na ripinne, ná fearš cum namad a típe ar an nŠpéiseac.
Bionn pé cuin, pocap, péim i gcomnuirde i meapš rárta ip úip-
rgeit, *et quidquid Grecia mendax audet in historiis*, acé ni léisreac
an Šaebealac puinne do ceap ná do cáil a típe le n-a deapš
namad.

Odap léisgeanta, doimin ip ead "Tri Uioi-Šaoite an Uáir,"
lán do pmuaintib diaida ip do macctnam paromeamla i ar an
beatair daonna, ip ar a érioc. Ip iongantac ar tós pé ar rean-
ušopais ip ar oibreacais na naom, asur ip blarca tá an odap
ar pad poinnte i leabrais asur i n-altais. Acé ip trom, laidin-
eamail an caint acá ann ó cúip go deiread, bioš go bfuil ri
larca ruar annpo ip annpú le rgeat beas šreannmair map an
eacpra pain ar "Mac Reccan."

Odap an-léisgeanta i noiaadac ip i nópannais na nEaglaire ip
ead "Coéap Sgiac an Aipunn." Ili léip dúinn don ušop eile
cuireap an oipead pain do tuairpš ar neitib baineap leip an
Aipreann, com beacé, com cinnte rin i leabap dá méio. Acé
n-a teannta pain, tá an caint com pimplide, com šreannta, com
binn, com briogšmap pain, šan laot-foetair ná párdtib carca sup
pupairte o'aoinneac é léisgead sup i noiu.

endeavour to vilify and calumniate both the old English settlers and the native Irish. Of this we have proof in the accounts of Cambrensis, Spenser, Stanihurst, Hammer, Camden, Barclay, Morrison, Davis, Campion, and every other English writer who has treated of this country since that time, so that when they write of the Irish, they appear to imitate the beetle . . . This is what they do, they dwell upon the customs of the vulgar and the stories of old women, neglecting the illustrious actions of the nobility and everything relating to the old Irish who were the inhabitants of this island before the English invasion."

Geoffrey has often been called the Irish Herodotus, and, indeed, both closely resemble one another. Geoffrey's style is pretty, simple, smooth and harmonious, like that of the Father of History. Both avoid turgid, feeble, unsubstantial words, but instead there is vigour and strength in every line of their narratives. Both insert the romances that pertain to their country, without raising a doubt as to their truth. Herodotus was the first historian who gave a regular methodical history of the Greeks, and, though he came long after, Keating was the first historian who regulated and arranged in proper order the history of the Gaels. The poets, both Greek and Roman, drew largely on the accounts of Herodotus, and in the same way Keating gave food enough to the Irish poets, to Egan ORahilly, to John Claragh MacDonnell and to Eoghan Ruadh. But we miss zeal for his country and rage against her enemies in the Greek. He is ever calm, gentle, steady in the midst of history and romance, "and whatever lying Greece has the courage to put in her histories." But the Irishman would not let a particle of his country's fame and right go undisputed with her inveterate foe.

"The Three Shafts of Death" is a deep, learned work, full of holy thoughts and of profound meditation on human life and on its end. He has drawn with astonishing fulness on the old authors and on the works of the saints, and the entire work is neatly divided into books and sections. But from beginning to end, the style is heavy and Latin-like, though it is occasionally lit up with a humorous story like that of "Mac Reccan."

"The Key-Shield of the Mass" is a work of great learning in theology and in Church ritual. We do not know any author who gives such a full account of the things that pertain to the Mass, so exact, so accurate in a book of its size. But in addition to this, the style is so simple, so delightful, so melodious, so forceful, without turgidity of words or entangled

Ó ainmhir Céitinn anuas níor fgníobhad a lán do phór bunadach. Do cuirteadh aobhar eacraíoch le céile agus rásaíoch ar fgníomhaíoch aca, agus ní mór 'n-a dtéann na ríon. Do luigeadar na h-úrthair Saibéalaíoch ar ianna do mhíreall, ir ba mílir, doibinn a fhuir doán ir amháin.

Soir nó fíar ir fearr an baile—An Cneamhaire.

(Le n-úna ni fairséallais.)

Ní raib an pinneoiríocht i b'ad ar fíubal nuair fleannuis an Cneamhaire amach uata a fán-fíor dóib.

Suar an capán leir as déanam ar éad na n-ailitíocht do'n oileán. Thiomáin ré air go dtí go raib ré ar bair na tula. Do ríad ré annsin. Sé gur éirean láidir an fear é, do bí an doir as téannad go dainsean air, 7 níor mírde do a ríad do leigean.

Ún an sealaí go hárd 'ra ríer, agus do b'féidir an t-oileán agus an fairsé do'féidir go fíal ríer.

Do b'áluinn ciúin an t-amhaire do bí or a éomair amach, aet iríoch i fíoríoch an t'éirean-fíar do bí anad ar fíubal. U'amlaíoch náir airis ré a éom deir ir do fíaluis an domán i n-a éimíoch. Ní raib a fíor aet as Dia amáin cad do bí 'sá fuaíoch.

Chraic ré a láma or cionn a éinn, agus doibíoch or áir:

"Uom féin ir ead é! Uom-ra amáin! Ní fíal éan-daint as duine ar bit eile leir. D'íoch go maíoch ar—go d'ian-maíoch!"

Ar áiríoch leir áiríoch as fíubal agus as fíar-fíubal, díreoch ir dá mbéad 'n-a aisead ríoch a éiríoch do laíochad ar an nóir ríoch.

Níor b'fíoch do as imíoch maíoch ríoch go dtí go raib ré i n'gar do na hailitíochad.

Annoim do ríad ré go hobann, maíoch ba dóíoch leir go fíalíoch ré fíoch duine éigin. Chuir ré cluar le héiríoch air féin, agus do b'amlaíoch d'íoch asad d'ainm go raib ré cinníoch 'n-a éad. Fíoch mná as caoi do b'ead é, fán fíoch.

Ar mbíochad do ar an áiríoch ar a d'áiníoch an fíalíoch, ba léir do, fíalíoch beas uair, duine éirean laíoch leir an fíalíoch.

Thíoch ré leir an áir, agus d'áiríoch ré fán móil gur b'í máire bhán do bí ann ríoch.

Ní raib a fíor áiríoch duine ná doibíoch do beir i n-a haise, agus do p'ead ríoch le neiríoch fíoch nuair do laíoch ré a láma ar a éann.

expressions, that anyone might easily read it even at the present day.

From Keating's time onward not much original prose was written. A number of adventures and stories about the exploits of giants was composed but very little more. Irish authors betook themselves to the composition of verse, and sweet and delightful were the poems and songs they composed.

EAST, WEST, HOME'S BEST.

FROM "AN CNEAMHAIRE."

By UNA NÍ FHAIRCHEALLAIGH.

(Miss Agnes O'Farrelly.)

THE dancing had not long begun when the Cneamhaire slipped out unnoticed.

Up the path he went towards the cliff side of the island. Still onwards until he was on the top of the height. He paused there. Though a strong, stout man, age was pressing on him, and he had, perforce, to rest.

The moon was high in the sky, and the island and the sea could be plainly seen. The scene before him was beautiful and calm, but within the heart of the old man a storm was raging. Thus it was he did not notice how beautiful the world seemed about him. God only knew what was oppressing him.

He waved his arms above his head and spoke aloud:

"It is my own! Mine alone! Nobody else has any claim to it. I paid well for it—right well."

On he went again, walking, ever walking, just as if he had it in his mind thus to subdue the storm in his heart.

He was not long walking at that rate until he drew near to the cliffs.

Then he stopped suddenly, for he thought he heard somebody's voice. He set himself to listen, and after a short space of time he was certain of it. The voice of a woman crying, that it was, without doubt.

When he looked towards the place whence the sound came he saw clearly somebody leaning against the fence.

He drew near, and perceived at once that it was Máire Bhán who was there before him.

“Ná corpuis, a leanab. Ná bíod páircéar ort, cor ar bít!”

Ní dubhairt Máire focal, agus reo ar aghaid é le n-a cúro éainte.

“Ní ceart duit, a Mháire, a ríóir, beít amuis i n-donraic 7 an oíche atá ann. Tá an comhluadar as fuiread leat ’ra scir-din.”

Ní meapad éinnead sup b’é an Cneamair do bí as caint:

“Ué! a Shéamair! an tura atá ann? Ná bac liom! Cait-príó mé leigint dom’ cúro bróin. Déad níor fearr dá bárr i gceann tamail.”

“Aé dubhradar liom, a Mháire, sup tú féin ar cionntaé leir an turar 7 an airtéar reo. Tuise nac bfanfá as do mátair ’ra mbaile 7 as Peadar fáda!”

“Tuise, a n-eaó? tá fáé go leór leir, muir, aé cia an maít beít as caint anoir?” Ar an toirt, do síl na deóra léiti 7 érom rí ar sul arís.

Níor cuir an Cneamair irtead uirri an fáro do lean rí ar beít as caoi, aé nuair d’éirí rí níor ciúine ar ball d’fearrpuis pé dí cia an fáé dí beít as imtead ar éireann.

“Ná ceil orm éin-éad do’n pírinne” ar’ reirean fá deóir.

“Cad faoi n’deara go bfuil tú as imtead uainn?”

“Do b’ríg go bfuil earbaid airtio orm” ar’ an cailín boét.

“An t-airgead! an t-airgead!” ar’ an Cneamair go neam-fóighead, “’S é an rseal céadna é i gcomharde; aé bíod ’fíor asat, a cailín, go bfuil a lán rudaí ’ra doimh níor fearr i b’ad ’ná an t-airgead féin.”

Ní eus Máire freagra ar bít air, do bí an oirgead roin iongan-tair uirri:

“Nac bfuil Peadar asat!” ar’ reirean “agus nac leór duit é rin?”

“Tá—Peadar—agam; i r fíor duit⁷é, “arra Máire i n’deir-eaó na dálaé, “aé—ní éiríim tú. Nac bfuil dúil asat féin ’ran airgead? Sabaim pártuín asat, a Shéamair; ní ’gá éarad leat atáim, cor ar bít.”

“Ní fuil focal bréige ann, a ingean ó. I r móir i mo dúil ’ran airgead le leat-éad bliadan, aé ní paib an rseal mar rin agam riam. Dhí lá eile agam. Dhí mé ós 7 bíor i ngráó com maít leat-ra, 7 b’féirí níor doimne ’ná mar atáir-re. Dhíor boét, 7 bí ríre boét, rreirín. D’fágbar mo céad rlán aici 7 do baili-gear liom go hAimeiriocá le capnán airtio do cur ar muin a ééile 7 le bean uaral do deanam dom’ rreir-bean. D’iméigear liom riarr sup f’roicear lapcar na Stát n’donuigéte. Chaitéar poimnt bliadanta ann 7 d’éirí an raogal liom go seál. I r

She did not know that there was man or mortal near her, and she started in affright when he laid his hand on her head:

"Do not stir, child. Don't be the least afraid."

Máire did not say a word, and he proceeded:

"It is not right for you, Máire a stóir, to be out alone this night. The company are watching for you in the kitchen."

Nobody would think it was the Cneamhaire who was talking.

"Och! Séamas! Is it you that is in it? Don't mind me! I must give way to my sorrow. I shall be the better of it after a little."

"But they told me, Máire, that it is you yourself are accountable for this journey. Why would you not stay at home with your mother and with Peadar Fada?"

"Why is it? There is plenty of reason for it; but what is the use of talking now?" Her tears fell on the moment and she began to cry again.

The Cneamhaire did not disturb her whilst she wept, but when she grew calmer by-and-by, he asked her why she was leaving Ireland.

"Don't conceal one scrap of the truth from me," he said at last. "What is the cause of your leaving us?"

"Because I am in want of money," said the poor girl.

"Money! money!" said the Cneamhaire impatiently. "The same story always; but know, girl, that there are plenty of things in the world better far even than money."

Máire was so surprised that she did not answer him.

"Have you not Peadar," he said, "and is not that enough for you?"

"I have—Peadar—it is true for you," said Máire at long last; "but—I don't understand you. Don't you yourself care for money? Forgive me, Séamus; it is not upraising you with it I am at all."

"There is not a word of lie in it, girl. I have been eager for money for the past fifty years; but it was not so with me always. I was once otherwise. I was young, and I was in love as well as you. I was poor, and she was poor also. I bade her a long farewell, and I took myself off to America to put some money together, and to make my sweetheart a lady. I moved on till I reached the west of the United States. I spent some years there, and the world thrived with me. I used seldom get a letter from Ireland, except, now and again, a couple of words from her, to say she was well, or the like of that.

Once, a year went by, and never a word from her. I could

annam a gheibinn leithir ó Éirinn aet amáin cúpla focal anoir 7 aipir uaiti-pean 'gá páo go raib pí go maic, agus a leitheoí rin.

"Don uair amáin éuaib bliadain tapainn 7 san focal aham uaiti. Níor b'féoiri uim a fúlans beic san tuairpís uirri, 7 ó tápla an t-am rin go raib pinnic maic aipisio i tairisio aham, tuis mé ahaib ar an mbaile aipir. Oé? mo léan gáir ip mo lomaib tuain! ní raib pinnam aet a huais. 'San uais éaona cuipéa na comurpinn uilis nac móir, bliadain na gopta. Sáit-eaib ipceac le céile iad i n-éan-poll amáin.

"Ó a Uima na ngráta! i as fagbáil báir leir an ocpa ar táoib an bótaip 7 mire i bpaio uaiti 7 san rméapóio eólaip aham ar a cáir! Sipe san puo le cup i n-a beal aici 7 mire táll i n-áimeipiocá, mo póca lán go beal o'airgeaio."

Do famluis éaon an tpean-fir go militeac fa folar na gealaige. O'iompuis ré uaiti beagán 7 érom ré ar amáir amac tap an bpaipisio ó tuairi.

Uhi a fíor as Máire go raib ré as téanam mapanta ar uais níoir bliadna na gopta tuar i gCondae Mhuigeó 7 níoir leis pí focal ar lár. I n-a leabaib rin, ip amlaib go pus pí ar lámh aipir. O'airis pí fuar san bpaio san fuinneam i.

Uhi an caillín as bailléip aet ní fuac na hoirde fa n'eara é. Níor b'é an Cneamáir oó bí or a comáir aet caibéir o'airis cuici ar laeteanncaib a oige.

"A Shéamair boicet! a Shéamair boicet!" aip' ríre or íreal. Níoir cuip an pean-fear éan-tfúim innici, aet o'fan ré as amáir amac oó táoib an Uha Uheinn Déas san coipaisio ar

Uhiopaip map rin ar peao tamail maic aipisio.

"O'féoiri supab é an pác go bfuil uil aham 'fan aipgeaio," aip' an Cneamáir fa beiréaio, "sup íocap com oap rin .r. bíonn an t-airgeaio map fuil or comáir mo oá fúil—go oearis, go oearis i gcomnaioe. Ip map rin a éim-pe é."

Do érom Máire a ceann fíor 7 póg pí a lámh. O'airis Séamair oear as tuicim léiti.

Uhiopaip aipion i n-a oioir go ceann tamail.

"Ní imteóga ar an oileán, oap ar bit," aipra Máire go haibio.

"Ní imteóga tú, an n-eaio? An é rin a n-abpinn tú? Aet an oipisioann tú 'n-a éapic méao na boctanaeata a beap as goill-eaio oir annreo, má fanáir?"

"Ní fuil uime 'ra oíman a tuigeannr níoir fearr 'na mire com érom 7 a bíonnr an ganncaip 7 an boctanaeac as gabáil oó muinniciip ápinn—aet 'n-a oiaio rin féim fanpaio 'ra mbaile i n-áinn Dé."

not bear to be without tidings of her, and since it happened, that time, that I had a good deal of money saved, I faced for home. Och! my sharp sorrow and my lasting woe! I found only her grave before me. In the same grave nearly all the neighbours were buried, the famine year. They were all cast into the one hole."

"Oh! God of Grace! she dying with hunger by the side of the road, and I far from her, without a gleam of knowledge as to her state! She without anything to put in her mouth, and I beyond in America, my pocket chock-full with money!"

The face of the old man looked wan in the light of the moon. He turned from her a little and gazed out over the sea to the north.

Máire knew that he was thinking deeply of the big grave of the famine year up in County Mayo, and she never let slip a word. Instead, she took hold of his hand. She felt it cold and nerveless and clammy.

The girl was trembling, but not from the coldness of the night. It was not the Cneamhaire who was before her, but a ghost which came to her from the days of his youth.

"Poor Séamas! poor Séamas!" she said softly. The old man did not heed her, but continued to look towards the Twelve Pins without ever stirring.

Thus they remained for a long while.

"Perhaps the reason I have such a desire for money," said the Cneamhaire at last, "is because I paid for it so dearly. Money is like blood before my two eyes—red, red, always. That is how I see it."

Máire bent her head and kissed his hand. Séamas felt a tear falling from her.

They were both silent for a time.

"I shall not leave the island at all," said Máire hastily.

"You will not go, is it. Is that what you say? But do you rightly understand the greatness of the poverty that will weigh on you if you stay?"

"There is no one in the world understands better than I do how heavy want and poverty lie on the people of Aran; but, even so, I shall stay at home, with the help of God."

"It is well," said the Cneamhaire.

* * * * *

The next morning the island folk went eastwards, one by

“Tá go maí, ” ar’ an Cneamair.”

* * * * *

Ar maidin lá ar n-a bárad cuad’ar muinntear an oileán i n-oidiú a céile roir go dtí an fánán. Bhí na cupaca i gcóir cum na gcailíní do bí le dul tar lear do bheir ar boro an long-
gaille.

“Tuise go bfuil tura ag caoinead’?” ar’ar Peadar fará nuair d’áiríodh Máire bhán a gúe com maí le cáe. “Ip muid-ne a bheir ag caoinead’ in do dhiaid’.”

“Táim ag caoinead’ i n-oidiú na gcailíní atá ar tí imteact, uainn,” ar’ar Máire.

“An dá ríuib atá tú, a Mháire? ‘Ar n-ó,’ ní ceart duit beir ag fonnáir fúm in-oidiú 7 ualac ar mo éiríde.”

“Ní ag d’éanam fonnáir’ fút atáim, muir. Tá m’inntinn rocair agam ar fanact leat, cibé boct rairdhir tú, nó cibé an faró a caiteiríde beir ag feiteam le n-a céile.”

Ní éirídead’ Peadar a cluara féin.

“Ip ag magad’ fúm atá tú, tá mé ag ceapad’.”

“Ní head go veimín! Ní d’éanfainn a leiríro oir ar an domán.”

“Éiríom tú anoir, muir. Acé ní tuigim an rgeal cor ar bit. Cao a tug oir an t-actarugad’ inntinn’ reo?”

“Airling a bí agam aréir, a Pheadair, nó bpionglóir, mar adéarad. Shaoilear go raib tura ro’ fcan-fear éiríde gan fuinneam i do gásgaid ná gáid d’éinne’ i do éiríde. Bhí tú ro’ iargair compoirtamail annro. Bhí mire t’éir dímeiríocá, clóca ríora oim 7 hata gléarta go deir le ríubíní agur a leiríroí eile, airgead mo d’óctaint im’ rparán agam 7 ‘c uile cineál maoin’ im’ feild. Bhíor-ra ag gabáit ruar an bóirín i n-aice na roilís’ 7 mé ag teact a baile. Capad’ dam annrin tú, acé níor aitin tú mé, cor ar bit.”

“‘Mire Máire bhán,’ adubhar leat.

“‘Ní tú,’ ar’ar tura go feargac; ‘ní tú go veimín. Bhí Máire—mo Mháire le—i n-a cail n ós flactmar, agur cao mar gheall oir-ra? Sean-bean poirtamail gáiríra tú atá córuigte mar péacóis i ngioblaicid ríóil. Ní tura Máire go veimín.’

“D’féadair ríor i bpoll uirge a bí taoid liom 7 do b’é rin an céad usir d’airígear mé féin dorra gáiríra; bí an ceart agat.

“‘Ip mire Máire bhán,’ adubhar aríor.

“D’féad tú oim annrin roir an dá fúil 7 an faró a bíor mar don leat níor tós tú do fúile díom.

“‘Ip amlaid’ adéir tú,’ ar’ar tura, ‘acé ní éiríom tú—ní tura an Mháire a dtugar gáid dí faró ó. Thíor’ran roilís úo b’fearr

one, towards the slip. The curachs were ready to bring the girls who were going abroad on board the steamer.

"Why are you 'caoining'?" said Peadar Fala, when Máire Bhán raised her voice like the others. "It is we who shall be 'caoining' after you."

"I am 'caoining' for the girls who are about to leave us," said Máire.

"Are you serious, Máire? In troth, it is not right for you to make fun of me to-day and a load on my heart."

"It is not making fun of you I am, *maiseadh*. I have my mind made up to stay with you, whether you are rich or poor, or however long we must wait for each other."

Peadar would not believe his own ears.

"It is making fun of me you are, I am thinking."

"It is not indeed! I would not do the like on you for the world."

"I believe you now, indeed! But I don't understand the story a bit. What caused you this change of mind?"

"A vision I had last night, Peadar, or a dream, as you might say. I thought that you had become an old, contrary man, without energy in your limbs, or love to anyone in your heart. You were a comfortable fisherman here. I had come back from America. I had a silk cloak on me, and a hat beautifully decked with ribbons and such like things, with plenty of money in my purse and every kind of means in my possession. You were going up the lane near the graveyard when I was on my way home. I met you there, but you did not recognise me at all."

"'I am Máire Bhán,' I said. 'You are not,' you replied angrily; 'not you, indeed. Máire—my Máire—was a fine young girl; and what about you? A proud, ugly, old woman, titivated like a peacock in silken rags! You are not Máire Bhán indeed.'"

"I looked down in a pool of water beside me, and that was the first time I noticed myself old and ugly. You were right."

"'I am Máire Bhán,' I said again.

"You looked at me then between the two eyes, and as long as I was with you you did not lift your eyes from me.

"'So you say, but I don't believe,' you said. 'You are not the Máire I loved long ago. Down in the graveyard yonder I would rather her to be than to resemble you now. I don't know you at all.' And saying that, you went off. I was

liom i 'beir 'nā beir mar tura anoir. Ní aicmísim tú éor ar bit.' Agus 'gá ríad rín, ar go bráit leat. Unior pásta im' donarlan go brónac. Sin i an bhuonglóir a bí agam. Nac airt-teac é?"

"Ní fuil tú ió' fean-bean fóir, a rúin! 'Do b'ághmarac an bhuonglóir dam-ra í, cibé rgeal é. Agus, an n-abrann tú, a Mháire, gur bhuonglóir a tuis ort fanact 'ra mbaile?"

Níor mear Máire gur ceart oí rgeal an Chneamáire o'innrinc san ceao aici uair. Mar rín adubairt rí:—

"É rín agus ruadái eile."

"Buirdeacár móir do 'Dhia," arfa Peadar.

* * * * *

"Nac móir an t-iongantair nac mbéiteá ag brait le do díol mná 'fagbáil?" adubairt ádair Pheadair leir cúpla lá i n-a díar rín. "Nac deap dactamail an cailín i Máire Chatac, in-gean na baintreabáige tíar i gCionn an 'Dhaile?"

Chuir Peadar cluar le héirteact air féin. 'Dá mba gur tuit an grian anuar ar an rpeir ní cuirpead ré níor mó iongantair air

Ní raib ré i n-innim oipead le focal do ríad.

"Tá ré i n-am do Cháit, freirín, cur rúit i n-áit oí féin. Ní ríadac beirt máigirtreár le céile i n-éin-teac amáin. Cao é do mear ar Mhac Uí 'Dhonncaoda. Ní fuil fóir talimán aige, áct mar rín féin, 'ar noó', ir breag láirir an buacail é. 'Daoine macánta a b'eao iao a feact rinnir noime."

Níor féad Peadar focal do cur ar, agus níor tuis ré ríad na ceirte cuige 'nā ar éan-éor. Go deimhín, níor tuis áct an oipead le ceap bróige, mar adéartá, áct dá mbíor ré do ládair 'ra reomra beag taobh tíar do'n éiríon ríadac beag i n-a díar rín ir dóca go dtuispead ré an t-íomplán go dianmáit. Ir fean-focal é, agus ir ríor, go dtairbeánann tráitínín treó na gaoite.

Ar ball nuair do bí an t-aor ós tíor ar an Muirbeac, reo é an Cneamáire irteac cum ádair Pheadair agus mála aige i n-a láim.

Seo é ag tarraing lán a glaise do píoraib óir amac ar an mála, agus ag áiréam trí píorí punnt ar an gclár or a cómar, agus reo é fóir 'gá ríad, agus é ag féadain go glinn géar ar an breap eile:

"Ní cuirpíó Tomár Sheagáin Ruairí barr a méire paláige ar mo cúir airtio go deó. 'Dair ríad, ní cuirpíó. Ir do'n gíad agus do'n óige ádair 'gá tabairt.

left alone, deserted and in sadness. 'That is the dream I had. Is it not strange?'

"You are not an old woman yet, a *rúin*! It was a lucky dream for me anyhow. And, do you say, Máire, that it was a dream caused you to stay at home?"

Máire did not think herself justified in telling the Cneamhaire's story without leave from him; so she answered:

"That and other things."

"Great thanks be to God!" said Peadar.

* * * * *

"Isn't it a great wonder you wouldn't be looking out to get a wife to suit you," said Peadar's father to him a couple of days later. "Isn't Máire Chatach, the daughter of the widow over in Cronn-an-Bhaile, a nice, good-looking girl?"

Peadar set himself to listen. If the sun fell down out of the sky it would not surprise him more. He was unable to say as much as a word.

"It is time for Cáit, too, to settle down in a place of her own. Two mistresses would not go well together in one house. What do you think of young Mac Donnchadha? He has not a sod of land, but, even so, he is a fine, strong boy. Honest people they were, his seven generations before him."

Peadar could not get out a word, and he did not understand the state of the question at all. In truth, he did not, any more than a shoemaker's last, as one might say; but if he were present in the little room beyond the kitchen afterwards, it is likely that he would understand the whole matter right well. It is an old proverb, and it is a true one, which says that a straw shows how the wind blows.

By-and-by, when the young people were down in the *muirbheach*, the Cneamhaire comes in to Peadar's father and a bag in his hand.

He draws the full of his hand of gold pieces from the bag, and counting out sixty pounds on the table before him, he says, looking steadily and sharply at the other man:

"Tomás Sheaghán Ruaidhri will never put the top of his dirty finger on my money. By heavens, he'll not. It is to love and to youth I am giving it."

AN UAIH.

SIOTA AR AN “NĠIOBLACÁN.”

(Biprgeat le tomár O h-Aoda.)

Bíor ag féadaint timcheall oim an fáir do bí ré ag caint, ag bheathnugadh ar an reompa agus an éaoi 'n-a raiú ré curta le céile agus 'sá fíapnuige im' aigneadh féin cá bfuair ré na rúgáin ar fáo nuair dubhairt ré :

“ Tá tú ag déanamh iongantair dom' teaghlac agus dom' aicill-réad. Nác deap-lámhac an duine me ? ”

“ 'Seadh, ar m' focal ; ádt cá bfuair na rúgáin go léir ? Agus má'r uaim atá annro, ar ndóig ní raiú éin-éal leir an mboctán ro i n-éan-éor. ”

“ Inneopair míre duit ar ball ; ádt an mb'ait leat an uaim ar fáo d' fheircint ? ”

“ B'ait liom, ” arra míre, “ ádt tá ré ró-luat fóir an éor do cur fám. ”

“ Ní'l, ploc, ” ar fheiréan, “ com fáda ir tá ré reo agat, ” agus tós ré maire cpoire ó'n gcúinne agus fín ré éugam é.

“ Rağamaoio amac go fóill go bfeircir tú mo ríogádt-ra ar fáo, ” ar ré.

“ Ádt cá bfuair an maire cpoire ? ” arra míre leir.

“ Cuirear le céile i an fáir do bí tú ro' coitlad. Gab i leir annro anoir agus tabair aipe do'n éor. ”

Tós ré an trillreán ó'n mbóir agus d' orğail ré doirar beag taob leir an teallac agus éuádmair araoir irtead. Ní fáca mé a leitéro de ríadair ó'n lá rúgadh me go dtí fín agus ní fáca mé ríadair mar é ó roin. Bí an reómra beag déanta go ríreac glan ar an gcaoi éaona i raiú an ceann eile, ádt do bí ré lionta ruar go dtí an doirar le harmaib de gac cineál, agus bíodair go léir com glan agus com roillreac roin ir gur baineadair an ríadair díom, nac móir, nuair do éuádar irtead ar dtúr. Bíodair ar cpoicé aige ór cionn a céile ar na ballaib tarit timcheall an treómra com fáda ir b'féidir leir rúige d' fágail doib—gunnaí gearra agus ríortail go léor, agus a lán de élaíomcib agus de baigheicib—agus bí curio eile aca cruacéa i ngróğánaib ar an úrlar. Bí úirnéir beag, inneóin agus úirilirí gabann i gcúinne, agus binne agus úirilirí ríuineara i gcúinne eile. Bí an fear agus an áit ag éirige níor airtige gac éan-nóimint.

“ Ir dóig liom go bfuilim fá óraoiréad, ” arra míre, nuair do tógair lán mo fúl de'n treómra.

“ Ní'lip, maire, i n-éan-éor, ” arra an “ Ġioblacán. ”

THE CAVERN.

From the Novel "An Gioblachán," by Tomás O h-Aodha,
(i.e., Thomas Hayes).

I WAS looking round me, while he was speaking, examining the room and the manner in which it was constructed, and asking myself in my own mind where did he get all the hayropes, when he said:

"You are making a wonder of my dwelling and of my skill. Am I not a handy man?"

"You are, on my word; but where did you get all the hayropes? And if this is a cavern, there was certainly no necessity for the cabin at all."

"I'll tell you by-and-by; but would you wish to see the cavern entirely?"

"I would, indeed," I said, "but it is too soon yet to put the foot under me."

"Not a bit," he replied, "while you have this," and he took a crutch from the corner and handed it to me.

"We shall go out awhile," he said, "until you see my entire kingdom."

"But where did you get the crutch?" I said to him.

"I put it together while you were asleep. Come hither now and take care of the foot."

He took the lamp from the table, opened a little door beside the hearth, and we both went in. I did not see a sight like what I saw since I was born till then, nor did I see a sight like it since. The little room was made exactly in the same way as the other one, but it was filled to the door with arms of every description, and they were all so clean and so bright that they almost dazzled me when I entered first. They were hanging above each other, on the walls round the room, as far as he could find room for them—muskets and pistols in plenty, and many swords and bayonets—and others were stacked in heaps on the floor. There was a little furnace, an anvil, and a smith's tools in one corner, and a bench and a joiner's tools in another corner. The man and the place were getting stranger every moment.

"I think I am under some enchantment," said I, when I had taken the full of my eye of the room.

"You are not, indeed," said the Gioblachán.

He took up one of the guns and rubbed it affectionately with his hand.

Do tós ré ruar ceann de na gunnaib agus do cuimil pé & go cineálta le n-a láim.

"Féad," ar peirean, "nac deap an úirlir i rin. Táinig pí o Ameriocá agus do cuirpead pí piléar tré dúine nac móp míle ó baile; aet éirimíó an cúro eile aca arís. Sab i leir annro."

D'forsaíl pé dopar eile agus bagair pé amac oim. Níor féadap mo lámh o' feircint bí pé com dopea roim. Níor cuim-nigear go rabamar inr an uaim agus nuair o' féadap amac duapar.

"Ué, nac dopea i an oirde l"

Leis an "Sioblaacán" rmut gáire ar.

"Nac dopea i an oirde," arpa gút taob amuis díom. "há; há!" arpa gút eile. Annroim do labair beirt nó tríúr eile i n-éinfeact níor fuide amac, "Ué! nac dopea"—"há! há!"—"an oirde"—"há! há! há!"—"nac"—"nac dopea"—"há! há!"—"an oirde"—"há! há! há!"—agus mar rin leó as rsiúipead agus as véanam mairé fúm go raib an áit lan ruar de gúannaib. Bíodap tíor fúm, tuar or mo cíonn, ar m'asair amac agus ar gac taob díom. O' iméigeadap uaim i ndiar a céile agus o' ipéigeadap fá deirpead ar nór na raib ionnta aet ríorapnac as creataó i gcúinnib na huaima.

Deir mire sup bain pé ppeab aram. Táinig ríannapad oim ar otúr agus 'na díar rin táinig iongantap agus uatbár an traosail oim, ar nór náir féadap corpuige ar an áit 'n-a rabar im fearam ar fead cúis nóiminte. Do bagair an "Sioblaacán" irteac oim.

"Mac-alla," arpa mire, nuair bí an dopar dúnta aise.

"Sead," ar pé, "nac bpeag é?"

"Níor aipigear puam poime reo éan-pud mar é aet éan-uair amáin; aet ní raib teact ruar ar bit leir reo aise. Tá an uaim go han-móp ir dóca."

"Bí cinnte de rin. Táir io' fearam anoir ar bpuac gáca uatbáirige agus má tá éan-órvlac amáin ann, tá pé ór cíonn míle trois i ndoimneact. Ná téisir ró-fada amac nuair a bead as cairbeant na huaima dúit, nó b'féoir go bfuigtea dúdan io' ceann; coinnis taob tíar díom-ra agus ní beir baogal ar bit opt."

Tós pé plireós siumaire agus cuir pé ríoilc beas 'na héatall le tuais. Annroim fuair pé rop bapraig agus rocpuis pé irteac 'ran ríoilc é agus ear pé an baprac i mbacall mar bead méapó ar bair na plireóige. Nuair bí pé rocpuigete go daingean aise, túm pé an plireós agus an baprac i bpota ola agus o'fás pé ann iad go raib an ola rúigete irteac go maí ionnta. Tuar fá ndeara lom-láirpead go raib pé as véanam cóirpe cun na huaima do cairbeant dam.

"Look," said he, "is not that a pretty tool? It came from America, and it would put a bullet through a person almost a mile from home; but we'll see the remainder again. Come over here."

He opened another door, and he motioned me out. I could not see my hand it was so dark. I did not recollect that we were in a cavern when I looked out, and I said:

"Ugh! is it not a dark night?"

The Gioblachán let a little laugh out of him.

"Is it not a dark night!" said a voice outside me. "Ha! ha!" said another voice. Then two or three spoke together further out. "Ugh! is it not"—"Ha! ha!"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"Is it not"—"Is it not a dark"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—and so on with them, mimicking and making fun of me till the place was filled with voices. They were beneath me and over my head; they were directly in front of me and on both sides. They faded away one after the other, and they lowered at last so that there was not in them but a whisper, trembling in the corners of the cavern.

I say that I was startled. Fright came on me at first, and afterwards the wonder and awe of the world came on me, so that I could not stir from the place in which I was standing for five minutes. The Gioblachán beckoned me inside.

"An echo," said I, when he had closed the door.

"Yes," said he, "is it not fine?"

"I never before heard anything like it except once, but it could not come near this at all. The cavern is very large, I suppose."

"Be sure of that. You are standing now on the brink of an awful chasm, and if it's an inch, it's over a thousand feet in depth. Do not go too far out when I am showing you the cavern, or perhaps you might get a reeling in your head. Keep behind me and there will be no fear of you."

He took a chip of pinewood, and put a split in its end with a hatchet. Then he got a wisp of tow and fixed it into the split, and twisted it into a knob just like a ball on the top of the chip. When it was firmly fixed, he dipped the chip and the tow into a pot of oil, and left them there until the oil was well soaked into them. I observed directly that he was making a torch in order to show me the cavern.

"This will give us sufficient light now," he said, and he

“Tiubhairt ré seo rolar ar n-óráint dúinn anois,” ar ré, agus cuir ré teine leir. Cuathmar amac go bpuac na gága arís. Sae cor do cuireamar dinn do cuir an mac-alla preasra tar ar eúgáinn. U’ árvuig an “Sioblaacán” an tóirre ór a éionn ar nór go bpuiginn raðarc maic ar an uaim, agus do fear ré go dána amac ar bpuac an puill. Ní déanfaimn féin é dá bpuiginn mile púnt; aét, ar n-óig, mar a veir an fear-focal—“Neatn na taitige méaduigeann ré an tarcuirne.”

Cé go dtug an tóirre rolar bpeas uair níor féadar ruo ar bit u’ feircint aét amám poimnt beas de’n carraig ór mo éionn agus ar sae taob thiom. Amac uaimn ní raib ann aét doiréadar trom tiug agus ip thóig tiom féin náir vein an tóirre aét é do méaduigad. Bí fé eom tiug roim sup faoilear go mb’ féirip tiom é searrao le rgin, no mām ve tógaint im’ láim. Bíor as riarruige thiom féin, an faio do bíor as féadaint amac, cao do bí roluighe taob tiar de’n doiréadar, agus do bí fé eom tiamaip spáineamail rin sup cuir ré uatbár im éiride.

“Ní’l iomarca le feircint amac uaimn-no taob tiar dinn,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán,” “aét tairbeánfair mé duit anois doimneadé an puill.” Cuairt ré ar a glúinib.

“Luig ríor agus tairraing amac go bpuac na cairrige,” ar feiréan, “táim eun an tóirre do éiteam ríor.”

Luigear ríor mar u’ árvuig ré agus árvuigear amac go haireac go raib mo éeann tar bpuac na gága. Do vein ré féin an ruo céadna. Caic ré an tóirre amac uair agus ríor agus ríor leir trío an doiréadar. Bíor as bpat sae éan-nóimint go mbuail-fead ré an tóim aét níor buail; agus níor tairbeán ré éan-ruo dúinn. Bíor as faire ar go dtí ná raib ann aét rpreac. Táinig pian im’ fáilib agus dúdán im’ éeann ó veit as féadaint air, agus do éirtear go rmiop. Fá veiréad do éailleamar raðarc air ar fao.

“Anois, cao veir tú,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán” irteac im’ éluair nuair bí an tóirre iméighe ar raðarc.

“Leis dām go fóill,” arpa mire, “go scuipiré mé leiréad na cairrige roir mé féin agus an poll uatbárac úo.” Agus do cuadar as lapadail irteac ran mboacán. Ní leirféad an eagla dām éirge im’ fearam go raðar irtig, agus bíor mar dúine do bead i n-áirde ar luarsán. Táinig an “Sioblaacán” irteac im’ duiar agus dúin ré an doirar.

“Ip áirdeac agus ip mullac an áit i seo,” arpa mire, “agus tá gheim im’ éiride le huatbár.”

“Bíor féin mar rin ar dtúr,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán,” “agus i bpat níor meara ná tá cura anois, mar ip beas náir éirtear irteac ar mullac mo éinn ran gág an tarma huair do tángar

set fire to it. We went out to the brink of the chasm again. Every stir we made the echo sent us back an answer. The Gioblachán raised the torch over his head, so as that I would get a good view of the cavern, and he stood out boldly on the edge of the chasm. I would not do it myself if I got a thousand pounds; but, no doubt, as the proverb says, "Familiarity breeds contempt."

Though the torch gave fine light, I could not see a thing, except a portion of the rock above me and at each side. Out from us there was nothing but a heavy, thick darkness, and I believe myself the torch only increased it. It was so dense that I thought it possible to cut it with a knife, or to take a handful of it in my hand. I was asking myself while I was looking out what was hidden behind the darkness; for it was so hideously gloomy that it filled my heart with terror.

"There is not much to be seen in front of us or above us," said the Gioblachán; "but I shall show you the depth of the chasm now."

He went on his knees.

"Lie down and draw out to the edge of the rock," said he "I am about to fling down the torch."

I lay down as he ordered, and moved out carefully till my head was over the brink of the chasm. He did the same thing himself. He threw the torch out from him and down, down with it through the darkness. I was expecting every moment that it would strike the bottom, but it did not, and it showed us nothing. I was watching it till there was in it but a spark. A pain came in my eyes and a reeling in my head from being looking at it, and I trembled to the marrow. At last we lost sight of it altogether.

"Now what do you say?" said the Gioblachán into my ear when the torch had disappeared.

"Let me be awhile," said I, "until I put the breadth of the rock between myself and that dreadful hole," and I went crawling into the cabin. The fear would not allow me to rise until I was inside, and I felt like one who would be on a swing. The Gioblachán came in after me and shut the door.

"This is a strange and dreadful place," I said, "and there is a 'lite' in my heart with terror."

"I was like that first," said the Gioblachán, "and far worse than you are now, for it is little but I fell head foremost into the chasm the second time I came here; but I am used to it now and do not mind it."

annro ; áct tá taitiúge ašam aip anoir ašur ní cuirim ruim ar bit ann.”

Tós ré anuar bóga ašur raigead do bí aige ran mboctán aš
ó. ná

“Tairbeánparó mé lesteao na gága óuit anoir.”

Fuair ré máin bairraíš ašur éar ré ar bior na raigoe é ašur
óein ré cóirpe óe map do óein ré óe'n trliréóis roume rin.
Nuair bí a dóctaint ola rúigce aš an mbairraé, do cuir ré teine
leir ašur o'orgail ré an dopar. “féac amac anoir,” ar ré
ašur ršaoil ré uair é trío an doiréaoar leir an mbóga. Cuair
an trairgeao ašur an rop bairraíš ar lapó go roillreac amac,
b'féioir céao ríac, šan an taoó éall do bualaó ; ašur annpoin
do élaonuig ré pior i ndiaró a céile ašur éuit ré map do éuit
an cóirpe, ašur i gceann tamail do pluigead i ndoimneact na
gága é šan éan-puo do tairbeánt dúinn. Ní mire a náó šur
méaoiúš ré seo an méao ionšantair do bí im' éroirde céana;

Cuir ré ríóí taoó amuiš óe'n dopar. “Suir pior annro go
póil,” ar reirean, “go šcuirpíó tú aicne ar an šcuirdeactam a
bionn annro ašam go minic.”

an mac alla:

Rug ré ar céann óe na šunnaib ašur cuir ré piléir ann. Šul
a raib a pior ašam cao do bí šá óéanam aige ó' árvuiš ré an
šunna ašur éait ré upéar ar.

“Compaigé Dé eušainn,” arpa mire, ašur do p'reabar im
féaram leir an ngeit do bain ré aram. Šaoilear go raib an
rliab aš tuitim irceac opainn. Ó'éirúš an mac alla map blaóm
cóirniúge, ašur bí an fuaim cóm huatbárac poin šur mócuigear
an éarraiš aš epiteao púm. Ó'iméiúš ré uainn ašur éainiúš ré ar
aip apír ašur apír eile, ar nór šur b'éigin dam mo méaraca do
éur im' éluarab éun an “puaille buaille” do cóngbáit amac.
Ar óúr bí ré cóm borb bašarác leir an cóirniúš ; annpoin bí
ré go šarb šlušarac pa map beao fuaim na rairriúge aš b'ureao
go tróm ar élocar tráša ; ašur n-a óiaró rin bí ré an-éoramail
leir an b'fuaim do éuicpaó ó élarde aš tuitim, no ó trpucaillib
do beao aš šabáil éar bóéar šarb ; ašur trío an b'roérom ašur
an trurcar go léir éainiúš eušainn fuaim map pléaršao šunnai
móir i b'pao uainn. Éait an “Šioblaéan” a do nó a trí
ó'upéarab eile ašur bí ponn aip leanamaint do'n šnó, áct
ó'iarpar aip a éabairt ruar. Bí an mac alla go han-b'reaš ar
pao áct bí mo dóctaint ašam óe an uair rin go háirite. Áct ní

He took down a bow-and-arrow, which he had in the cabin, saying :

“ I shall show you the breadth of the chasm now.”

He got a handful of tow, and wound it round the point of the arrow, and made a torch of it, as he did of the pinewood chip previously. When it had soaked a sufficient quantity of oil he set fire to it, and opened the door.

“ Look out now,” said he, and he sent the torch away through the darkness by means of the bow. The arrow, with the wisp of tow lighting brightly, went out, perhaps, a hundred yards without striking the other side ; then it inclined downwards gradually, and fell as the torch did, and after awhile it was swallowed in the depths of the chasm without showing anything to us. It is unnecessary to say that this increased the wonder which was already in my heart.

He placed a stool outside the door.

“ Sit down here awhile,” said he, “ until you make the acquaintance of the company I have, often here.”

THE ECHO.

FROM “ AN GIOBLACHÁN,” BY THOMAS HAYES.

He took one of the guns and put a cartridge in it. Before I knew what he was about he raised the gun and fired a shot.

“ The protection of God to us !” said I, and I jumped to my feet with the start he gave me. I thought the mountain was falling in on us. The echo arose like a burst of thunder, and the sound was so awful that I felt the rock trembling beneath me. It faded away and came back, again and again, so that it was necessary for me to put my fingers in my ears to keep out the roar of it. At first it was as fiercely threatening as thunder, then it was roughly rumbling, just like the sound of the sea breaking heavily on a stony shore, and afterwards it closely resembled the sound that would arise from the falling of a dry wall, or from carts going over a rough road ; and through all the clamour and confusion came a noise like the explosion of big guns far away. The Gioblachán fired two or three other shots, and he was inclined to continue the business, but I asked him to desist. The echo was very fine indeed, but I had got quite enough of it, for this time at all

faib an “Sioblaacán” páirta fóir. Tós ré anuas fíoil bí ar
craobh, de’n balla, agus cuip ré i gcóir í.

“An dtaitneann ceól leat?” ar peirean.

“Taitneann go maith,” arfa mife, “tá rpeir mór agham ann i
gcomnuirde.”

“Má’r mar rin atá an rgeal,” ar ré, “geobair tú ceól anoir
nó riamh.”

“Má tá ré mar an ceól do tug an mac alla uair ó cianair
ná bac leir.”

“Éirte,” ar peirean, as leigint gáire ar, “agus tabair do
bheit nuair táim críochuighe.”

Tornuig ré as reinm, agus dá mbéinn as caint go ceann reacht-
maine ní réatpáinn tuaragbáil ceart do tabairt ar an
gcomhfeinn d’éirig ran uair. D’áluinn an beirleatóir an
“Sioblaacán” agus bí ré ‘n-a cúmar, “ó neart na taitighe,” ir
dóca, ceól do buaint ar an mac alla com maith leir an bfiol.
Dá mbead gac éin-gléar ceól i n-éirinn bailighe irteac i n-éan-
halla amáin agus iad go leir ar riubal i n-éirfeacht, ní réatpá
riat ceól níor binne ná níor áilne ná níor taitneamhaige do
tabairt uata ná an ceól do tug an fíoil agus an mac alla dúinn
an oirde úo. Tós ré an craibe agus an t-anam aram. Níor
mótuigear pian ná tuirpe ná eagla ná éinnir eile aet amáin
aoidnear agus páram aignir an fáir do bí an “Sioblaacán” as
reinn agus d’ fanfáinn annroin as éirteacht leir ar fead lae
agus oirde gan beir tuirpeac de.

Nuair bí ré páirta cuip ré uair an fíoil agus tornuig ré as
caint ar ceól na hÉireann agus bí cuip ríor mór aghainn mar gheall
air. Cainteóir áluinn dob’ ead an “Sioblaacán” agus b’air
leat beir as éirteacht leir. Da liomta agus ba léigeannta na
rmaointe do bí aige agus do tuit an gaeoir ó n-a beal com
blarba le ceól. Ní faib ré dall ar éinnir. Do bíor as rmaoin-
eam, anoir agus arir, an fáir do bí ré as caint, ar an gcaoi ‘na
faib ré as caiteam a cota aimpire agus as riarruige diom réin
cad é an fáir bí leir. Bíor deimneac go faib ré leat-éadriom
agus gur b’in é an ciall go faib ré as imteacht, mar a deárrá, le
haer an traogail agus as cuip a muinir i gcontabairt; aet ní
faib ríor agham an uair rin ar an méir ar cuair ré trío.

Níor leig ré dam dul po-fada leir na rmaointib reo mar
tarrainis ré cuige feadóg agus tornuig ré as reinm uirri. Dá
feadar an ceól do buain ré ar an bfiol, b’feair ná rin reacht
n-uair an ceól do buain ré ar an beadóg. Do fáruig ré ar
gac uile nír d’airuigear ruar go dtí rin. Ní tiubhad éantair na
cruinne dá mbeirir go leir ‘ran uair as cantain le céile ceól

events. But he was not satisfied yet. He took down a fiddle which was hanging on the wall, and got it ready.

"Do you like music?" said he.

"I do, well," I said. "I always take a great delight in it."

"If that is so," said he, "you'll get music now or never."

"If it is like the music which the echo gave us awhile ago, do not mind it."

"Listen," said he, laughing, "and pass judgment when I am finished."

He began playing, and if I were speaking for a week, I could not give a proper description of the harmony which arose in the cavern. The Gioblachán was a splendid violinist, and he was able, from experience I suppose, to take music from the echo as well as from the violin. If every musical instrument in Ireland was gathered into one great hall, and that they were all playing together, they could not give sweeter, nor more beautiful, nor more delightful, music than the fiddle and the echo gave us that night. It lifted the heart and soul out of me. I felt no pain, no weariness, no fear, no anything but delight and satisfaction of mind, while the Gioblachán was playing, and I would stay there listening to him for a day and a night without being tired.

When he was satisfied he put aside the violin, and began to talk about the music of Ireland, and we had a long chat about it. The Gioblachán was a splendid speaker, and you would like to be listening to him. His ideas and thoughts were refined and learned, and the Irish fell from his lips as sweetly as music. He was not ignorant about anything. I was thinking, now and again, while he was speaking, of the way in which he was spending his time, and asking myself what was the reason for it. I was certain that he was half crazy, and that was why he was drifting, as you might say, with the winds of the world, and putting his neck in danger; but I had no knowledge then of all he had suffered.

He did not let me go too far with those thoughts, for he drew out a flute and began playing on it. Though excellent the music which he extracted from the fiddle, the music which he took from the flute was seven times better. It excelled everything I had heard till then. All the birds of the universe, if they were gathered in the cavern singing together, could not give more heavenly or more delectable music. The flute brought out the echo far better than anything else.

níor neamhda ná níor doibhne uatha. Do tug an fearóg an mac alla amac i bpaí níor fearr agus níor binne ná éan-puó eile.

“Cao deir tú leir rin?” ar’ an “Sioblaacán” nuair r’gair ré dá reinneamhaint.

“Ní fearar fós,” ar’ra mife, “ná fuilim fá d’raoideacht. Tá mbeinn as caint ar fearó lae agus bliathna, ní feararainn a innirint duit an méad doibhne agus taitneim agus ráraim éiríde do tug an ceól úo dam. Ní’l éin-teacht ruar leat.”

“Ná bac leir an bplámár anoir,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán.”

“Ní’lim as plámár i n-éan-cór,” ar’ra mife, “ádt b’féidir gur éirte dam a ráó ná fuil éin teacht ruar le deaplámaacht an “fír i n-áiríde.”

“Tá tú as caint go ciallmár anoir,” ar reirean, as cur r’gairte ar.

“B’féidir é,” ar’ra mife, “ádt bíor cun a ráó nuair bíor as éirteacht leat—”

“Agus leir an mac alla,” ar reirean.

“Agus leir an mac alla, ar eagla an plámáir—do cuir ré i n-uimail dam an tuarparbáil do léigear agus do éualar go minic i r’taob ceoil na n-áingear ir na flaitir.”

“Ní’lim c’ríocnuighe i n-éan-cór fós,” ar reirean, agus d’éirig ré n-a fearam.

Tornuig ré as amrán. Bí gur breas fonnmár ceoilmár as an “nSioblaacán” agus níor cáil re éanpuó i r’taob beir irigí ran uaim. Ní fearar féin cia aca do b’fearr cun an mac alla do éabairt amac—an fíoil, an fearóg nó gur an “Sioblaacán”—nó cia aca a raib an bairr aige i r’cómfeim; ádt ir r’óig liom gur f’áruig an gur oppa go léir. Éualar r’í céad daoine as r’abáil amrán i n-éirfeacht éan-uair amáin i halla móir i m’Baile-Áta-Cliat; ádt cé go raib an ceól agus an cóimfeim go han-breas ar fad, ní raib éin-teacht ruar aige le ceól an “Sioblaacán” nuair tug ré uair “An Raib tú as an r’Carraig,” agus nuair do bí an mac alla agus an dóir do cuir ré ruar ran uaim as cuirfeachtain leir.

"What do you say to that?" said the Gioblachán, when he ceased playing.

"I don't know yet, but I am under some spell," said I. "If I were talking for a year and a day, I could not describe to you the amount of pleasure, and delight, and satisfaction of heart, that music gave me. There is no coming near you."

"Do not mind the flattery now," said the Gioblachán.

"I am not flattering at all," I said; "but perhaps it would be more correct to say there is no coming near the handiwork of the Creator."

"You are talking sensibly now," he said, laughing.

"Perhaps so," said I; "but I was about to say when I was listening to you—"

"And to the echo," he said.

"And to the echo—to guard against flattery—it reminded me of the descriptions which I often read and heard about the angel music in heaven."

"I am not finished at all yet," he said, and he stood up.

He began to sing. The Gioblachán had a fine resonant musical voice, and it lost nothing by being in the cavern. I do not know which of them was the best to bring out the echo—the violin, the flute, or the Gioblachán's voice—or which of them excelled in harmony; but I think his singing surpassed the others. I heard three hundred people singing together in a great hall in Dublin at one time, but though the music and the harmony were very, very fine, they could not come near the Gioblachán's singing when he rendered "Were You at the Rock," and when the echo and the musical murmur which he aroused in the cavern were accompanying him.

CASA D' AN TSUGHÁIN.

DRAMA AON-GHÍM.

NA DAOINE :—

TOMÁS O h-ANHRACÁIN, file Connactac atá ar reacrán.
MÁIRE NÍ RÍOGÁIN, bean an tíge.

ÚNA, ingean Máire:

SÉAMUS O h-IARÁIN, atá luaithe le Úna:

SÍGLE, cómarra do Máire:

Piobaire, cómaranna agus daoine eile:

ÁIT.—

Teac feilméir i gCúige Múman céad bliadhán ó roin. Tá fir agus mná as dul trió a céile in ran tíg, no 'na fearaí coir na mbaila, amail agus dá mbeir dampra críochnuighe aca: Tá Tomár O h-Anhracáin as caint le Úna i bfiór-torac na rtaíoe. Tá an piobaire as fárgaó a piobairí ari, le toruigaó ar feinn ari, aet do beir Séamar O h-Iarainn deoc cúige, agus rtaoann ré. Tagann fear ós go h-Úna le n-a tabairt amaó ar an uirlár cum dampra, aet diúltann rí dó:

ÚNA.—Ná bí m'boóruigaó anoir: Nac bfeiceann tú go bfuil mé as éirteact le n-a bfuil peirean o'a ráó liom. [Leir an h-Anhracáinac]: Lean leat, cao é rin do bí tú 'ráó ar ball?

TOMÁS O h-ANHRACÁIN.—Cao é do bí an boóac rin o'a iarrairí or?

ÚNA.—As iarrairí dampra orin, do bí ré, aet ní tiúbráinn do é:

MÁC UI h-ANH.—Ir cinnte nac dtiubhá. Ir dóig, ní meapann tú go leigfinn-re do úine ar bit dampra leat, com ráo agus tá mire ann ro. A! a Úna, ní raib rólár ná rócamail agam le raóa go dtáinig mé ann ro anoet agus go b'raoarí mé tura!

ÚNA.—Cao é an rólár duit mire?

MÁC UI h-ANH.—Nuair atá maíoe leat-dóighe in ran teine, nac b'rágann ré rólár nuair dóirtear uirge ari?

ÚNA.—Ir dóig, ní'l tura leat-dóighe.

MÁC UI h-ANH.—Tá mé, agus tá trí ceactramina de mo éiríoe, dóighe agus loirge agus aiette, as trióir leir an raogal, agus an raogal as trióir liom-ra.

ÚNA.—Ní féacann tú com dona rin!

MÁC UI h-ANH.—Ué! a Úna ní Ríogáin, ní'l don eólar agao-ra ar beata an báirí boiet, atá gan teac gan téagar gan tíog-

THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.

HANRAHAN.—*A wandering poet.*

SHEAMUS O'HERAN.—*Engaged to OONA.*

MAURYA.—*The woman of the house.*

SHEELA.—*A neighbor.*

OONA.—*Maurya's daughter.*

Neighbors and a piper who have come to Maurya's house for a dance.

SCENE.—*A farmer's house in Munster a hundred years ago. Men and women moving about and standing round the wall as if they had just finished a dance. HANRAHAN, in the foreground, talking to OONA.*

The piper is beginning a preparatory drone for another dance, but SHEAMUS brings him a drink and he stops. A man has come and holds out his hand to OONA, as if to lead her out, but she pushes him away.

OONA.—Don't be bothering me now ; don't you see I'm listening to what he is saying. [*To HANRAHAN*] Go on with what you were saying just now.

HANRAHAN.—What did that fellow want of you ?

OONA.—He wanted the next dance with me, but I wouldn't give it to him.

HANRAHAN.—And why would you give it to him ? Do you think I'd let you dance with anyone but myself as long as I am here. Ah, Oona, I had no comfort or satisfaction this long time until I came here to-night, and till I saw yourself.

OONA.—What comfort am I to you ?

HANRAHAN.—When a stick is half-burned in the fire, does it not get comfort when water is poured on it ?

OONA.—But sure, you are not half-burned ?

HANRAHAN.—I am, and three-quarters of my heart is burned, and scorched and consumed, struggling with the world and the world struggling with me.

OONA.—You don't look that bad.

HANRAHAN.—Oh, Oona ni Regaun, you have not knowledge of the life of a poor bard, without house or home or havings,

b'ar, a'c é a's imtea'c' a'sur a's ríor-imtea'c' le pán ar fuo' an traogail móir, san duine ar bit leir a'c é féin. Ní'l maidin in san t'ead'c'main nuair éirísim suas na'c n-abraim liom féin go mb'feárrí dam an uais 'ná an peac'pán. Ní'l don fuo a's feara'm dam a'c an b'ponntanur do fuair mé ó 'Dia—mo cuio a'brán. Nuair coraigim o'p'ra rin, im'igeann mo b'pón a'sur mo buaio'peaó díom, a'sur ní cuimnígim níor mó ar mo g'éar-é'páó a'sur ar mo mí-aó. A'sur anoir, ó connaic mé t'ura, a 'úna, éim go b'fuil fuo eile ann, níor binne 'ná na h-a'brán féin!

ÚNA.—Ír ionganta'c' an b'ponntanur ó 'Dia an b'ar'ouigea'c'. Com' p'ada a'sur tá rin, g'ao na'c b'fuil tú ní r'paró'p'ra na lu'c' r'cuic a'sur r'c'oir, lu'c' bó a'sur eal a'g'.

MAC UÍ H-ANN.—A! a 'úna, ír móir an b'eanna'c' a'c' ír móir an malla'c', leir, do duine é do beir 'na b'aró. Feuc' m'pe! b'fuil capaio a'sam ar an raogal ro? b'fuil fear b' ó ar maic leir mé? b'fuil g'páó a's duine ar bit o'p'm? Bim a's imtea'c', mo caóan bo'c' aon'pána'c', ar fuo an traogail, mar Oirín an'uaig na féinne. Bíonn fuat a's h-uile duine o'p'm, ní'l fuat a'sao-ra o'p'm, a 'úna?

ÚNA.—Ná h-abair fuo mar rin, ní féioir go b'fuil fuat a's duine ar bit o'p'r-r.

MAC UÍ H-ANN.—Tar liom a'sur ruió'p'm'ro i gcúinne an t'ige le céile, a'sur deap'aró mé duic an t-a'brán do rinne mé duic. Ír o'p'r-ra rinnear é.

[Im'igeann r'ao go dtí an coirneull ír p'aoe ón r'cáio, a'sur r'uió'eann r'ao anaice le céile.]

[Tis Sígle artea'c'.]

SÍGLE.—Táinig mé c'ugao com' luat a'sur o'f'euo mé.

MÁIRE.—Céao p'ailte r'ómao:

SÍGLE.—Cao tá ar r'íúbal a's anoir?

MÁIRE.—A's coru'g'ao a'cámuro. B'í don p'ort amáin a'sainn, a'sur anoir tá an p'io'baire a's ól t'ige. Coró'c'aró an oam'p'a arí'p nuair b'éir'oe'ar an p'io'baire r'éro.

SÍGLE.—Tá na oaoine a's bailu'g'ao artea'c' go maic, b'éro oam'p'a b'pea'g' a'sainn

MÁIRE.—B'éro a Sígle, a'c' tá fear aca ann a'sur b'feárrí liom amuig ná ar'c'ig é! Feuc' é.

SÍGLE.—Ír ar an b'fear p'ada donn a'c'á tú a's caint, na'c eao? An fear rin a'c' a's cómp'áó com' olú'c' rin le 'úna in san gcoirneull anoir. C'a'r b'ar é, no cia h-é féin?

MÁIRE.—Sin é an r'g'rairte ír mó táinig i n-éirínn a'suam, Tomár O h-Ann'p'ac'áin c'ugann r'ao air, a'c' Tomár Ró'g'aire buó cóir do bairteaó air, i gceart. Óra! na'c p'aid an mí-aó o'p'm, é do tea'c' artea'c' c'ugainn, cor ar bit, ano'c'!

but he going and ever going a-drifting through the wide world, without a person with him but himself. There is not a morning in the week when I rise up that I do not say to myself that it would be better to be in the grave than to be wandering. There is nothing standing to me but the gift I got from God, my share of songs; when I begin upon them, my grief and my trouble go from me, I forget my persecution and my ill luck, and now, since I saw you Oona, I see there something that is better even than the songs.

OONA.—Poetry is a wonderful gift from God, and as long as you have that, you are more rich than the people of stock and store, the people of cows and cattle.

HANRAHAN.—Ah, Oona, it is a great blessing, but it is a great curse as well for a man, he to be a poet. Look at me! have I a friend in this world? Is there a man alive who has a wish for me, is there the love of anyone at all on me? I am going like a poor lonely barnacle goose throughout the world; like Usheen after the Fenians; every person hates me. You do not hate me, Oona?

OONA.—Do not say a thing like that; it is impossible that anyone would hate you.

HANRAHAN.—Come and we will sit in the corner of the room together, and I will tell you the little song I made for you: it is for you I made it. [*They go to a corner and sit down together. SHEELA comes in at the door.*]

SHEELA.—I came to you as quick as I could.

MAURYA.—And a hundred welcomes to you.

SHEELA.—What have you going on now?

MAURYA.—Beginning we are; we had one jig, and now the piper is drinking a glass. They'll begin dancing again in a minute when the piper is ready.

SHEELA.—There are a good many people gathering in to you to-night. We will have a fine dance.

MAURYA.—Maybe so, Sheela, but there's a man of them there, and I'd sooner him out than in.

SHEELA.—It's about the long brown man you are talking, isn't it? The man that is in close talk with Oona in the corner. Where is he from and who is he himself?

MAURYA.—That's the greatest vagabond ever came into Ireland; Tumaus Hanrahan they call him, but it's Hanrahan the rogue he ought to have been christened by right. Aurah, wasn't there the misfortune on me, him to come in to us at all to-night.

SÍGLE.—Cia'n póirt duine é? Nac feara déanta abhán ar Connaictaib é? Cualaíó mé caint air, céana, agus veir ríao nac bfuil damróir eile i n-Eirinn com maí leir: buó maí liom a feicint as damra.

MÁIRE.—Spáin go deó ar an mbiteamnac! Tá'r agam-ra go ró maí cia 'n cineál atá ann, mar bí póirt captanair roir é féin agus an céad-feara do bí agam-ra, agus ir minic cualaíó mé ó Diarmuid boct (go n'véanaró Dia trócaire air!) cia 'n póirt duine bí ann. Bí ré 'na máigirtir rsoile, fíor i gConnaictaib, áct bíod h-uile cleap aige buó meara ná a céi e. As ríor-déanam abhán do bíod ré, agus as ól uirge beata, agus as cup impir ar bun ameara na gcómarpan le n-a cúro cainte. Veir ríao nac bfuil bean in rna cúis cúisib nac meallpaó ré. Ir meara é ná Dóinnail na Spéine paó ó. Áct buó é veirpaó an rgeil sup ruais: n ragaip amac ar an bparráirte é ar paó. Fuair ré áit eile ann rin, áct lean ré do na cleapannaib céana, sup ruaispaó amac air é, agus air eile, leir. Agus anoir ní'l áit ná teac ná daíaró aige áct é veit as gabail na típe, as véanam abhán agus as págail léirtín na h-oirde ó na daoinib. Ní díul-tócaíó duine ar bí é, mar tá paictíor oppa poime. Ir móir an file é, agus b'éirir go n'véanpaó ré rann oir do spearmócaó go deó dúit, dá scuipfaó feara air.

SÍGLE.—Go bfuilpó Dia oppainn. Áct creao do tug arteaó anoct é?

MÁIRE.—Bí ré as taírteal na típe, agus cualaíó ré go raib damra le veit ann ro, agus táinís ré arteaó, mar bí eólar aige oppainn,—bí ré móir go leóir le mo céad-feara. Ir iongantac mar tá ré as véanam amac a flige-beata, coir ar bí, agus gan aige áct a cúro abhán. Veir ríao nac bfuil áit a paíaró ré nac utugann na mná spáó, agus nac utugann na fir puat dó.

SÍGLE [as bveit ar gualainn máire].—Iompais do céann, a máire, feuch é anoir; é féin agus o' ingean-ra, agus an, dá iloigionn buailte ara céile. Tá ré tar éir abhán do véanam dí, agus tá ré o'a múnac dí as cogarpuis in a cluair. Óra, an biteamnac! beir ré as cup a cúro pirtreós ar úna anoir.

MÁIRE.—Oc ón! go deó! Nac mi-ádamail táinís ré! Tá ré as caint le úna h-uile móimro ó táinís ré arteaó, trí uaire ó poin. Rinne mé mo díctíoll le n-a rgarao ó céile, áct teir ré oim. Tá úna boct tugta do h-uile póirt rean-abhán agus rean-páiméir de rgealtaib, agus ir binn leir an gcréatúir veit as éirteaó leir; mar tá beal aige rin do bveaspaó an rmólae de'n éraoib: Tá'r agao go bfuil an póraó réirde rocuigte

SHEELA.—What sort of a person is he? Isn't he a man that makes songs, out of Connacht? I heard talk of him before, and they say there is not another dancer in Ireland so good as him. I would like to see him dance.

MAURYA.—Bad luck to the vagabond! It is well I know what sort he is, because there was a kind of friendship between himself and the first husband I had, and it's often I heard from poor Diarmuid—the Lord have mercy on him!—what sort of person he was. He was a schoolmaster down in Connacht, but he used to have every trick worse than another, ever making songs he used to be, and drinking whiskey and setting quarrels afoot among the neighbours with his share of talk. They say there isn't a woman in the five provinces that he wouldn't deceive. He is worse than Donal na Greina long ago. But the end of the story is that the priest routed him out of the parish altogether; he got another place then, and followed on at the same tricks until he was routed out again, and another again with it. Now he has neither place nor house nor anything, but he to be going the country, making songs and getting a night's lodging from the people. Nobody will refuse him, because they are afraid of him. He's a great poet, and maybe he'd make a rann on you that would stick to you for ever, if you were to anger him.

SHEELA.—God preserve us, but what brought him in to-night?

MAURYA.—He was traveling the country and he heard there was to be a dance here, and he came in because he knew us; he was rather great with my first husband. It is wonderful how he is making out his way of life at all, and he with nothing but his share of songs. They say that there is no place that he'll go to that the women don't love him and that the men don't hate him.

SHEELA (*catching MAURYA by the shoulder*).—Turn your head, Maurya, look at him now, himself and your daughter, and their heads together; he's whispering in her ear; he's after making a poem for her and he's whispering it in her ear. Oh, the villain, he'll be putting his spells on her now.

MAURYA.—Ohone, go deo! isn't a misfortune that he came? He's talking every moment with Oona since he came in three hours ago. I did my best to separate them from each other, but it failed me. Poor Oona is given up to every sort of old songs and old made-up stories, and she thinks it sweet to be listening to him. The marriage is settled between herself and

roir ūna agus Séamur O h-Iapainn ann rin, náite ó'n lá inoíú: feuc Séamur boct as an dorur agus é as faire oppa. Tá brón agus ceannraoi air. Is furur a feicint go mbuó maít le Séamur an rshairde rin do taectad an móimio reo. Tá paitéior móir oim go mbéir an ceann iompuište ar ūna le n-a cuio blaod-aíreacht. Com cinnte a'r tá mé beó, tiucfaid oic ar an oiróce reo.

SÍGLE.—Agus nac bfeadópa a cup amac?

MÁIRE.—D'féadópaínn; ní'l duine ann ro do cuioeócaó leir, muna mbeir bean no do. Aet is file móir é, agus tá mallact aige do rsoiltefao na cpaínn agus do réabpaó na cloca. Deir ríao go lobtann an ríol in ran talam, agus go n-imtígeann a scuiró bainne ó na bat nuair túsann file mar é rin a mallact dóir, má puaiseann duine ar an teac é. Aet dá mbeir ré amuis, naire mo bannuirde nac leigfinn ardeach air é.

SÍGLE.—Dá pacad ré péin amac go toileamail. ní beir don bús in a cuio mallact ann rin?

MÁIRE.—Ní beir. Aet ní pacad ré amac go toileamail, agus ní tís liom-ra a puasao amac ar eagla a mallact.

SÍGLE.—feuc Séamur boct. Tá ré dul anonn go h-ūna:

[Éirígeann Séamur 7 téirdeann ré go h-ūna.]

SÉAMUS.—An ndamrócaid tú an ríl reo liom-ra, a ūna, nuair béirdear an ríobaire péiró:

MAC UÍ h-ANN [as éirge].—Is mire Tomár O h-Annpacáin, agus tá mé as labairt le ūna ní Ríogáin anoir, agus com rao agus béirdear ponn uirre-pe beir as caint liom-ra ní leigfir mé o'don duine eile do teact eadpaínn.

SÉAMUS [san aire ar mac Uí h-Annpacáin].—Nac ndamrócaid tú liom, a ūna?

MAC UÍ h-ANN [go ríocmar].—Nár dubairt mé leat anoir sur liom-ra do bí ūna ní Ríogáin as caint? Imtís leat ar an móimio, a bodais, agus ná tós clampaí ann ro.

SÉAMUS.—A ūna—

MAC UÍ h-ANN [as béicil].—Fás rin!

[Imtígeann Séamur agus tís ré go oí an beirt fean-mhaoi.]

SÉAMUS.—A máire ní Ríogáin, tá mé as iarraid ceao oir-ra an rshairte mí-ádamail meirgeamail rin do caiteam amac ar an tís. Má leigean tú dam, cuirfir mire agus mo beirt deap-bpácar amac é, agus nuair béirdear ré amuis rocrócaid mire leir.

Sheamus O'Herin there, a quarter from to-day. Look at poor Sheamus at the door, and he watching them. There is grief and hanging of the head on him; it's easy to see that he'd like to choke the vagabond this minute. I am greatly afraid that the head will be turned on Oona with his share of blathering. As sure as I am alive there will come evil out of this night.

SHEELA.—And couldn't you put him out?

MAURYA.—I could. There's no person here to help him unless there would be a woman or two; but he is a great poet, and he has a curse that would split the trees and that would burst the stones. They say the seed will rot in the ground and the milk go from the cows when a poet like him makes a curse, if a person routed him out of the house; but if he were once out, I'll go bail that I wouldn't let him in again.

SHEELA.—If himself were to go out willingly, there would be no virtue in his curse then?

MAURYA.—There would not, but he will not go out willingly, and I cannot rout him out myself for fear of his curse.

SHEELA.—Look at poor Sheamus. He is going over to her. [SHEAMUS *gets up and goes over to her.*]

SHEAMUS.—Will you dance this reel with me, Oona, as soon as the piper is ready?

HANRAHAN (*rising up*).—I am Tumaus Hanrahan, and I am speaking now to Oona ni Regaun, and as long as she is willing to be talking to me, I will allow no living person to come between us.

SHEAMUS (*without heeding HANRAHAN*).—Will you not dance with me, Oona?

HANRAHAN (*savagely*).—Didn't I tell you now that it was to me Oona ni Regaun was talking? Leave that on the spot, you clown, and do not raise a disturbance here.

SHEAMUS.—Oona——

HANRAHAN (*shouting*).—Leave that! (SHEAMUS *goes away and comes over to the two old women*).

SHEAMUS.—Maurya Regaun, I am asking permission of you to throw that ill-mannerly, drunken vagabond out of the house. Myself and my two brothers will put him out if you will allow us; and when he's outside I'll settle with him.

MÁIRE.—O! a Séamair, ná déan. Táraitéor oim poime,
Tá mallacé aige rin do rgoitcead na crainn, deir ríad.

SÉAMAS.—Ir cuma liom má tá mal'acé aige do leasrao na
rpearta. Ir oim-ra tuitiró ré, agus cuirim mo dúbhlán rdoi.
Dá marbócaó ré mé ar an móimio ní leigiró mé dó a cuio pír-
treos do cup ar úna. A Máire, tabair 'm ceao.

SÍGLE.—Ná déan rin, a Séamuir, tá cómairle níor fearr 'ná
rin agam-ra.

SÉAMUS.—Cia an cómairle i rin?

SÍGLE.—Tá rlige in mo ceann agam le n-a cup amac. Má
leanann ríó-re mo cómairle-re naóaró re féin amac cóm rocair
le uan, v'a toir féin, agus nuair geobair ríó amuis é, buailir
an doirur air, agus ná leigiró arteaó aríó go brát é.

MÁIRE.—Rat ó Úia oir, agus innir dam cao é tá in do ceann.

SÍGLE.—Déanpamaoio é cóm deap agus cóm rimpl de agus
connaic tú ariam. Cuirrimio é as caraó rugáin go bfuigimio
amuis é, agus buailrimio an doirur air ann rin.

MÁIRE.—Ir forur a ráó, acé ní forur a déanam. Déanraio
ré leat "déan rugán, tú féin."

SÍGLE.—Déanpamaoio, ann rin, naó b'acairó duine ar bit ann
ro rugán féir ariam, naó b'uil duine ar bit an ran tig ar féirir
leir ceann aca déanam.

SÉAMUS.—Acé an gceiriró ré ruo mar rin—naó b'acamar
rugán ruam?

SÍGLE.—An gceiriró ré, an eao? Ceiriró ré ruo ar bit,
ceiriréao ré go raib ré féin 'na ríó ar éirinn nuair acá glaine
óica aige, mar acá anoir.

SÉAMUS.—Acé cao é an cpoiceann cuirfeap rinn ar an
mbreís reo,—go b'uil rugán féir as ceartál uainn?

MÁIRE.—Smuain ar cpoicionn do cup air rin, a Séamuir.

SÉAMUS.—Déanraio mé go b'uil an faot as eirige agus go
b'uil cúmbao n tige v'a rguabaó leir an rtoim, agus go
gcairrimio rugán cearraingc air.

MÁIRE.—Ac má eirteann ré as an doirur béiró fíor aige naó
bruil faot ná rtoi m ann. Smuain ar cpoicionn eile, a Séamuir.

SÍGLE.—'Noir, tá an cómairle ceart agam-ra. Abair go

MAURYA.—Sheamus, do not; I am afraid of him. That man has a curse, they say, that would split the trees.

SHEAMUS.—I don't care if he had a curse that would overthrow the heavens; it is on me it will fall, and I defy him! If he were to kill me on the moment, I will not allow him to put his spells on Oona. Give me leave, Maurya.

SHEELA.—Do not, Sheamus. I have a better advice than that.

SHEAMUS.—What advice is that?

SHEELA.—I have a way in my head to put him out. If you follow my advice he will go out himself as quiet as a lamb, and when you get him out slap the door on him, and never let him in again.

MAURYA.—Luck from God on you, Sheela, and tell us what's in your head.

SHEELA.—We will do it as nice and easy as ever you saw. We will put him to twist a hay-rope till he is outside, and then we will shut the door on him.

SHEAMUS.—It's easy to say, but not easy to do. He will say to you, "Make a hay-rope yourself."

SHEELA.—We will say then that no one ever saw a hay-rope made, that there is no one at all in the house to make the beginning of it.

SHEAMUS.—But will *he* believe that we never saw a hay-rope?

SHEELA.—Believe it, is it? He'd believe anything; he'd believe that himself is king over Ireland when he has a glass taken, as he has now.

SHEAMUS.—But what excuse can we make for saying we want a hay-rope?

MAURYA.—Can't you think of something yourself, Sheamus?

SHEAMUS.—Sure I can say the wind is rising, and I must bind the thatch, or it will be off the house.

SHEELA.—But he'll know the wind is not rising if he does but listen at the door. You must think of some other excuse, Sheamus.

SHEAMUS.—Wait, I have a good idea now; say that there is

b'fuil cóirte leagtha ag bun an énuic, agus go b'fuil ríad ag iarraird rugáin 'eir an gcóirte do learuḡaḡ. Ní feicfidh sé com ríad sin ó'n dorup, agus ní beidh fíor aige nac fíor é.

MÁIRE.—Sin é an rḡeal, a Sígle. 'Noir, a Séamuir, ḡaḡ imearḡ na ndaoine agus leis an rún l ó. Innir doibh cad tá aca le ríad—nac b'pcaird duine ar bit' ran tír seo rugáin féir ríam— agus cuir cpoiccionn maith ar an mbreig, tú féin.

[Imtígeann Séamuir ó duine go duine ag cogarnais leó. Toraisgeann cuir aca ag ḡáir. Tagann an píobaire agus toruisgeann sé ag reinn. Éirígeann trí no ceactar de cúpla cáib, agus toruisgeann ríad ag dampra. Imtígeann Séamuir amach.]

MÁC UÍ h-ANNA. [Ag éiríge tar éir a beir ag féadaint oppa ar fead cúpla móimíro.]—Pruit! rtopagaírd! An t'ugann ríad dampra ar an rpararpeact rin! Tá ríad ag bualaḡ an uhláir mar beir an oipead rin o'eallac. Tá ríad com t'iom lé bulláin, agus com ciotaḡ le arail. Go t'actar mo píobán dá mb'fearr liom beir ag féadaint oppaírd 'ná ar an oipead rin lacaín bacac, ag lé:nniḡ ar leac-coir ar fuo an t'ige! Féagaírd an t-uhlár pá úna ní Ríogáin agus rúm-ra.

FEAR [ata dul ag dampra].—Agus cad fát a b'ḡḡramaoir an t-uhlár fút-ra?

MÁC UÍ h-ANNA.—Tá an eala ar b'ruac na toinne, tá an Phoenier Ríogáa, tá péarla an b'pollaig báin, tá an b'énur amearḡ na mban, tá úna ní Ríogáin ag pearaí ríar liom-ra, agus áit ar bit' a n-éirígeann ríre ríar úmhuigeann an ḡealac agus an ḡrian féin oí, agus úmlocaírd ríb-re. Tá rí ríó áluinn agus ríó r'péreamail le h-aon bean eile do beir 'na h-aice. Act ran go ríóil, ríul tairbeánaim daoib mar ḡnrodeann an buacail b'peáḡ Connactaḡ junnce, dearrpaírd mé an t-abrán daoib do junne mé do Reult Cúige Múman—o'úna ní Ríogáin. Éiríḡ, a ḡrian na mban, agus dearrpamaoird an t-abrán le céile, ḡac le b'earra, agus ann rin múnfimíro doib cad é ir junnce rípeannac ann.

[Éirígeann ríad ḡ ḡaḡaíro abrán.]

MÁC UÍ h-ANNA.

'Sí úna bán, na ḡruaige burde,
An cúilfionn 'cpáḡ in mo láir mo cpoirde,
Ir ire mo rún, 'r mo cumann go buan,
Ir cuma liom coróce bean act i.

ÚNA.

A báirí na rúile duib, ir tú
Ruair buair in ran raogal a'r clú,
ḡoirim do béal, a'r molaim tú féin,
Do cuirir mo cpoirde in mo cléib amáḡ.

a coach upset at the bottom of the hill, and that they are asking for a hay-rope to mend it with. He can't see as far as that from the door, and he won't know it's not true it is.

MAURYA.—That's the story, Sheela. Now, Sheamus, go among the people and tell them the secret. Tell them what they have to say, that no one at all in this country ever saw a hay-rope, and put a good skin on the lie yourself. (SHEAMUS goes from person to person whispering to them and some of them begin laughing. The piper has begun playing. Three or four couples rise up.)

HANRAHAN (after looking at them for a couple of minutes).—Whisht! Let ye sit down! Do ye call such dragging as that dancing? You are tramping the floor like so many cattle. You are as heavy as bullocks, as awkward as asses. May my throat be choked if I would not rather be looking at as many lame ducks hopping on one leg through the house. Leave the floor to Oona ni Regaun and to me.

ONE OF THE MEN GOING TO DANCE.—And for what would we leave the floor to you?

HANRAHAN.—The swan of the brink of the waves, the royal phoenix, the pearl of the white breast, the Venus amongst the women, Oona ni Regaun, is standing up with me, and any place where she rises up the sun and the moon bow to her, and so shall ye. She is too handsome, too sky-like for any other woman to be near her. But wait a while! Before I'll show you how the fine Connacht boy can dance, I will give you the poem I made on the star of the province of Munster, on Oona ni Regaun. Rise up, O sun among women, and we will sing the song together, verse about, and then we'll show them what right dancing is! (OONA rises).

HANRAHAN.—She is white Oona of the yellow hair,
The Coolin that was destroying my heart inside me;
She is my secret love and my lasting affection,
I care not for ever for any woman but her.

OONA.—O bard of the black eye, it is you
Who have found victory in the world and fame;
I call on yourself and I praise your mouth;
You have set my heart in my breast astray.

MAC UI N-ANN.

'Sí ūna bān na ghuaise óir,
 Mo fearc, mo cumann, mo ghádh, mo rtor
 Radaidh rí féin le n-a báro i gcéin;
 Do loit rí a éiríde in a éleib go móru

ŪNA.

Níor b'fada oirde liom, ná lá,
 As éirteact le do cōmghádh b'eadh.
 I' binne do béal ná feinm na n-éan;
 Óm' éiríde in mo éleib do fuairir ghádh

MAC UI N-ANN.

Do riúbaíl mé féin an domhan iomlán,
 Sacraha, éire, an f'raic 'r an Spáin,
 Ní facaidh mé féin i mbaile ná 'gcéin
 Don ainmhir fa'n n'ghéin mar ūna bān.

ŪNA.

Do éulaidh mire an élaipreadh binn
 San trháro rin Corcaigh, as feinm linn,
 I' binne go móru liom féin do ghloir,
 I' binne go móru do béal 'ná rin.

MAC UI N-ANN.

Do bí mé féin mo cādan boct, tráit,
 Níor léir d'am oirde tair an lá,
 Go b'fadaidh mé i, do goir mo éiríde;
 A' do d'ibhir díom mo dhón 'r mo ghádh.

ŪNA.

Do bí mé féin ar maidin inóe
 As riúbaíl coir coille le páinne an laé,
 Bí eun ann rin as feinm go binn,
 "Mo ghádh-ra an ghádh, a' r' ac álunn é!"

[Glaodh asur torann asur b'ailcann Séamur O n-lapair an
 doirur arthead.]

SÉAMUS.—Ob ob ú, oc ón í ó, go deó! Tá an cóirte mór
 leagta as bun an chúic. Tá an mála a b'fuit litheadha na tíre
 ann pléaragta, asur ní'l r'eanh ná téad ná rópa ná d'adair dca
 le na ceangailt air. Tá ríad as glaothac amac anoir ar rughán
 féir do d'eanam d'óib—cibé róir fuir é rin—asur deir ríad go
 mbéir na litheadha 7 an cóirte cailte ar a buir rughán féir
 le n-a gceangailt.

MAC UI N-ANN.—Ná bí 's ar mboirughadh! Tá ar n-abrán
 ráirde asainn, asur anoir támaoio d'ul as d'ampa. Ní t'asann
 an cóirte an bealac rin ar don cor.

HANRAHAN.—O fair Oona of the golden hair,
My desire, my affection, my love and my store
Herself will go with her bard afar;
She has hurt his heart in his breast greatly.

OONA.—I would not think the night long nor the day,
Listening to your fine discourse;
More melodious is your mouth than the singing of birds
From my heart in my breast you have found love.

HANRAHAN.—I walked myself the entire world,
England, Ireland, France and Spain;
I never saw at home or afar
Any girl under the sun like fair Oona.

OONA.—I have heard the melodious harp
On the street of Cork playing to us;
More melodious by far did I think your voice,
More melodious by far your mouth than that.

HANRAHAN.—I was myself one time a poor barnacle goose,
The night was not plain to me more than the day
Until I beheld her, she is the love of my heart,
That banished from me my grief and my misery.

OONA.—I was myself on the morning of yesterday
Walking beside the wood at the break of day;
There was a bird there was singing sweetly
How I love love, and is it not beautiful.

(A shout and a noise, and SHEAMUS O'HERAN rushes in).

SHEAMUS.—Ububu! Ohone-y-o, do deo! The big coach is
overthrown at the foot of the hill! The bag in which the
letters of the country are is bursted, and there is neither tie
nor cord nor rope nor anything to bind it up. They are
calling out now for a hay sugaun, whatever kind of thing that
is; the letters and the coach will be lost for want of a hay
sugaun to bind them.

HANRAHAN.—Do not be bothering us; we have our poem
done and we are going to dance. The coach does not come this
way at all.

SÉAMUS.—Tagann ré an bealaḁ rin anoir—áḁt ir ṽóig sup rṛpáinréar tṛpa, aḁur naḁ ḁpail eólar aḁaḁ air. Naḁ ṽtagann an cóirṽe ṽar an ḁenoc anoir a cóḁáiranna?

1AD uile.—Tagann, tagann go cinnte.

MAC UI h-ANN.—Ir cuma liom, a ṽeaḁt no ḁan'a ṽeaḁt. Áḁt ḁ'fearr liom fíḁe cóirṽe ḁeít ḁurṽe ar an mbóṽar ná go ḁuirṽeá réarla an ḁrollaig ḁáin ó ṽampra ṽúinn. Áḁair leir an ḁcóirṽeoir rópa ṽo ápaḁ ṽó féin.

SÉAMUS.—O murṽer, ní ṽig leir, tá an oipeaḁ rin ṽe' fuinneam aḁur ṽe ṽear aḁur ṽe rṽpeacaḁ aḁur ṽe lúṽ in rna caplaib aigeanṽa rin go ḁcaíṽo mo cóirṽeoir boḁṽ ḁreít ar a ḁeinn. Ir ar éigin-ḁáir ir féirṽir leir a ḁeapaḁ ná a ḁcongḁáil. Tá faíṽeoir a anam' air go n-eipeóḁaíḁ ríao in a mullaḁ, aḁur go n-imṽeóḁaíḁ ríao uaíḁ ṽe ruaiḁ. Tá ḁaḁ uile feirṽeáḁ arṽa, ní faḁaíḁ tú ríam a leirṽeoir ṽe caplaib ríaoḁine!

MAC UI h-ANN.—Má tá, tá ṽaoine eile inṽ an ḁcóirṽe a ṽéanṽar rópa má'r éigin ṽo'n cóirṽeoir ḁeít aḁ ceann na ḁeapall: fás rin aḁur leig ṽúinn ṽampra.

SÉAMUS.—Tá; tá ṽriúr eile ann, áḁt maíṽir le ceann aḁa, tá ré ar leaḁ-láim, aḁur fear eile aḁa,—tá ré aḁ cṽuṽ aḁur aḁ cṽaḁaḁ leir an rḁannṽaḁ fuair ré, ní ṽig leir fearam ar a ṽa cóir leir an eaḁla aṽa air; aḁur maíṽir leir an ṽríomaḁ fear ní'l ṽuine ar ḁíṽ rin tíṽ ṽo leirṽeáḁ an focaḁ rin “rópa” ar a ḁeul in a fíaoḁnuirṽe, mar naḁ le rópa ṽo cṽoḁaḁ a áṽair féin anuṽraig, mar ḁeall ar áaoirṽig ṽo ḁoio.

MAC UI h-ANN.—Capaḁ fear aḁaib féin rṽgán ṽó, mar rin, aḁur fásaiḁ an t-urḁáir fúinn-ne. [Le ũna] 'Noir, a réit na mban ṽairḁeán oóib mar imṽeigeanṽ lúno imearḁ na nṽeíte, no Helen fá'r rḁriopaḁ an ṽpaoi. ṽar mo láim, ó ṽ'éas ṽeíṽre, fá'r cuirṽeáḁ naoirṽe mac ũirniḁ cum báir, ní'l a hoirṽe i nṽeíṽinn inoiú áḁt tu féin. Toṽóḁamaoio.

SÉAMUS.—Ná toṽaig, go mbéir an rṽgán aḁainn. Ní ṽig unn-ne rṽgán ápaḁ. Ní'l ṽuine ar ḁíṽ annṽo ar féirṽir leir rópa ṽo ṽéanam!

MAC UI h-ANN.—Ní'l ṽuine ar ḁíṽ ann ṽo ar féirṽir leir rópa ṽéanam!!

1AD uile.—ní'l.

SÍGLE.—Aḁur ir fíor ṽaoib rin. Ní ṽeapnaiḁ ṽuine ar ḁíṽ inṽ an tíṽ reo rṽgán féirṽ aríam, ní mearaim go ḁpail ṽuine in ran ṽig reo ṽo connaic ceann aḁa, féin, áḁt mife. Ir maíṽ cumniḁim-re, nuair naḁ raiḁ ionnam áḁ ḁirṽeáḁ beaḁ go ḁpaḁaíḁ mé ceann aḁa ar ḁaḁar ṽo rṽg mo fear-áṽair leir ar Connaḁ-

SHEAMUS.—The coach does come this way now, but sure you're a stranger and you don't know. Doesn't the coach come over the hill now, neighbors?

ALL.—It does, it does, surely.

HANRAHAN.—I don't care whether it does come or whether it doesn't. I would sooner twenty coaches to be overthrown on the road than the pearl of the white breast to be stopped from dancing to us. Tell the coachman to twist a rope for himself.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, murder, he can't. There's that much vigor and fire and activity and courage in the horses that my poor coachman must take them by the heads; it's on the pinch of his life he's able to control them; he's afraid of his soul they'll go from him of a rout. They are neighing like anything; you never saw the like of them for wild horses.

HANRAHAN.—Are there no other people in the coach that will make a rope, if the coachman has to be at the horses' heads? Leave that, and let us dance.

SHEAMUS.—There are three others in it, but as to one of them, he is one-handed, and another man of them, he's shaking and trembling with the fright he got; it's not in him now to stand up on his two feet with the fear that's on him; and as for the third man, there isn't a person in this country would speak to him about a rope at all, for his own father was hanged with a rope last year for stealing sheep.

HANRAHAN.—Then let one of yourselves twist a rope so, and leave the floor to us. [*To Oona*] Now, O star of women, show me how Juno goes among the gods, or Helen for whom Troy was destroyed. By my word, since Deirdre died, for whom Naoise, son of Usnech, was put to death, her heir is not in Ireland to-day but yourself. Let us begin.

SHEAMUS.—Do not begin until we have a rope; we are not able to twist a rope; there's nobody here can twist a rope.

HANRAHAN.—There's nobody here is able to twist a rope?

ALL.—Nobody at all.

SHEELA.—And that's true; nobody in this place ever made a hay sugaun. I don't believe there's a person in this house who ever saw one itself but me. It's well I remember when I was a little girsha that I saw one of them on a goat that my

taib. "Díot na daoine uile ag fáð, "Ara! cia 'n róirt fuir é rin cor ar bit?" agur dubairt reirean gur rugán do bí'ann, agur go gnuir na daoine a leicéir rin ríor i gConnacetaib. Dubairt ré go nácað fear aca ag congáil an féir agur fear eile o'd carað. Congbócair mire an fear anoir, má téirdeann tura o'd carað.

SÉAMUS.—Déanfaró mire glac féir arteað.

[Imtígeann ré amaé.]

MÁC UI N-ÁNN [ag gabáil].—

Déanfaró mé cáinead cúige Múman;

Ní fágann fáð an t-urplár fúinn;

Ní'l ionnta carað rugáin, féin!

Cúige Múman san rnar san reun!

Gráin go deo ar cúige Múman,

Nac b'fágann fáð an t-urplár fúinn;

Cúige Múman na mbailireoir mbréan,

Nac otis leo carað rugáin, féin!

SÉAMUS [ar air].—Seo an fear anoir.

MÁC UI N-ÁNN.—Tabair 'm ann ro é. Tairbeánfaró mire daoib cad déanfar an Connacetað deag-múinte deaplámað, an Connacetað cóir clirte ciallmair, a bfuil lúe agur lán-rtuaim aige in a lámh, agur ciall in a ceann, agur coráirte in a éiríde, aet gur feól mi-áð agur mórbuairdeað an traogail é amearg leibri-óiní cúige Múman, atá san doirde san uairle, atá san eólar ar an eala tar an ladaín, no ar an ór tar an bhráir, no ar an lile tar an b'ócanán, no ar reult na mbán ós, agur ar péarla an b'rollaig bán, tar a gcuir r'raoille agur siobac féin. Tabair 'm cipín!

[Sineann fear maíde do, cuirteann ré rop féir timcioll air; toraigeann ré o'd carað, agur Sigle ag tabairt amaé an féir do.]

MÁC UI N-ÁNN [ag gabáil].—

Tá péarla mná 'tabairt foluir dúinn;

Ir i mo gráð, ir i mo fúin,

'S i úna bán, an rug-bean éuin,

'S ní tuigir na Muimniú leat a rtuaim;

Atá na Muimniú reo dalta ag Dia,

Ní aicniúir eala tar lada liat,

Aet tiucparó rí liom-ra, mo hélen b'eadg

Mar a molpar a pearra 'r a r'gém go bráð.

Ara! múire! múire! múire! Nac é reo an baile b'eadg l'gac, nac é reo an baile tar bárr, an baile a mbíonn an oipead rin

grandfather brought with him out of Connacht. All the people used to be saying: Aurah, what sort of thing is that at all? And he said that it was a sugaun that was in it, and that people used to make the like of that down in Connacht. He said that one man would go holding the hay, and another man twisting it. I'll hold the hay now, and you'll go twisting it.

SHEAMUS.—I'll bring in a lock of hay. [*He goes out.*]

HANRAHAN.—I will make a dispraising of the province of Munster:
They do not leave the floor to us,
It isn't in them to twist even a sugaun;
The province of Munster without nicety, without
prosperity.
Disgust for ever on the province of Munster,
That they do not leave us the floor;
The province of Munster of the foul clumsy people.
They cannot even twist a sugaun!

SHEAMUS (*coming back*).—Here's the hay now.

HANRAHAN.—Give it here to me; I'll show ye what the well-learned, handy, honest, clever, sensible Connachtman will do, who has activity and full deftness in his hands, and sense in his head, and courage in his heart, but that the misfortune and the great trouble of the world directed him among the *lebidins* of the province of Munster, without honor, without nobility, without knowledge of the swan beyond the duck, or of the gold beyond the brass, or of the lily beyond the thistle, or of the star of young women and the pearl of the white breast beyond their own share of sluts and slatterns. Give me a kippeen. [*A man hands him a stick. He puts a visp of hay round it, and begins twisting it, and SHEELA giving him out the hay.*]

HANRAHAN.—There is a pearl of a woman giving light to us;
She is my love; she is my desire;
She is fair Oona, the gentle queen-woman.
And the Munstermen do not understand half her courtesy.
These Munstermen are blinded by God.
They do not recognise the swan beyond the grey duck,
But she will come with me, my fine Helen,
Where her person and her beauty shall be praised for ever.

Arrah, wisha, wisha, wisha, isn't this the fine village, isn't this the exceeding village! the village where there be that

riósáirí croícta ann naé mbionn don earbuid rópa ar na daoinib,
leir an méad rópa goirdeann ríad ó'n gceoláirí. Cráirteacáin
atá ionnta. Tá na ríopaí aca agus ní tugann ríad uata iad—
aé go gcuireann ríad an Connaétae boét as carad rugáin dóib !
Níor éar ríad rugáin féir in ran mbaile reo ariam—agus an
méad rugáin cnáibe atá aca de bárr an croíáirí !

Goirdeann Connaétae ciallmair
Rópa dó féin,
Aé goirdeann an Muimneac
Ó'n gceoláirí é !
Go bfeicir mé rópa
Breadh cnáibe go fóill
D'a fársad ar ríogáib
Sáe doinne ann ro !

Mar gheall ar don mnaoi amáin d'imígeadair na gceoláirí, agus
níor ríopaí agus níor mór-cóinnuigeadair no gur ríopaí agus
an Traoi, agus mar gheall ar don mnaoi amáin bíod an baile reo
damanca go deo na ndéir agus go bfuinne an bpráta, le Dia na
nspár, go ríopaíre putáin, nuair náir cuigeadair gur ab i ūna
ní Ríogáin an Traoi Helen do rugad in a meaf, agus go rug
rí bárr áille ar Helen agus ar Vénur, ar a dtáinig poimprí agus
ar dtuicfar 'na d'iaí.

Aé tuicfar rí liom mo péarla mná
Go cúige Connaé na ndaoine breadh ;
Seodair rí féarta fion a'r feoil,
Rinnceanna áirí, ríora a'r ceol.

O ! muiré ! muiré ! náir éiríod an grian ar an mbaile reo, agus
náir lafaíó réalta air, agus náir—

[Tá ré ran am ro amuis éar an doir. Éirígeann na fíir uile
agus dúnar é d'aon ruais amáin air. Tugann ūna léim cum
an doir, aé beir na mná uirí. Téirdeann Séamur anonn
éirí.]

ŪNA.—O ! O ! O ! ná cuiríod amaé é. Leis ar air é. Sin
Tomár O h-Annapáin, ir fíle é, ir báir é, ir fear iongantac
é. O leis ar air é, ná déan rin air !

SÉAMUS.—A ūna bán, agus a cuirle díleas, leis do. Tá
ré imíge anoir agus a cuirle díreod leis. Bíod ré imíge
ar do ceann amárac, agus bíod tura imíge ar a ceann-ran.
Náir bfuil fíor asat go maí go mb'fearr liom tu 'ná céad míle
Déiríre, agus gur tura m'aon péarla mná amáin d'a bfuil in
ran doim.

MAC UÍ h-ANN [amuis, as bualaí ar an doir].—Forsail !
forsail ! forsail ! Leiríod arteac mé. O mo fearc gcéad míle
mallaé opairí,

many rogues hanged that the people have no want of ropes with all the ropes that they steal from the hangman!

The sensible Connachtman makes
A rope for himself;
But the Munsterman steals it
From the hangman;
That I may see a fine rope,
A rope of hemp yet
A stretching on the throats
Of every person here!

On account of one woman only the Greeks departed, and they never stopped, and they never greatly stayed, till they destroyed Troy; and on account of one woman only this village shall be damned; go deo, na ndeór, and to the womb of judgment, by God of the graces, eternally and everlastingly, because they did not understand that Oona ni Regaun is the second Helen, who was born in their midst, and that she overcame in beauty Deirdre and Venus, and all that came before or that will come after her!

But she will come with me, my pearl of a woman,
To the province of Connacht of the fine people,
She will receive feast, wine and meat,
High dances, sport and music!

Oh wisha, wisha, that the sun may never rise upon this village, and that the stars may never shine on it, and that——. [*He is by this time outside the door. All the men make a rush at the door, and shut it. OONA runs towards the door, but the women seize her. SHEAMUS goes over to her.*]

OONA.—Oh, oh, oh, do not put him out, let him back, that is Tumaus Hanrahan; he is a poet, he is a bard, he is a wonderful man. Oh, let him back, do not do that to him.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, Oona bawn, acushla deelish, let him be, he is gone now, and his share of spells with him. He will be gone out of your head to-morrow, and you will be gone out of his head. Don't you know that I like you better than a hundred thousand Deirdres, and that you are my one pearl of a woman in the world.

HANRAHAN (*outside, beating on the door*).—Open, open, open, let me in! Oh, my seven hundred thousand curses on you, the curse of the weak and of the strong, the curse of the poets and of the bards upon you! The curse of the priests on you

[Buailteann ré an doimhir ariur agus ariur eile:]

Mallaét na lág oirriab 'r na láirí,
 Mallaét na ragaí agus na mbácaí,
 Mallaét na n-earbail agus an pápa,
 Mallaét na mbaintreabac 'r na ngarlaí.
 Forgail! forgail! forgail!

SÉAMUS.—Tá mé buirdeac díb a cómarpanna, agus bíod éina buirdeac díb amaraí. Buail leat, a rsgairte! déan do dampa leat féin amuis ann rin, anoir! Ní bfuigíó tú arteaí ann ro! Óra, a cómarpanna nac bpeáí é, duine do beir ag éirteaí leir an rtoirín taob amuis, agus é féin go rocair fáirta cor na teinead: Buail leat! Spead leat. Cá 'uill Connact anoir?

and the friars! The curse of the bishops upon you and the Pope! The curse of the widows on you and the children! Open! [*He beats at the door again and again.*]

SHEAMUS.—I am thankful to ye, neighbors, and Oona will be thankful to ye to-morrow. Beat away, you vagabond! Do your dancing out there by yourself now! Isn't it a fine thing for a man to be listening to the storm outside, and himself quiet and easy beside the fire? Beat away, storm away! Where's Connacht now?



*EARLY IRISH AUTHORS, TRANSLATIONS OF
WHOSE WORKS OCCUR IN VOLUMES ONE
TO NINE OF IRISH LITERATURE.*

MAURICE DUGAN.

(About 1641.)

MAURICE DUGAN, or O'DUGAN, lived near Benburb, in County Tyrone, about the year 1641, and he wrote the song to the air of "The Coolin," which was even in his time old, and which is, as Hardiman says, considered by many "the finest in the whole circle of Irish music." He was supposed to be descended from the O'Dugans, hereditary bards and historians, one of whom wrote the "Typography of Ancient Ireland," which was extensively used by the Four Masters in their "Annals." O'Reilly, in his "Irish Writers," mentions four other poems, the production of O'Dugan, namely, "Set your Fleet in Motion," "Owen was in a Rage," "Erin has Lost her Lawful Spouse," "Fodhla (Ireland) is a Woman in Decay." The translation of "The Coolin" will be found among the works of Sir Samuel Ferguson.

MAURICE FITZGERALD.

(About 1612.)

MAURICE FITZGERALD lived in Munster in the time of Elizabeth. He was the son of David *duff* (the black) Fitzgerald, and he seems to have been a man of considerable education and of refined taste. Several of his works exist, but the facts of his life are shrouded in darkness. It is supposed that he died in Spain, where many of the most eminent Irishmen of his time found an exile's home. His journey thither probably suggested the "Ode on his Ship," though as Miss Brooke says in her "Reliques of Irish Poetry," it is possible the third ode of Horace deserves that credit. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" is a list of seven poems by Fitzgerald which were in O'Reilly's possession in 1820. The translation of his "Ode on his Ship" will be found with the work of Miss Brooke.

THOMAS FLAVELL

Is the supposed author of "County Mayo" or "The Lament of Thomas Flavell," the English translation of which by George Fox will be found in its place under that author's name. He was a

native of Bophin, an island on the western coast of Ireland, and lived in the seventeenth or eighteenth century. Hardiman says of the poem that "it is only remarkable for being combined with one of our sweetest native melodies—the very soul of Irish music."

GEOFFRY KEATING.

(1570—1650.)

"GEOFFRY KEATING, the Herodotus of Ireland," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "the Four Masters, and Duaid MacFirbis were men of whom any age or country might be proud, men who, amid the war, rapine, and conflagration that rolled through the country at the heels of the English soldiers, still strove to save from the general wreck those records of their country which to-day make the name of Ireland honorable for her antiquities, traditions, and history in the eyes of the scholars of Europe."

"Of these men, Keating, as a prose writer, was the greatest. He was a man of literature, a poet, professor, theologian, and historian, in one. He brought the art of writing limpid Irish to its highest perfection, and ever since the publication of his 'History of Ireland,' some two hundred and fifty years ago, the modern language may be said to have been stereotyped. . . . I consider him (Keating) the first Irish historian and trained scholar who . . . wrote for the masses, not the classes, and he had his reward in the thousands of copies of his popular history made and read throughout all Ireland."

He was born at Tubbrid, near Clogheen, in County Tipperary, about the year 1570. At an early age he was sent to Spain, and he studied for twenty-three years in the College of Salamanca. On his return he was received with great respect by all classes of his countrymen, and after a tour through the country was appointed to the ministry of his native parish. Here he soon became famous for his eloquence, and crowds came to hear him from the neighboring towns of Cashel and Clonmel. Owing to his plain speaking in the pulpit, he was in danger of being arrested, and he fled for safety into the Galtee mountains.

Here he caused to be brought to him the materials he had been collecting for years, and here wrote his well known and important "History of Ireland," ultimately completed about the year 1625. It begins from the earliest period (namely, the arrival of the three daughters of Cain, the eldest named Banba, who gave her name to Ireland, which was called "the Isle of Banba"), and extends to the Anglo-Norman invasion. In 1603, Keating was enabled to return to his parish, where he found a coadjutor, with whom he lived and labored peacefully for many years. One of the joint works of the two men was the erection of a church in 1644, over the door of which may yet be seen an inscription speaking of them as founders, and beside which was placed afterwards the following epitaph on the poet-historian:

"In Tybrid, hid from mortal eye,
A priest, a poet, and a prophet lie;
All these and more than in one man could be
Concentrated was in famous Jeoffry."

Of the other works of Keating many were a few years ago, and possibly still are, well known traditionally to the peasantry of Munster. Among them are "Thoughts on Innisfail," which D'Arcy Magee has translated; "A Farewell to Ireland," a poem addressed to his harper; "An Elegy on the Death of Lord de Decies," the "Three Shafts of Death," a treatise in Irish prose, which Irish soldiers, we are told, have long held in admiration. He died about 1650.

TEIGE MACDAIRE.

(1570—1650.)

TEIGE MACDAIRE, son of Daire MacBrody, was born about 1570. He was principal poet to Donogh O'Brian, fourth Earl of Thomond, and held as his appanage the Castle of Dunogon, in Clare, with its lands. In accordance with the bardic usage, he wrote his elegant "Advice to a Prince" to his chief when the latter attained to the title. This is the most elaborate of his poems. Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland" tells us that his poetry is all written in elaborate and highly wrought classical meters, and that there are still extant some 3,400 lines.

We give among the selections from the work of Dr. Hyde a few of the verses translated by him into the exact equivalent of the meter in which they are written.

MacDaire was assassinated by a marauding soldier of Cromwell's army, who, as he treacherously flung the poet over a precipice, mocked him in Irish, crying: "Go, make your songs now, little man!" This was one of MacDaire's own countrymen.

JOHN MACDONNELL.

(1691—1754.)

JOHN MACDONNELL, "perhaps the finest poet of the first half of the eighteenth century," says Dr. Douglas Hyde, was born near Charleville, in the County Cork, in the year 1691. He has generally been called MacDonnell Claragh, from Claragh, the name of the residence of his family. O'Halloran in his "History of Ireland" speaks of him as "a man of great erudition, and a profound Irish antiquarian and poet," and says that he "had made valuable collections, and was writing in his native tongue a 'History of Ireland,'" which failing health, however, prevented him completing. He also proposed translating Homer's *Iliad* into Irish, and had at least proceeded so far as to produce several highly praised specimens of what his work would be. But this, as well as the "History of Ireland,"

was put a stop to by his illness and death, and MacDonnell's fame must now rest on his poems alone. He died in the year 1754.

Hardiman ranks him in Irish as equal to Pope in English, and believes that had he lived to complete his translation of the *Iliad* it would have been as successful in a literary sense as was that of Pope. "If," he continues, "the latter had been an Irishman, and had written in the language of the country, it would be a matter of difficulty to determine which would be entitled to the prize. But, fortunately for his genius and fame, Pope was born on the right side of the Channel."

MacDonnell was, it seems, a "rank Jacobite" in politics, and, poet and genius though he was, had often by hasty flights to save his life from the hands of the "hunters of the bards." We give a translation of one of his poems by an anonymous hand. Others, by D'Alton, will be found among the examples of his work.

GRANU WAIL AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.¹

Mild as the rose its sweets will breathe,
Tho' gems all bright its bloom enwreathe;
Undeck'd by gold or diamond rare,
Near Albion's throne stood Grana fair.

The vestal queen in wonder view'd
The hand that grasp'd the falchion rude—
The azure eye, whose light could prove
The equal power in war or love.

"Some boon," she cried, "thou lady brave,
From Albion's queen in pity crave:
E'en name the rank of countess high,
Nor fear the suit I'll e'er deny."

"Nay, sister-queen," the fair replied,
"A sov'reign, and an hero's bride
No fate shall e'er of pride bereave—
I'll honors give, but none receive.

"But grant to him—whose infant sleep
Is lull'd by rocking o'er the deep—
Those gifts, which now for Erin's sake
Thro' pride of soul I dare not take."

The queen on Grana gazed and smil'd,
And honor'd soon the stranger child
With titles brave, to grace a name
Of Erin's isle in herald fame.

¹This ballad celebrates a real historical scene, the visit of the famous Grace O'Malley to Queen Elizabeth. In the "*Anthologia Hibernica*" the visit is thus described: "The Queen, surrounded by her ladies, received her in great state. Grana was introduced in the dress of her country: a long, uncouth mantle covered her head and body; her hair was gathered on her crown, and fastened with a bodkin; her breast was bare, and she had a yellow bodice and petticoat. The court stared with surprise at so strange a figure."—"Granu Wail" or "Grana Uile" was one of the typical names of Ireland, and, as Lover remarks, the mere playing of the air with that name has still a political significance. (See also the examples of the work of Cæsar Otway.)

DUALD MACFIRBIS.

(1585—1670.)

THIS famous scholar was born in County Sligo. He was the author of "The Branches of Relationship," or "Volumes of Pedigrees." The autograph copy of this vast compilation, generally known as "The Book of MacFirbis," is now in the library of the Earl of Roden. He assisted Sir James Ware by transcribing and translating from the Irish for him. His "Collection of Glossaries" has been published by Dr. Whitley Stokes. His autograph "Martyrology," or "Litany of the Saints" in verse, is preserved in the British Museum. The fragment of his Treatise on "Irish Authors" is in the Royal Irish Academy. His transcription of the "Chronicum Scotorum" was translated by the late Mr. W. M. Hennessy, and published in 1867. His "Annals of Ireland" has been translated and edited by O'Donovan, and published by the Irish Archæological Society. A transcript of his catalogue of "Extinct Irish Bishoppries," by Mr. Hennessy, is in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy. In the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archæological Society may be found his English version of the "Registry of Clonmacnoise," compiled in the year 1216. Some extracts from his works translated by Professor O'Donovan will be found among the examples from that gentleman's work.

ANDREW MAGRATH.

(1723 —)

ANDREW MAGRATH was born in Limerick about 1723. He was one of the most gay, careless, and rollicking of the Jacobite poets, and one of the last who wrote in his native tongue. He wrote many songs and poems, of politics, of love, and of drinking. He was, like so many of his fellows, a wild liver; and his name survives yet among the peasantry of his native Munster, among whom he is remembered as the Manguaire Sugach, or Merry Monger. The date of his death is not known, but he is said to lie buried in Killmallock Churchyard.

We append anonymous translations of two of his poems. None of them have, however, been adequately rendered into the English language.

THE COMING OF PRINCE CHARLIE.

Too long have the churls in dark bondage oppressed me,
 Too long have I cursed them in anguish and gloom;
 Yet Hope with no vision of comfort has blessed me—
 The cave is my shelter—the rude rock my home.
 Save Doun¹ and his kindred, my sorrow had shaken
 All friends from my side, when at evening, forsaken,
 I sought the lone fort, proud to hear him awaken,
 The hymn of deliverance breathing for me.

¹ The ruler of the Munster fairies.

He told how the heroes were fallen and degraded
 And scorn dashed the tear their affliction would claim ;
 But Phelim and Heber,¹ whose children betrayed it,
 The land shall relume with the light of their fame.
 The fleet is prepared, proud Charles² is commanding,
 And wide o'er the wave the white sail is expanding,
 The dark brood of Luther shall quail at their landing,
 The Gael like a tempest shall burst on the foe.

The bards shall exult, and the harp-strings shall tremble,
 And love and devotion be poured in the strain ;
 Ere " Samhain " ³ our chiefs shall in Temor⁴ assemble,
 The " Lion " protect our own pastors again.
 The Gael shall redeem every shrine's desecration,
 In song shall exhale our warm heart's adoration,
 Confusion shall light on the foe's usurpation,
 And Erin shine out yet triumphant and free.

The secrets of destiny now are before you—
 Away ! to each heart the proud tidings to tell :
 Your Charles is at hand, let the green flag spread o'er you !
 The treaty they broke your deep vengeance shall swell.
 The hour is arrived, and in loyalty blending,
 Surround him ! sustain ! Shall the gorged goal descending
 Deter you, your own sacred monarch defending ?
 Rush on like a tempest and scatter the foe !

MY GRAND RECREATION.

I sell the best brandy and sherry,
 To make my good customers merry ;
 But at times their finances
 Run short, as it chances,
 And then I feel very sad, very !

Here's brandy ! Come, fill up your tumbler ;
 Or ale, if your liking be humbler ;
 And, while you've a shilling,
 Keep filling and swilling—
 A fig for the growls of the grumbler !

I like, when I'm quite at my leisure,
 Mirth, music, and all sorts of pleasure ;
 When Margery's bringing
 The glass, I like singing
 With bards—if they drink within measure.

Libation ! I pour a libation,
 I sing the past fame of our nation ;
 For valorous glory,
 For song and for story,
 This, this, is my grand recreation.

¹ Renegade Irish who joined the foe. ² The Pretender.

³ The 1st of November, the festival of Baal-Samen, so called by the Druids. ⁴ Tara.

GERALD NUGENT.

(About 1588.)

GERALD NUGENT was one of those Irishmen of English descent of whom it was complained that they became more Irish than the Irish themselves. In the reign of King John the barony of Devlin in Meath was granted to Gilbert de Nugent. By the time of Elizabeth the Nugents had taken to the Irish language, like many other inhabitants of the Pale, and Gerald Nugent was a bard and harpist. He composed in Irish, and flinging aside his harp he joined with the Irish in their attempt to throw off the yoke of the conquerors. Of course the result was failure, and Nugent became an exile. In his grief at leaving the land of his birth, he composed the ode or lamentation, a translation of which by the Rev. W. H. Drummond is given under that gentleman's name. This is the only one of his poems that has been preserved. When and where Gerald Nugent died we have been unable to discover.

TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN.

(1670—1738.)

TURLOUGH CAROLAN, or O'CAROLAN, commonly called the last of the bards, was born in the year 1670 at the village of Baile-Nusah, or Newton, in the County Westmeath, and went to school at Cruisetown, County Longford. When about fifteen (some say eighteen and others twenty-two) he lost his sight through an attack of small-pox. While at school he made the acquaintance of Bridget Cruise, whose name he made famous in one of his songs.

Many years later Carolan went on a pilgrimage to what is called St. Patrick's Purgatory, a cave in an island on Lough Dearg in County Donegal. While standing on the shore he began to assist some of his fellow-pilgrims into a boat, and chancing to take hold of a lady's hand he suddenly exclaimed, "By the hand of my gossip! this is the hand of Bridget Cruise!" So it was, but the fair one was still deaf to his suit.

Carolan moved with his father to Carrick-on-Shannon, and there a Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe had him carefully instructed in Irish and also to some extent in English. She also caused him to learn how to play the harp, not with the view to his becoming a harper, but simply as an accomplishment. In his twenty-second year he suddenly determined to become a harper, and, his benefactress providing him with a couple of horses and an attendant to carry the harp, he started on a round of visits to the neighboring gentry, to most of whom he was already known; and for years he wandered all over the country, gladly received wherever he came, and seldom forgetting to pay for his entertainment by song in praise of his host.

In about middle life he married Miss Mary Maguire, a young lady

of good family. With her he lived very happily and learned to love her tenderly, though she was haughty and extravagant. On his marriage he built a neat house at Moshill in County Leitrim, and there entertained his friends with more liberality than prudence. The income of his little farm was soon swallowed up, and he fell into embarrassments which haunted him the rest of his life. On this he took to his wanderings again, while his wife stayed at home and busied herself with the education of their rather numerous family. In 1733 she was removed by death, and a melancholy fell upon him which remained until the end. He did not survive his wife long. In 1738 he paid a visit to the house of his early benefactress, Mrs. McDermott-Roe, and there he fell ill and died.

Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "Literary History of Ireland": "He composed over two hundred airs, many of them very lively, and usually addressed to his patrons, chiefly to those of the old Irish families. He composed his own words to suit his music, and these have given him the reputation of a poet. They are full of curious turns and twists of meter to suit his airs, to which they are admirably wed, and very few are in regular stanzas. They are mostly of Pindaric nature, addressed to patrons or to fair ladies; there are some exceptions however, such as his celebrated ode to whisky, one of the finest bacchanalian songs in any language, and his much more famed but immeasurably inferior 'Receipt for Drinking.' Very many of his airs and nearly all his poetry with the exception of about thirty pieces are lost."

Examples of his poetry will be found in translations by John D'Alton, Arthur Dawson, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Thomas Furlong, and Dr. George Sigerson.

There is a well-known portrait of him by the Dutch painter, Vanderhagen, which bears some resemblance to the portraits of Shakespeare.

MICHAEL O'CLERY.

(1580—1643.)

REFERRING to "The Annals of the Four Masters," Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "Literary History of Ireland": "This mighty work is chiefly due to the herculean labors of the learned Franciscan brother, Michael O'Clery," who was born in Donegal about the year 1580. He was descended from a learned family who had been for centuries hereditary historians to the O'Donnells, princes of Tyrconnell, and at an early age became distinguished for his abilities. While yet young he retired to the Irish Franciscan monastery at Louvain, where he soon attracted the attention of the learned Hugh Ward, a native of his own country and a lecturer at the Irish College. His perfect knowledge of the Irish language and history caused him to be employed by Ward to carry out a project that enthusiastic monk had formed for rescuing the annals and antiquities of his country from oblivion.

O'Clery then returned to Ireland, where for many years he busied himself collecting manuscripts and other works and transmitting them to Louvain. In 1635 Ward died, but some time before he managed to publish from O'Clery's materials "The Life of St. Rumold," "Irish Martyrology," and a treatise on the "Names of Ireland." John Colgan, also a native of Donegal, afterwards made large use of O'Clery's manuscripts in his works on the Irish saints, "Trias Thaumaturga" and "Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ." Even before Ward's death, however, O'Clery had commenced his great work, which at first went by the name of "The Annals of Donegal," then by the title of "The Ulster Annals," and is now known over the world as "The Annals of the Four Masters," as he and his assistants, Peregrine O'Clery, Conary O'Clery, and Peregrine O'Duigenan, a learned antiquary of Kilronan, were named. He had also some little help from the hereditary historians to the kings of Connaught, two members of the old and learned family of the O'Maoleonerys.

The work states that it was entirely composed in the convent of the Brothers of Donegal, who supplied the requirements of the transcribers while their labors were in progress. Fergal O'Gara, a member for Sligo in the Parliament of 1634, is also said to have liberally rewarded O'Clery's assistants, while it was his advice and influence that prevailed on O'Clery to bring them together and proceed with the work. In the "Testimonials" are also stated the names of the books and manuscripts from which the "Annals" were compiled, and there also we find the information that the first volume was begun on the 22d January, 1632, and the last finished on the 10th August, 1636. To the "Testimonials," which is a kind of guarantee of the faithfulness of the work, are subscribed the names of the Superior and two of the monks, together with the countersignature of O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell.

After the completion of the "Annals" O'Clery returned to Louvain, where in 1643 he published a "Vocabulary of the Irish Language." This seems to have been the last of his works, and this year the last year of his life.

"The Annals of the Four Masters" begin at the earliest period of Irish history, about A.D. 1171, and end A.D. 1616, covering a period of 444 years. The "Annals" were published in Dublin by Bryan Geraghty in 1846.

Examples of the translations by Owen Connellan and O'Donovan will be found among the work of these writers, also a translation by O'Donovan from the "Annals."

DIARMUD O'CURNAIN.

(1740—1825.)

DIARMUD O'CURNAIN was born in Cork in 1740, and died in Modeligo, Waterford, in the first quarter of the present century. He was a tall, handsome farmer. He traveled to Cork to purchase wedding presents for his betrothed, but was met on his way home by the news that she had married a wealthy suitor. He flung

all his presents into the fire, and from the shock lost his reason, which he never recovered.

A translation of an Irish poem of his by Dr. Sigerson is given among the examples of the work of that gentleman.

JOHN O'NEACHTAN.

(1695 ?—1720 ?)

JOHN O'NEACHTAN was still alive in 1715. He was a native of County Meath, but beyond this little is known about him. "He was," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "one of the earliest writers of Jacobite poetry, and perhaps the most voluminous man of letters of his day among the native Irish. One of his early poems was written immediately after the battle of the Boyne, when the English soldiery stripped him of everything he possessed in the world, except one small Irish book. Between forty and fifty of his pieces are enumerated by O'Reilly, and I have seen others in a manuscript in private hands. These included a poem in imitation of those called 'Ossianic,' of 1,296 lines, and a tale written about 1717 in imitation of the so-called Fenian tales, an amusing allegoric story called the 'Adventures of Edmund O'Clery,' and a curious but extravagant tale called the 'Strong-armed Wrestler.'

Hardiman had in his possession a closely written Irish treatise by O'Neachtan of five hundred pages on general geography, containing many interesting particulars concerning Ireland, and a volume of 'Annals of Ireland' from 1167 to 1700. He also translated a great many church hymns, and, I believe, prose books from Latin. His elegy on Mary D'Este, widow of James II., is one of the most musical pieces I have ever seen, even in Irish :

"SLOW cause of my fear
NO pause to my tear,
The brightest and whitest
Lies on her bier.

FAIR Islets of green,
RARE sights to be seen,
Both highlands and Islands
THERE sigh for the Queen."

A translation by Thomas Furlong of O'Neachtan's famous song "Maggy Laidir" is given with the examples of the writings of that gentleman.

OSSIAN.

"SIDE by side with the numerous prose sagas which fall under the title of 'Fenian,'" says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "there exists an enormous mass of poems, chiefly

narrative, of a minor epic type, or else semi-dramatic *épopées*, usually introduced by a dialogue between St. Patrick and the poet Ossian. Ossian¹ was the son of Finn mac Cúmhail, vulgarly 'Cool,' and he was fabled to have lived in Tír na n-óg, the country of the ever-young, the Irish Elysium, for three hundred years, thus surviving all his Fenian contemporaries and living to hold colloquy with St. Patrick. The so-called Ossianic poems are extraordinarily numerous, and were they all collected would probably (between those preserved in Scotch-Gaelic and in Irish) amount to some 80,000 lines. . . . The most of them, in the form in which they have come down to us at the present day, seem to have been composed in rather loose metres . . . and they were even down to our fathers' time exceedingly popular, both in Ireland and in the Scotch Highlands, in which latter country Ian Campbell, the great folk-lorist, made the huge collection which he called *Leabhar na Féinne*, or the Book of the Fenians.

"Some of the Ossianic poems relate the exploits of the Fenians ; others describe conflicts between members of that body and worms, wild beasts, and dragons ; others fights with monsters and with strangers come from across the sea ; others detail how Finn and his companions suffered from the enchantments of wizards and the efforts made to release them ; one enumerates the Fenians who fell at Cnoc-an-áir ; another gives the names of about three hundred of the Fenian hounds ; another gives Ossian's account of his three hundred years in the Land of the Young and his return ; many more consist largely of semi-humorous dialogues between the saint and the old warrior ; another is called Ossian's madness ; another is Ossian's account of the battle of Gabhra, which made an end of the Fenians, and so on. . . .

"There is a considerable thread of narrative running through these poems and connecting them in a kind of series, so that several of them might be divided into the various books of a Gaelic epic of the Odysseic type, containing, instead of the wanderings and final restoration of Ulysses, the adventures and final destruction of the Fenians, except that the books would be rather more disjointed. There is, moreover, splendid material for an ample epic in the division between the Fenians of Munster and Connacht and the gradual estrangement of the High King, leading up to the fatal battle of Gabhra ; but the material for this last exists chiefly in prose texts, not in the Ossianic lays. . . .

"The Ossianic lays are almost the only narrative poems which exist in the language, for although lyrical, elegiac, and didactic poetry abounds, the Irish never produced, except in the case of the Ossianic *épopées*, anything of importance in a narrative and ballad form, anything, for instance, of the nature of the glorious ballad poetry of the Scotch Lowlands.

"The Ossianic meters, too, are the eminently epic ones of Ireland. . . .

"Of the authorship of the Ossianic poems nothing is known. In the Book of Leinster are three short pieces ascribed to Ossian

¹ In Irish *Oisín*, pronounced "Esheen," or "Ussheen."

himself, and five to Finn, and other old MSS. contain poems ascribed to Caoilte, Ossian's companion and fellow survivor, and to Fergus, another son of Finn ; but of the great mass of the many thousand lines which we have in seventeenth and eighteenth century MSS. there is not much which is placed in Ossian's mouth as first hand, the pieces, as I have said, generally beginning with a dialogue, from which Ossian proceeds to recount his tale. But this dramatic form of the lay shows that no pretense was kept up of Ossian's being the singer of his own exploits. From the paucity of the pieces attributed to him in the oldest MSS. it is probable that the Gaelic race only gradually singled him out as their typical pagan poet, instead of Fergus or Caoilte or any other of his alleged contemporaries, just as they singled out his father Finn as the typical pagan leader of their race ; and it is likely that a large part of our Ossianic lay and literature is post-Danish, while the great mass of the Red Branch saga is in its birth many centuries anterior to the Norsemen's invasion."

A. RAFTERY.

(1780?—1840?)

THE story of the discovery of the writings of Raftery by Dr. Douglas Hyde and Lady Gregory is one of the most curious and interesting in the annals of literature. We have not space for it in detail ; in brief it was on this wise : Some time in the seventies Dr. Hyde heard an old man singing a song at the door of his cottage. The old man, at his request, taught Dr. Hyde the song and the latter went away.

Twelve years after, when Dr. Hyde was working in the Royal Irish Academy, he came across some old manuscript containing a number of poems ascribed to a man named Raftery, and among them the very song that he had learned on that morning long ago.

Seven years more elapsed, and Dr. Hyde one day met an old blind man begging. He gave him a penny, and passed on, when it suddenly occurred to him that he should have spoken to him in Irish. He did so and conversed with him for an hour. Among other things they talked about was Raftery, and Dr. Hyde learned much about the poet from the old man.

This set him upon the track of the poet, and the final result was the recovery of most of his poems and considerable material for his biography, which would otherwise have been absolutely lost. Had it not been for the fact that the poems were so well known up and down the country, it would have been impossible to recover many of them.

Raftery was born about 1780 or 1790 at Cilleaden, County Mayo, of very poor parents. He was early in life deprived of his sight by smallpox, so that he never had any better occupation by which to make a living than that of a fiddler. Though he was absolutely destitute and practically dependent upon alms, no poet of the people

ever exercised so widespread an influence upon those among whom he lived. He was never taught either to read or to write; he had no access to books of any kind, or any form of literature, except what he was able to pick up through his ears as he traveled from cottage to cottage, with his bag over his shoulder, picking up his day's meals as he went.

Lady Gregory in her "Poets and Dreamers" deals very fully with his work, and from the examples which she gives we are justified in claiming for this, the last of Irish bards, the name of an inspired one. It is said that he spent the last years of his life in making prayers and religious songs, of which Lady Gregory gives some interesting examples, and of which "The Confession," printed in the present volume, is typical.

He died at an advanced age, about 1840, and is buried at Killeenan, County Mayo, where there is a stone over his grave, and where the people from all parts round about gather in August of every year to do honor to his memory.

RICHARD STANIHURST.

(1545—1618.)

RICHARD STANIHURST was born in Dublin, and in his eighteenth year went to University College, Oxford. He studied law at Furnival's Inn and Lincoln's Inn; and, returning to Ireland, married a daughter of Sir Charles Barnewell. About 1579 he took up his residence in Leyden, entered holy orders, and became chaplain to Albert, Archduke of Austria and Governor of the Spanish Netherlands. A great portion of his writings are in Latin. His first work, which was published in London in 1570, in folio, is entitled "Harmonia, seu catena dialectica Porphyrium," and is spoken of with particular praise by Edmund Campion, then a student at St. John's College, Oxford. His other works are "De rebus in Hibernia gestis" (Antwerp, 1584, 4to); "Descriptio Hiberniæ," which is to be found in "Holinshed's Chronicle," of which it formed a part of the second volume; "De Vita S. Patricii" (Antwerp, 1587, 12mo); "Hebdomada Mariana" (Antwerp, 1609, 8vo); "Hebdomada Eucharistica" (Douay, 1614, 8vo); "Brevis premonitio pro futura commentatione cum Jacobo Usserio" (Douay, 1615, 8vo); "The Principles of the Catholic Religion"; "The First Four Books of Virgil's Æneid in English Hexameters" (1583, small 8vo, black letter); with which are printed the four first Psalms, "certayne poetical conceites" in Latin and English, and some epitaphs.

OWEN WARD.

(About 1600 or 1610.)

LITTLE is known of Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird, or Red Owen Ward, beyond the fact that he was the bard of the O'Donnells, and

accompanied the princes of Tyrconnell and Tyrone when they fled from Ireland in 1607. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" the names of nine lengthy and still extant poems of his are given. The "Lament," translated by J. Clarence Mangan, will be found among that author's contributions to this work; it is addressed to Nuala, sister of O'Donnell, the Prince of Tyrconnell, who died in Rome, and was interred in the same grave with O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone. Ward was the descendant of a long line of bards and poets of the same name.

MODERN IRISH AUTHORS, WHOSE WORK, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED, APPEARS IN
VOLUME TEN OF IRISH LITERATURE.

FATHER DINNEEN.

FATHER DINNEEN is a native of the district adjoining Killarney, in East Kerry, a district that has produced a crop of distinguished poets such as Egan O'Rahilly, Geoffrey O'Donoghue, Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan, Finneen O'Scannell. He drank in the traditional lore of this region during his boyhood, and always held the Irish language in special veneration. University and ecclesiastical studies, however, engrossed the best years of his youth and early manhood, and it was only when the enemies of Ireland's honor came forward at the Intermediate Education Commission, held in Dublin a few years ago, and sought to vilify Irish literature, to show that whatever little of it survived was either "silly" or "indecent," that he set seriously to work to lay before the world the collected works of several modern Irish poets, including those named above.

Besides collecting from manuscripts and editing for the first time the works of some six distinguished poets, Father Dinneen has in three or four years written several prose works in Irish, including an historical novel, "Cormac Va Conaill," a description of Killarney, and several plays. He has also finished a dictionary of the modern Irish language, with explanations in English. He is perhaps the most earnest writer of the Gaelic movement, and his *editiones principes* of the Munster poets are of the greatest value.

JAMES J. DOYLE.

MR. JAMES J. DOYLE, the most unwearying worker and, with the single exception, perhaps, of Father O'Leary, the raciest writer of Irish dialogue living, was born at Cooleenig, Tuogh, County Kerry, forty-five years ago. The son of a well-connected, well-disposed, well-to-do farmer, he had the advantage of spending his boyhood in a singularly bilingual atmosphere; but it was only on leaving the local National school to enter the Revenue Service at the age of nineteen that he commenced to study the literature of his race. To Mr. David Connyn he attributes much of his earlier interest in Ireland's hallowed literature, an interest which has been steadily deepening for upwards of a quarter of a century.

Owing to circumstances with which our readers are unhappily only too familiar, Mr. Doyle remained unknown as a writer until the Oireachtas of 1898. On this occasion, however, he leisurely carried off a prize for three humorous Irish stories, and again at the

Oireachtas of 1900 he won the "Independent" prize for a story of modern Irish life. Still later, at the "Feis Uladh," he received first prize for a paper on "Ulster Local Names." This latter is one of his pet subjects, and has constituted the theme of many a lecture delivered in the interest of the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle also won first prize in the "Irish Phrase-Book Competition" at the recent Oireachtas, 1901, and though not a teacher was fourth in the competition (open to all Ireland) for Archbishop Walsh's prize of £25 (\$125) for a bilingual school programme.

In 1881 he married Miss Mary A. Joyce, sister to Dr. King Joyce, of Dublin. She, like her devoted husband, is also bilingual, and it is not to be wondered at that they are, as the *Claidheamh* is wont to say, "bringing up seven sturdy, enthusiastic young bilingualists."

His numerous relatives and friends in the United States will share his own manifest gratification at the fact that his parents are still hale and hearty, and, as he himself is practically in the prime of life just now, there seems every hope that the readers of *An Claidheamh*—and probably of other Irish journals—will have access to his inimitable contributions for many a year to come.

As in the case of several of the most active members of the Gaelic League, his position of Supervisor in the Inland Revenue does not prevent him from rendering very efficient, if unobtrusive, service to his country. He resides at present in Derry, and is possibly the most energetic organizer in all Ulster. His assistance to Mr. Concannon has been simply invaluable.

"Cathair Conroi," children's stories, won the first prize at 1902 Oireachtas.

He was one of the original founders of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language in 1876, and subsequently of the Gaelic Union, which founded the *Gaelic Journal* in 1882, and which might be said to have paved the way for the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle is the author of the following books, published by the Gaelic League: "Beert Fhear o' n-Tuaith," or "Two Men from the Country," a series of snapshots of Irish rural life in the form of dialogue; "Taahg Gabha," "Tim the Smith," a racy story of Kerry life; "Cathair Conroi," and other stories suitable for children; an "Irish-English Phrase Book."

AGNES O'FARRELLY.

MISS AGNES O'FARRELLY, or in Irish Una ni Thearghaille, comes from one of the oldest and most respected families in the County Cavan. She was born at Kiffenny House, East Breffin. She was the first lady candidate to take up Irish as subject for the M.A. examination in the Royal University, which she passed with the highest honors. She has spent much time in the Arran Islands learning to speak the language colloquially, and in 1899 she attended a course of lectures in Old Irish by Monsieur de Jubainville in Paris at the Collège de France. She has been for years one of the most prom-

inent members of the Coisde Griotha, or Executive of the Gaelic League. She is chief examiner in Celtic to the Board of Intermediate Education. Her principal writings are a propagandist tract in English called "The Reign of Humbug," and two stories in Irish, one called "Grádh agus Crádh," the other an Arran story called "The Cneamhaire," from which we give an extract, and, lastly, the splendid "Life of Father O'Growney," which has just been published and which is full of interest and information about the rise of the Irish Revival. She has nearly completed the collecting and editing of the text of John O'Neachtan's poems, and the editing of a very difficult text from the library of the Franciscans, containing an account of the wanderings of O'Neill and O'Donnell in Spain. She is an indefatigable worker in the cause of Irish Ireland.

THOMAS HAYES.

THOMAS HAYES was born in Miltown Malbay on Nov. 2, 1866, where his father was a master cooper in comfortable circumstances.

He was educated in the National school. Both his parents were very good Irish speakers, and his home language was Irish. His house was always a great rendezvous for the neighbors, who used to meet there to tell stories, and the boy with mouth, and eyes, and ears open drank in a great many of the local tales and legends. Indeed, the house during this period was more like a branch of the Gaelic League than anything else.

His father was a member of the Fenian Brotherhood, and his mother was intensely Irish.

In 1886 he was appointed as assistant teacher in Harold's Cross National School, Dublin. He went through a course in St. Patrick's Training College, Drumcondra, in 1891-92, and in 1895 was appointed principal of St. Gabriel's Boys' School, Aughrim Street.

He is a good amateur musician, and carried off two first prizes at the R. I. A. M. School Choirs competitions in 1898 and 1901; the Oireachtas Gold Medal for singing, and also the prize for the best original air to "Caoinead An Guinn" at the Oireachtas, besides several second prizes at the R. I. A. M. Oireachtas and Leinster Feis.

In 1893 he joined the Gaelic League, and was soon after co-opted on the Executive Committee, of which he has since remained a member. He threw himself enthusiastically into the work of the League, and devoted a considerable portion of his spare time for several years to teaching Irish and singing in different branches of the League. He was the first teacher in Ireland to apply the Tonic Sol-Fa system to the teaching of Irish songs. His first attempt at Irish prose composition was published in the *Gaelic Journal* in 1894, and since then he has been in evidence more or less over his own name; but much of his work in Irish in the shape of articles, etc., has been unsigned.

PATRICK O'LEARY.

PATRICK O'LEARY, like his friend, Donnchalh Pleinnionn of Cork, was one of the first martyrs of the Irish Revival. He died early, to the great loss of the movement, chiefly from overwork connected with it. His principal effort was the collection of Munster folk tales, called *Sgeuliugheacht Chirige Mumham*, chiefly from his native place near Eyeries, in the extreme south of Ireland. He was the first to collect the folk tales of Munster, having been incited thereto, as he says in his preface, by the Connaught collections of the "Craoibhin." He published many excellent things in the *Gaelic Journal*, and possibly elsewhere. He was a complete master of the language, and if he had lived would have undoubtedly become one of our ablest writers.

FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

FATHER PETER O'LEARY was born in the year 1840, in the middle of a wild and mountainous district, about midway between Millstreet and Macroom, in the County Cork. Irish was at that time the language of that district. The people spoke scarcely any English. In that way it happened that Father O'Leary's childhood and youth were impregnated with Irish. He was fortunate in another way also. His mother was a highly educated woman, as well as a very talented one. When she spoke English to her children it was the best and the most correct English, and when she spoke Irish to them it was the best and the purest and the most correct Irish. His father had not received an English education, but the mastery which he had of the Irish language and the force and power with which he could use it were exceptional, even in a district where the language was, at that time, very copious and very powerful.

It is not to be wondered at that a person whose childhood and early youth were passed in the midst of such opportunities should have now the knowledge of the Irish language which Father O'Leary has. During that childhood and early youth he often passed considerable periods of time without ever speaking an English word.

The chief part of his English education was obtained at home from his mother. Having gone to a classical school in Macroom and learned some Latin and Greek, he went to the newly established College of St. Colman in Fermoy. Then he went on to Maynooth, and was ordained in 1867.

He never thought there was the remotest danger of the death of the Irish language until he went into Maynooth. When he got among the students in Maynooth he was astonished to find that there were many of them who could not speak a word of Irish. Not only that, but that there were large districts of the country where no word of Irish was spoken, and that such districts were growing larger each year, while those districts where Irish was

spoken were growing each year smaller. It was easy to see where that would end, and that the end was not very far off.

He then turned his attention to the study of Irish, determined to keep alive at least one man's share of the national speech.

Having been ordained and sent on the mission, he made it a point to preach in Irish and to speak Irish to the people whenever and wherever it was possible to do so.

But the Irish-speaking districts continued to grow small, and the English-speaking districts continued to expand, and the case continued to grow more and more hopeless every day and every hour.

At last the Gaelic League made its appearance. The moment it did Father O'Leary went into the work, determined to do at least one man's share. He has continued to do so.

Father Peter is the "good old man" of the Munster Revival. His influence in that province is unbounded. Two of his plays, the "Ghost" and "Tadhg Saor," are constantly acted in Munster, and his writings, of which "Seadhna" is perhaps the best known, are acknowledged to be the most idiomatic of those of any Irish writer. He is very prolific, and every week sees something new from his pen, either in the Cork papers or in the Dublin *Leader*. He is one of the two vice-presidents of the Gaelic League.

P. J. O'SHEA.

MR. P. J. O'SHEA is a Kerry man, from the parish of An Team-pole Nuadh. He worked for many years as a Custom House officer in Belfast, and is at present in England. Over the signature of "Conán Maol," he has contributed an immense quantity of fine idiomatic Irish to the *Claidheamh Solais* and other papers. He is of splendid physique and immense personal strength, and is descended from a race famous for their prowess and bravery in old times. His sketch of O'Neill in this library is a fair specimen of his style.

GLOSSARY.

A BOCHAL (<i>A bhuachail</i>)	Boy, my boy.
ABOO, ABÚ!	To victory! Hurrah!
A CHARA, A CHORRA	Friend, my friend.
A COOLIN BAWN (<i>a chuilin ban</i>)	her fair-colored flowing hair.
ACUSHLA (<i>a chuisle</i>) vein—ACUSHLA MACHREE	Pulse of my heart.
A CUSHLA AGUS ASTHORE MACHREE (<i>a chuisle agus a stoir mo chroidhe</i>)	O pulse and treasure of my heart!
A CUSHLA GAL MO CHREE (<i>a chuisle geal mo chroidhe</i>)	O bright pulse of my heart.
AGEA, AGRADH (<i>a ghradh</i>)	Love, my love.
A-HAGUR (<i>a theagair</i>)	O dear friend! Comforter.
AILEEN AROON (<i>Eibhlín a ruin</i>)	Ellen, dear.
ALANNA (<i>a leinbh</i>)	child.
ALAUN	a lout.
ALPEEN (<i>alpin</i>)	a stick.
AN CHAITEOG	The Winnowing Sheet (name of Irish air).
ANCHUIL-FHIONN (<i>an chuileann</i>)	the white or fair-haired maiden.
ANGASHORE (<i>aindiseoir</i>)	a stingy person, a miser.
AN SMACHTAOIN CRON	the copper-colored stick of tobacco.
AN SPAILPIN FANACH	wandering laborer, a strapping fellow.
A'RA GAL (<i>a ghradh geal</i>)	O bright love!
AROON (<i>a ruin</i>)	O secret love! beloved, sweet-heart.
ARRAH (<i>ar' eadh</i>)	(literally, Was it?) Indeed!
ARTH-LOOGHRA (<i>arc luachra</i> or <i>arc-sleibhe</i>)	a lizard.
ASTHORE (<i>a stoir</i>)	Treasure.
A-STOIR MO CHROIDHE (<i>a stoir mo chroidhe</i>)	Treasure of my heart.
ASTOR GRA GEAL MACHREE (<i>a stoir gradh geal mo chroidhe</i>)	Treasure, bright love of my heart.
A SUILISH MACHREE (<i>a sholais mo chroidhe</i>)	Light of my heart.
A THAISGE	Treasure, my darling, my comfort.
AULAGONE (<i>ullagon</i>). See HULLAGONE.	
AVIC (<i>a mhic</i>)	Son, my son.
AVOURNEEN (<i>a mhuirnin</i>)	Darling.
BAITHERSHIN (<i>b'fheidir sin</i>)	That is possible! Likely, indeed! Perhaps.
BALLYRAGGIN	scolding, defaming.
BAN-A-T'GEE (<i>bean-an-tighe</i>)	woman of the house.
BANSHEE (<i>bean-sidhe</i>) (literally, fairy-woman)	the death-warning spirit of the old Irish families.

- BANSHEE** (*bean sídhe*).....fairy woman.
BAUMASH, *raineis*.....nonsense.
BAWN (*ban*).....fair, white, bright, a park.
BAWN, *badhun*.....cattle-yard or cow-fortress.
BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUID (*beal an atha buidhe*).....Mouth of the Yellow Ford.
BEAN AN FHIR RUADH.....the red-haired man's wife.
BEANNACT DE LA T'ANAM (*beanacht De le d'anam*).....The blessing of God on your soul!
BEAN SHEE (*bean sídhe*). See **BANSHEE**.
BEINNSIN LAUCHRA.....little bunch of rushes (Irish air).
B'EDER SIN (*B'fheidir sin*). See **BAITHERSHIN**.
BIREDH (*baireadh*).....a cap.
BLADDHERANG—**BLATHERING** (from *blad-aire*).....flattering.
BLASTHOGUE (*blastog*).....persuasive speech, a sweet-mouthed woman.
BOCCAGH (*bacach*).....a cripple, a beggar.
BOCCATY (*bacaide*).....anything lame.
BODACH (*bodagh*).....a churl; also a well-to-do man.
BOLIAUN BWEE (*buachallan bhuidhe*).....ragwort.
BOLIAUN DHAS (*buachallan deas*).....the ox-eye daisy.
BOLLHOUS.....rumpus.
BONNOCHT (*buánadh*).....a billeted soldier.
BOREEN (*boithrin*).....a little road, a lane (a diminutive of *bothar*, a road).
BOSTHOON (*bastamhan*).....a blockhead; also a stick made of rushes.
BOTHERED (*bodhar*).....deaf, bothered.
BOUCHAL (*buachail*).....a boy.
BOUCHELLEN BAWN (*buachaillin ban*).....white (haired) little boy.
BREHONS (*breitheamhain*).....the hereditary judges of the Irish Septs.
BRIGHDIN BAN MO STORE (*brighidin ban mo stor*).....White (haired) Bridget, my treasure.
BRISHE (*brisheadh*).....breaking; a battle.
BROCHANS (*brochan*).....gruel, porridge.
BROGUE (*brog*).....a shoe.
BRUGAID (*brughaidh*).....a keeper of a house of public hospitality.
BRUIGHEAN.....a fair mansion, a pavilion, a court.
BRUSHNA (*brosna*).....broken sticks for firewood.
BUNNAUN (*buinnean*).....a stick, a sapling.
CAILIN DEAS.....a pretty girl.
CAILIN DEAS CRUIDHE NA MBO (*cailin deas cruidhte na m-bo*).....the pretty milkmaid.
CAILIN OG.....a young girl.
CAILIN RUADH.....a red (haired) girl.
CAIRDERGA (*caoire dearga*).....a red berry, the rowan berry.
CAISH (*ceis*).....a young female pig.
CAISTLA-NA-KIRKA.....Castlekerke.
CALLIAGH (*cailleach*).....a hag, a witch.
CANATS.....a term of supreme contempt.
CANNAWAUN (*ceanna-bhan*).....bog cotton.
CAOCH.....blind, blind of one eye.
CAOINE (*caoineadh*).....a keen, a wail, a lament.

- CAPPAIN D'YARRAG (*caipín dearg*).....a red cap.
CASADH AN TSUGAIN.....the twisting of the straw rope.
CAUBEEN (*caibín*).....a hat, literally "little cap," the diminutive of *caib*, a cape, cope, or hood.
CEAD MILE FAILTE.....A hundred thousand welcomes!
CEANBHAN (*ceanna-bhan*).....bog cotton. See *C'annawáun*.
CEAN DUBH DEELISH (*acéann dubh dhílis*)..Faithful black head, dear dark-haired girl.
CLAIRSEACH.....harp.
CLEAVE (*cliabh*).....a basket, a creel.
CLOCHAUN (*clochan*).....a stone-built cell, stepping-stones.
COATAMORE (*cota mor*).....a great coat, an overcoat.
CODHLADH AN TSIONNAIGH.....The Fox's Sleep (name of Irish air). Pretending death.
COLLAUNEEN (*coileainín*).....a little pup.
COLLEAGH CUSHMOR (*cailleach cos-mor*)...a big-footed hag.
COLLEEN BAWN (*cailín ban*).....a fair-haired girl.
COLLEEN DHAS (*cailín deas*).....pretty girl.
COLLEEN DHAS CROOETHA NABO (*cailín deas cruidhte na m-bo*).....the pretty milkmaid.
COLLEEN DHOWN.....a brown-haired girl. "Dhown" is the Munster pronunciation of *down*, brown.
COLLEEN RUE (*cailín ruadh*).....a red-haired girl.
COLLIOCH (*cailleach*).....an old hag, a witch.
COLLOQUE.....collogue, whispering; probably from colloquy.
COLLOGUIN.....talking together, colloquy.
COLUIM CUIL (*St. Columbeille*).....St. Columba of the cells. The dove of the cell.
COMEDHER (*comether*).....Come hither.
CONN CEAD CATHA.....Conn of the hundred battles, King of Ireland in the second century.
COOLIN (*cuilín*).....flowing tresses, or back hair. From *cul*, back.
COOM (*cum*).....hollow, valley.
COTAMORE. See COATAMORE.
COULAAN (*cuileann*).....a head of hair.
CREEPIE.....a three-legged stool, a form or bench.
CREEVEEN EEEVEN (*Chraoibhín aoibhinn*)..Delightful Little Branch.
CROMMEAL (*croimbheal*).....a mustache.
CRONAN.....the bass in music, a deep note, a humming.
CROOSHEENIN.....whispering.
CROPPIES.....the democratic party—alluding to their short hair, or round heads.
CROSSANS (*crosan*).....gleeman, gleemen.
CROUBS (*crub*).....a paw, clumsy fingers.
CRUACH.....a conical-topped mountain, a stack.
CRUACHAN NA FEINNE.....Croghan of the Fena of Erin.
CRUADABHILL.....Dabhilla's rock, a lookout on the coast of Dublin.

- CRUISKEEN (*cruiscin*).....a flask, a little jar, a cruet.
 CRUISTIN.....throwing.
 CRUIT.....a harp.
 CUBRETON (*cu-Breatan*).....a man's name, the hero of Britain.
 CUR CODDOIGH.....comfortable.
 CURP AN DUOL (*corp o'n diabhal*).....Body to the devil!
 CUSHLA MACHREE (*a chuisle mo chroidhe*)..Pulse of my heart.
 CUSSAMUCK (*cusamuc*).....leavings, rubbish, remains.
- DALTHEEN (*dailtin*).....a foster child; also a puppy.
 DAR-A-CHREESTH (*Dar Criost*).....By Christ!
 DAUNY (*dona*).....puny, weak.
 DAWNSHEE (from *damhainsi*).....acuteness.
 DEESHY.....small, delicate.
 DEOCH AN DORAIS.....the parting drink, the stirrup-cup.
 DEOCH SHLAINTÉ AN RÍOIGH.....Health to the King!
 DHUDEEN (*duidín*).....a short pipe, what the French call *brûle-gueule*.
 DHURAGH (*duthracht*).....a generous spirit, something extra.
 DILSK, DULSE (*duileasc*).....sea-grass, dulse.
 DIN A MAGH (*Daoine maithe*)... the good people, the fairies.
 DOONY. See DAUNY.
 DRAHERIN O MACHREE (*Dreabhraithrin o! mo chroidhe*).....O little brother of my heart.
 DRIMIN DON DILIS (*Dhruimeann donn dhileas*).....Dear brown cow.
 DRIMMIN (*dhruimeann*).....a white-backed cow.
 DRIMMIN DHU DHEELISH (literally, the dear cow with the white back, but used figuratively in Ireland).....name of a famous Irish air.
 DRIMMIN DUBH DHEELISH (*Dhruimeann dubh dhileas*).....white-back cow.
 DRINAWN DHUNN (*droighnean donn*).....brown blackthorn.
 DROLEEN (*dreoilín*).....the wren.
 DROOTH.....thirst (*cf. "drought"*).
- EIBHLIN A RUIN.....Dear Ellen.
 EIBHÚL (*uibéal*).....clew.
 ERENACH (*airchinneach*).....a steward of church lands, a caretaker.
 ERIC (*eiric*).....a compensation or fine, a ransom.
 ERIN SLANGTHAGAL GO BRAGH (*Eire Sláinte geal go brath*).....Erin, a bright health forever.
- FADH (*fada*).....tall, long.
 FAG-A-BEALACH (*Fag an Bealach*).....Clear the way! Sometimes *Faugh a Ballagh!*
 FAUGHED.....despised.
 FAYSH (*feis*).....a festival.
 FEADAIM MA'S AIL LIOM.....I Can if I Please (name of Irish air).
 FEASCOR (*feascar*).....evening.
 FEURGORTACH (*fear gortach*).....hungry-grass: a species of mountain grass, supposed to cause fainting if trod upon.
 FLAUGHLOCH (*flaitheamhlach*).....princely, liberal.

- FOOSTHER.....fumbling.
 FOOTY.....small, mean, insignificant.
 FOSGAIL AN DORTS.....Open the Door (name of Irish air).
 FRECHANS (*fraochan*).....a mountain berry; huckleberries.
 FUILLELUAH (*fuil a liugh*).....an exclamation.
 FUIRSEoir.....a juggler, buffoon.
- GAD.....withe, etc., for attaching cows.
 GANCANERS. See GEAN-CANACH.
 GARNAVILLA (*Gardha an bhile*).....The Garden of the Tree; a place near Caher.
 GARRAN MORE (*gearran mor*).....Garran, a hack horse, a gelding; *more*, "big."
 GARRON (*gearan*).....hack or gelding, a horse.
 GEALL.....a pledge, a hostage.
 GEAN-CANACH.....a love talker; a kind of fairy appearing in lonesome valleys.
 GEASA.....an obligation, vow, bond.
 GEERSHA (*girseach*).....a little girl.
 GEOCACH.....a gluttonous stroller.
 GILLY (*giolla*).....servant; hence the names Gilchrist, Gilpatrick, Kilpatrick, Gilbride, Kilbride, etc. (*Giolla-Chriosda*, servant of Christ; *giolla-Phaidrig*, servant of Patrick, etc.).
- GIRSHA. See GEERSHA.
 GO-DE-THU, MAVOURNEEN SLAUN (*Go dteith tu mo mhúirín slán*).....May you go safe, my darling; i.e. Farewell.
 GO LEOR.....plenty, a sufficiency, enough.
 GOLLAM (*Golamh*).....a name of Milesius, the Spanish progenitor of the Irish Milesians.
 GOMERAL.....a fool, an oaf.
 GOMMOCH (*gamach*).....a stupid fellow.
 GOMSH.....otherwise "gumption"—sense, acuteness.
 GORSOON, GOSsoon (*garsun*).....a boy; an attendant (*cf.* French *garçon*).
 GOSTHER (*gastuir*).....prate, foolish talk.
 GOULOGUE (*gabhalog*).....a forked stick.
 GRACIE OG MO CHROIDHE.....Young Gracie of my heart.
 GRAH (*gradh*).....love.
 GRAMACHREE (*gradh mo chroidhe*).....Love of my heart.
 GRAMACHREE MA COLLEEN OGE, MOLLY ASTHORE (*gradh mo chroidhe mo cailín og, Molly a stoir*).....Love of my heart is my young girl, Molly, my treasure.
 GRAMACHREE MA CRUISKEEN (*gradh mo chroidhe*, etc.).....Love of my heart my little jug.
 GRAWLS.....children.
 GREENAN (*gríanan*).....a summer house, a veranda, a sunny parlor.
 GUSHAS. See GEERSHA.

- HULLAGONE (*Uaill a chan*).....an Irish wail, grief, woe.
- IAR CONNAUGHT.....Western Connaught.
- INAGH (*An-eadh*)Is it? Indeed.
- INCH (*inse*).....an island.
- IRISHIAN.....(English word) one skilled in the Irish language.
- JACKEEN.....a fop, a cad, a trickster.
- KATHALEEN BAWN (*Caitlin ban*)Fair-haired Kathleen.
- KEAD MILLE FAULTE (*cead míle faille*).....A hundred thousand welcomes!
- KEEN. See CAOINE.....the death-cry or lament over the dead.
- KIERAWAUN ABOO.....Kirwan forever! Hurrah for Kirwan!
- KIMMEENS.....sly tricks.
- KINKORA (*Cionn Coradh*)....."The Head of the Weir," the royal residence of Brian Boru.
- KIPEEN (*cipin*)a bit of a stick.
- KISH (*ceis*).....a large wicker basket.
- KISHOGUE (*cuisseog*).....a wisp of straw, a stem of corn, a blade of grass.
- KITCHEN.....anything eaten with food, a condiment.
- KITHOGUE (*ciotog*).....the left hand.
- KNOCKAWN (*cnocan*)a hillock.
- KNOCK CUTHIE (*cnoc coise*).....the mountain-like foot.
- LAN.....full.
- LANNA.....i.e. *alanna*, child (which see).
- LAUNAH WALLAH (*Lan an Mhala*).....the full of the bag.
- LEANAN SIDHE.....Fairy sweetheart.
- LEIBHIONNA.....a platform or deck.
- LENAUN (*leanan*)a sweetheart, or a fairy lover.
- LEPRECHAUN.....a mischievous elf or fairy.¹
- LONNEYS.....expression of surprise.
- LULLALO (*Liúigh liúigh leo*).....Scream, scream with them! (Burthen-words in lullaby.)
- LUSMORES (*lus mor*)a foxglove, fairy-finger plant.
- MA BOUCHAL (*Mo bhuachaill*).....My boy.
- MACHREE (*mo chroidhe*).....My heart.
- MA COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHEEN NA MBHO....."The Pretty Girl Milking her Cow," a famous Irish air.
- MAGHA BRAGH (*amach go bragh*).....out for ever.
- MAHURP ON DUOUL (*Mo chorp on deabhal*).....My body to the devil!
- MALAVOGUE.....to trounce, to maul.
- MAVOURNEEN (*Mo mhuirnin*).....My darling.
- MERIN (*meirín*).....a boundary, a mark.
- MILLE MURDER (*míle murder*)A thousand murders!
- MILLIA MURTER.....A thousand murders (a common ejaculation).
- MO BHRON.....My sorrow.
- MO BHUAICHAILIN BUIDHE.....My yellow-haired little boy.
- MO BOUCHAL (*Mo bhuachaill*).....My boy.
- MO CRAOIBHAN CNO (*Mo chraoibhin cno*)...My little branch of nuts.

¹ The popular idea in Ireland is that if you catch one working at his usual occupation (behind a hedge) of shoemaking, and do not take your eyes off him, which he endeavors to induce his captor by various ruses to do, he will discover where treasure is hidden.

MO CROIDHE (<i>Mo chroidhe</i>).....	My heart.
MOIDHERED.....	same as "bothered."
MO LEUN (<i>Mo lean</i>).....	My sorrow.
MO MHUIRNIN.....	My darling.
MONADAUN (<i>monadan</i>).....	a bog berry.
MONONIA (MUNSTER).....	Latinized form of Irish <i>Mumhan</i> , pronounced "Moo-an."
MOREEN (<i>morrin</i>).....	the diminutive of <i>Mor</i> , a woman's name, now obsolete. Grandmother.
MORYAH (<i>mar 'dh eadh</i>).....	but for.
MOY MELL (<i>Magh meall</i>).....	The Plain of Knolls—a druidic paradise.
MULVATHERED.....	worried.
MUSHA (<i>Ma is eadh</i>).....	well (in such phrases as "Well, how are you?" "Well, how are all?" "Also, if it is! Well indeed!")
NACH MBAINEANN SIN DO.....	(him) whom that does not concern (Irish air).
NEIL DHUV (<i>Niall Dubh</i>).....	black-haired Neil.
NHARROUGH (<i>narrach</i>).....	cross, ill-tempered.
NIGI (<i>naoi</i>).....	nine.
NI MHEALLFAR ME ARIS.....	I shall not be deceived again.
NORA CREINA (<i>Nora chriona</i>).....	Wise Norah (an Irish air).
OCH HONE.....	exclamation expressing grief.
OCHONE MACHREE (<i>Ochon mo chroidhe</i>).....	Alas, my heart!
OGE (<i>og</i>).....	young.
OH, MAGRA HU, MA GRIENCHREE HU (<i>O mo ghradh thu! Mo ghraidhin croidhe thu!</i>).....	O my love thou art! My heart's loving pity thou art!
OLLAVES (<i>ollamh</i>).....	a doctor of learning, professor.
OMADHAUN (<i>amadán</i>).....	a fool, a simpleton.
ORO.....	an exclamation.
OWNA BWEE (<i>Amain bhuidhe</i>).....	Yellow river.
OWNY NA COPPAL (<i>Eoghan na capall</i>).....	Owen of the horses.
PADHEREENS (<i>paidrin</i> , from <i>paidir</i> , the pater).....	the Rosary beads.
PASTHEEN FINN (<i>paistin fionn</i>).....	little fair-haired child.
PATTERN.....	(English word) a gathering at a saint's shrine, well, etc.; festival of a patron saint.
PAUDAREENS. See PADHEREENS.	
PAUGH.....	flutter, panting.
PEARLA AN BHROLLAIGH BHAIN.....	Pearl of White Breast (Irish air).
PHAIDRIG NA PIB (<i>Padraig na bpiop</i>).....	Patrick of the pipes; Paddy the piper.
PHILLALEW (<i>fuil el-luadh</i>).....	a ruction, hullabaloo.
PINCIN. See PINKEEN.	
PINKEEN (<i>pincin</i>).....	a very small fish, a stickleback.
PLANKTY (<i>plainingstigh</i>).....	Irish dance measure.
POKKE (<i>pog</i>).....	a kiss.
POLSHÉE.....	diminutive of Polly.
POLTHOGE (<i>palitog</i>).....	a thump or blow.
POREENS (<i>póirin</i> , a small stone).....	small, applied to small potatoes.

- POTEEN (*poitin*).....(literally, a little pot) a still;
hence illicit whisky.
- RANNa verse, a saying, a rhyme.
- RATHa circular earthen mound or
fort, very common in Ire-
land, and popularly believed
to be inhabited by fairies.
- REE SHAMUS (*Rígh Seamus*).....King James.
- RHUA (*ruadh*).....red or red-haired.
- ROISIN DUBH.....Black Little Rose.
- ROSE GALB (*Roise Geal*).....Fair Rose.
- RORY OGE (*Ruaidhri og*).....young Rory.
- SALACHS (*salach*)dirty, untidy people.
- SALLIES (*saileog*).....a willow, willows.
- SAVOURNEEN DHEELISH (*Samhúirín dhílis*)And my faithful darling.
- SCALPEEN (from *scalp*).....a fissure, a cleft.
- SCUT (*scud*).....a thing of little worth.
- SEAN VON VOCHT (*sean bhean bhocht*).....poor old woman.
- SHAMOUS (*Seamus*)James.
- SHAN DHU.....dark John.
- SHAN MORE.....big John.
- SHANE RUADH.....red-haired John.
- SHAN VAN VOGH (*an Tsean Bhean Bhocht*) Poor Old Woman.
- SHAROOSE (*Searbhas*)bitterness.
- SHEBEEN (*sibin*).....a place for sale of liquor, gen-
erally illicit.
- SHEEINyoung pollack, or of any fish.
- SHEELAH (*Sighle*).....Celia.
- SHEE MOLLY MO STORE (*Si Molly mo stor*)..It's Molly is my treasure.
- SHEILA NI GARA (*Sighle ní Ghaithra*).....Celia O'Gara (an allegorical
name of Ireland).
- SHEMUS RUA (*Seamus Ruadh*).....red (haired) James.
- SHILLALY, SHILLELAH.....an oak stick, a cudgel. From
the wood of Shillelagh in
County Wicklow.
- SHILLOO.....a shout.
- SHOHEEN HO, SHOHEEN SHO (*Seoithín seoidh*)Burthen words of lullaby.
Hush-a-by.
- SHOOLING.....strolling, wandering. From the
word *siubhal*, tramping.
- SHOUGH (*seach*).....a turn, a blast or draw of a
pipe.
- SHUGUDHEIN (*'Seadh go deimhin*).....Yes, indeed!
- SHULE AGRA (*Siubhail a ghradh*)... Walk, love; i.e. Come, my love.
- SHULERS (*siubhalóir*, a walker).....tramps.
- SIOS AGUS SIOS LIOM.....Up with me and down with me.
- SLAINTE GEAL, MAVOURNEEN.....Bright health, my darling.
- SLAINTE GO BRAGH (*Slainte go bhrath*)...Health forever!
- SLAN LEAT!.....Adieu! Farewell!
- SLEEVEEN.....a sly, cunning fellow. From
sliobh, sly.
- SLEWSTHERING.....flattering.
- SLIABH NA M-BAN.....The Mountain of the Women.
- SMADDHER.....to break. From *smiot*, a frag-
ment.
- SMIDDEREENSsmall fragments. Probably
from *smiot*, as above.

- SMULLUCK** (*smullog*) a filip.
SOGGARTH AROON (*Shagairt a ruin*)..... Dear Priest!
SONSY happy, pleasant. Probably from *sonas*, happiness.
SOOTHER to wheedle. From the English.
SOWKINS soul.
SPAEMAN fortune-teller.
SPALPEEN (*spailpin*) a common laborer; also a conceited fellow with nothing in him.
SPARTH (*spairt*) wet turf.
SPIDHOGUE (*spideog*) a puny thing or person.
SPRAHAUNS (*spreasan*) an insignificant fellow.
STHREEL (*straioileadh*) a slut, a sloven.
STOOKAWN (*stuacan*) a lazy, idle fellow.
STRAVAIGING rambling.
STRONSHUCK (*stroinse*) a big lazy woman.
SUANTRAIGHE a sleeping or cradle song.
SUGGAWN (*tsugan*) a rope of hay or straw.

TARBH bull.
TH' ANAM AN DHIA (*D'anam do Dhia*) My soul to God!
THE CRUISKEEN LAWN (*Cruisgin lan*) Full little flask or jar.
THRANEEN, TRANEEN (*traithuin*) a little; a trifle; a stem of grass.
THUCKEENS (*tuicin*) an ill-mannered little girl.
TILLOCH (*tulach*) small plot of land, a hillock.
TIR FA TONN (*Tir fa Tonn*) Land under the wave--Holland.
TIR-NA-MBOO (*Tir na m-beo*) Land of the live (beings).
TIRNANOGE (*Tir nan og*) Land of the young.
TRUMAUNS (*troman*)... a reel on a spindle.
TUG the middleband of a flail.

UCHLUAIM the breast or front hem of a sail.
ULICAN. See HULLAGONE.
ULLAGONE (*ullagon*). See HULLAGONE.
USHA. See MUSHA (*mhuise*).

Vo Alas! Oine, ay de mi!

WEENOCK (*'mhaoineach*) O treasure.
WEESHEE (*weeshy*) little. From *wee*.
WEIRA, WIRRA. See WURRA.
WHAT HOLLG IS ON YOU? What are you about?
WIRRASTRUE (*O Mhuire is truagh*) O Mary, it is sad! (an ejaculation to the Virgin).
WIRRASTRUE (*'Mhuire is truagh*) Mary! 't is a pity!
WISHA. See MUSHA.
WOMMASIN strolling.
WURRA (*A Mhuire*) O Mary! (*i.e.* the Blessed Virgin).

YEOS (English word) yeomen.

GENERAL INDEX.

THIS consists of an Index of Authors, books quoted from, titles of stories, essays, poems, subjects dealt with, of which the library consists, and first lines of the poetry. And these are each indicated by different kinds of type as set forth below.

As 'IRISH LITERATURE' touches upon Irish life at every point, the index has been made as full as practicable without overweighting it, and the entries are cross-referenced as fully as may be needed by those interested in any phase of it.

As the arrangement of the library is according to the authors' names, and as the bibliographies contain a full bibliography of each author, we have not indexed the whole of their works, but only those represented in 'IRISH LITERATURE.'

THE FOLLOWING SHOWS THE TYPOGRAPHICAL PLAN:

Author's name — ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM.

Title of story, essay, poem, etc.—*Adieu.*

Source of story, essay, poem, etc.—'Father Connell.'

First line of poetry — Am I the slave they say?

First line and title of poem the same — '*Four Ducks on a Farm.*'

Subject — Agriculture.

A.	VOL.	PAGE	A	VOL.	PAGE
A. E.	G. W. RUSSELL.		A voice of the winds..	JOHNSON ..	5 1698
A babe was sleeping...	LOVER	6 2086	A whisper of spring's in		
A cabin on the moun-			the air	WYNNE	9 3649
tain-side	RUSSELL ..	8 3001	A Wood, Anthony, the		
'A constant tree is the			historian		7 2570
yew to me' (Irish			— Thomas, at Drog-		
Rann)		10 3837	heda		7 2570
A Cushtla Gal Mo Chree			Abbacy of Iona, The.....		4 1618
(half-tone engraving).	DOHENY ...	3 864	Abbey Asaroe	ALLINGHAM, 1	13
A land of youth, a land			Abercromby, Sir Ralph.....		6 2166
of rest.....	JOYCE	5 1734	Abhrain an Bhuidéil....	LE FANU. .	5 1946
A laughter in the dia-			Aboard the Sea Swal-		
mond air.....	RUSSELL ..	8 2996	low	DOWDEN ...	3 876
A little lonely moorland			Absentee, The, M. F.		
lake	KAVANAGH .	5 1753	Egan on		5 x
A little sun, a little			Absenteeism		9 3364
rain	BROOKE ...	1 299	— Harshness of the		
A man there was near			land-agent		1 87, 98
Ballymooney	LE FANU... 5	1935	— in the XVIII. Cen-		
A man without learn-			tury		5 1917
ing, and wearing fine			— Rack-renters on the		
clothes		4 1467	Stump		9 3333
A "million a decade!"	WILDE	9 3570	— Scene in the Irish		
A moment gone	O'DONNELL. 7	2688	Famine		4 1575
A pity beyond all	YEATS	9 3704	Absolute, Sir Anthony		
A poor old cottage.....	O'LEARY ... 7	2797	(character in 'The		
A soldier of the Legion.	NORTON ... 7	2586	Rivals')		8 3079
A sore disease this			Academy, The English..	BANIM	1 60
scribbling itch is.....		4 1263	Acres, Bob (character		
A spirit speeding down.	SHORTER ... 8	3128	in 'The Rivals')		8 3088
A Stor, Gra Geal Mo-			Acropolis of Athens and		
chree	MACMANUS . 6	2263	the Rock of Cashel....	MAHAFFY ..	6 2334
			Across the Sea.....	ALLINGHAM, 1	14

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
'Actæon.' From	WILKINS	9 3604	"Ah then; who is that there talkin'?"	KEELING	5 1772
Act of Union (see also Union, The)	6 2169		Aberlow, Battle of	9 3607	
Actor and Gleeman	9 3686		— Glen	7 2615	
Actress (see Bellamy)	5 1919		— The Glen of. See Patrick Sheehan.		
Addison on ladies' head- dress	9 3497		Aid Finlaith, King of Ireland	7 2719	
<i>Address of a Drunkard to a Bottle of Whis- ky</i>	LE FANU	5 1946	Aidne	4 1456	
Address to the British Association	KELVIN	5 1784	Alleach (mountain). See Innishowen.		
Adieu	ARMSTRONG.	1 25	Alleel Mor, King of Con- naught	7 2747	
Adjectives, copious use of, by Irish	2 xiii		<i>Aileen</i>	BANIM	1 57
Adown the leafy lane	MAC ALEESE	6 2111	<i>Aiull's Death, King</i>	8 3261	
Adam, Maitre, Father Trout on	6 2339		Allan	4 1452	
Adamnan and Fin- nachta	7 2707		Aim of the Society of United Irishmen	6 2163	
— See <i>Death of St. Columcille</i>	4 618		<i>Air, The Host of the</i>	9 3701	
Adventure. See Travel, etc.			Aix-la-Chapelle, Treaty of	3 1220	
— in <i>Slievenamon</i>	BANIM	1 46	'Akim-Foo'	BUTLER	2 418
<i>Advice to the Ladies</i>	GOLDSMITH.	4 1322	'Alas for the man who is weak in friends' (Irish Rann)	10 3839	
Advocate's Library, Ed- inburgh, Irish manu- scripts in	7 2673		'Alas for who plough without seeds' (Irish Rann)	10 3839	
Aedh Gualre and Ruad- han	7 2762		Alas! how dismal is my tale	O'KEEFFE	7 2779
— mac Ainmireach	4 1622, 1625		Alas, poor Yorick	8 3220	
— Menu, Prince of Leinster	7 2711		<i>Albion</i>	SHEEHAN	8 3044
Aedhan, the leper of Cluain-Dobhain	7 2710		Albuera, Irish soldiers at	8 3063	
<i>Egeria, A Modern</i>	CAMPBELL	2 448	'Aldiphron, or the Mi- nute Philosopher'	BERKELEY	1 175 176
Aengus, Calendar of	8 3141		Alder Gulch, Nevada, Earl of Dunraven at	3 964	
— Festology of	7 2673		<i>Aldfrid's Itinerary</i>	MANGAN	6 2375
<i>Affair of Honor, An</i>	CASTLE	2 576	ALEXANDER, CECIL FRANCES	1 1 8	
<i>Affliction, Blessings of</i>	KIRWAN	5 1844	— WILLIAM	1 8	
Africa, Dress in	2 418		Alexander the Great	7 2672	
<i>African Queen</i>	BUTLER	2 418	Aliné who bound the Chief of Spears	7 2593	
<i>After Aughrim</i>	GEOGHEGAN.	4 1254	Allison, Sir A., on E. Burke	1 369	
— the Battle	MOORE	7 2536	All day in exquisite air	TYNAN- HINKSON.	9 3457 5 1765
— the <i>Fianna</i> . From the Irish of OISIN	SIGERSON	8 3139	All hall! Holy Mary	KEEGAN	5 1765
<i>Age of a Dream</i>	JOHNSON	5 1699	All human things are subject to decay	DRYDEN	3 1208
— ancient Irish rec- ords	2 viii. x		All in the April evening	TYNAN- HINKSON.	9 3454
Aghahoe, Ruins of	8 3020		All natural things in balance lie	O'DONNELL.	7 2684
<i>Aghadoe</i>	TODHUNTER.	9 3410	<i>All Souls Eve</i>	SHORTER	8 3129
Agrarian Movement, Poets of the	3 xii		— Night, beliefs about	8 3128	
— Oppression	1 348		All the heavy days are over	YEATS	9 3706
Agricultural Organiza- tion Society (I. A. O. S.), "A. E." and the	8 2989		"All the Talents, The Ministry of"	BARRETT	1 119
Agriculture and Techni- cal Instruction, De- partment of	8 2908		All ye who love the spring time	BLAKE	1 189
Agriculture in Ire- land	4 1467, 1574;	9 3362	<i>Allegory, An</i>	HYDE	10 3879
— <i>Castle Rackrent</i>	3 995		ALLEN, F. M. See E. DOWNEY.		
— <i>Rival Swains, The</i>	1 361		Allen and the Insurrec- tion of Tyrone and Desmond	7 2852	
— Success dependent on fixity of ten- ure	2 425		— The Hill of	7 2709, 2711	
— <i>We'll See About It</i>	4 1534		— of the mighty deeds, Oisín at	5 1722	
Ah, huntsman dear	GRIFFIN	4 1491	— William O'Meara, The Manchester Martyr	7 2608; 9 3339	
<i>Ah Man</i>	MAC FALL.	6 2206			
Ah, see the fair chivalry come	JOHNSON	5 1701			
Ah, sweet Kitty Neal	WALLER	9 3500			

	VOL.	PAGE
ALLINGHAM, WILLIAM.....	1	11
—W. B. Yeats on.....	3	x
Alliteration in Irish lit- erature	2	xiii
— in Irish verse	4	vii
<i>Almhain, Battle of</i>O'DONOVAN.	7	2709
<i>Almhain of Leinster</i>	4	1454
Alpine solitudes	4	1357
'Alps, Hours of Exer- cise in the'.....TYNDALL ..	9	3478
'Am I remembered?'.....M'GEE	6	2225
Am I the slave they say?	1	56
<i>Amazing Ending of a Charade</i>CROMMELIN.	2	751
Ambition, Swift on	9	3378
— of the Irish PatriotPHILLIPS ..	8	2892
'Amboyna, The Relation of'	6	2573
America, A Farewell to.WILDE	9	3599
— Alp. Ireland on.....	5	1664
— and Ireland	9	3328
— Education in	1	334
— Goldsmith on	4	1366
— On Conciliation with	1	376
— On the Prospect of Planting Arts	1	180
— and Learning in.BERKELEY ..	6	2321
— The Irish in.....MAGUIRE ..	7	2617
— Dr. Sigerson	4	xii
— See Red- mond on	8	2926
— Home Rule	5	1664
— the land of liberty.....	3	1206
— The Song of the Irish EmigrantFITSIMON..	6	2165
American and Irish rev- olutionists com- pared	1	331
— characteristics	5	1662
— civil war, Arch- bishop Ireland in the	1	331
— Commonwealth, The'	1	332
— faith in Democracy.....	6	2153
— humor	9	x
— Revolution	4	1389
— Effect of, on Ire- land	4	1388
— Grattan on the.....	1	373
— Stamp-Act	1	336
— Taxation, Speech onBURKE	1	331
Americans a religious people	1	331
— a good-natured peo- ple	1	16
Among the Heather ..ALLINGHAM.	6	2437
— the reeds, round waters blue	9	3594
<i>Amor Intellectualis</i> ..WILDE ..	2	614
<i>Amoret</i>	2	649
Amusements at a coun- try dance	1	35
— of the Ancient Irish.....	7	2620
— of the People	1	xvii
A nation once again	3	827
<i>A Nation once again</i> ..DAVIS	10	3967
'An Cneamhaire'.....O'FARRELLY.	10	3977
An Craobhín Aoiáin..See D. HYDE.	10	3983
'An Gioblachán'	10	3983

	VOL.	PAGE
An old castle towers o'er the billow	5	1743
An' the thought of us each	1	14
'Anacreon Moore'..See T. MOORE.	1	25
Anamoe	1	156
<i>Anarchists, Meeting of</i> .BARRY	3	1174
<i>Anchor, Forging of the</i> .FERGUSON..	2	xviii
Ancient Celtic Litera- ture, Translators of	7	2666
— Erinn, Manners and Customs of 'O'CURRY ..	2	724
— funeral customs	6	2328
— Greece, Childhood in	4	1613
— houses in Ireland.....	5	1735
— Ireland, Food, Dress and Daily Life in	9	3391
— Irish, The	1	35
— Irish, Amusements of the	4	1612
— Irish, Buildings of.....	9	3493
— Irish, Dress of the.WALKER ..	8	2880
— Irish Ecclesiastical Remains	9	3544
— Irish, Language ofWARE	8	2973
— Irish legends, ethi- cal contents of.....	4	xi
— Irish literature, value of	2	629
— Irish, manners and customs of the.....	1	32
— Irish manuscripts.....	2	xx, 629, 632, 635; 4
— 1600, 1601, 1608, 1612, 1613, 1618, 1622, 1625, 1631; 5	1724, 1731, 1737; 6	2232, 2353, 2377; 7
— 2664, 2668, 2669, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2705, 2709, 2766; 8	2879, 2884, 2975, 3139, 3144, 3246; 9	3494
— Irish Surnames ..WARE	9	3546
— Legends of Ire- land'	5	3557
— 'Music of Ireland'.BUNTING ..	6	2230
Ancients, Colloquy of the	8	2968
And as not only by the Calton Mountain ..MACCARTHY.	6	2131
'And doth not a meeting like this'	8	2524
'And must we part?'..CALLANAN ..	2	445
<i>Andromeda</i>	8	2965
Anecdote of O'Curry and Tom Moore.....	7	2663
Anecdotes. — of Burke	1	396
— of Curran	2	798
— of Father O'Leary.....	7	2793
— of Keogh, the Irish Massillon	3	1199
— of Macklin	6	2241
— of O'Connell	7	2651
— of O'Keefe	7	2771
— of Sheridan	8	3119
— of Sterne	8	3227
NOTE.— See 'The Sunniness of Irish Life.' The biographies of the authors whose works are given furnish a rich source of this ma- terial—as do also the reminiscences and memoirs given in 'IRISH LITERATURE.' <i>Angel's Whisper, The</i> ..LOVER	6	2086
Anglo-Irish Literature, Humor in	6	xii, xiii

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Anglo-Irish Problem, the</i> DAVITT	3	832	Arbor Hill, Lines on the		
<i>Anglo-Norman Nobles</i>	7	2670	Burying Ground of... EMMET	3	1094
<i>Anglo-Saxon and Irish</i>			Archer (character in		
contrasted	2	xiv	'The Beaux'		
— literature never en-			Stratagem')	3	1165
tirely absorbed			— Sanders, and Allen		
Irish national			planning the in-		
genius	1	x	surrection of Ty-		
Angus	8	2990	rone and Des-		
Angus, the Culdee, on			mond	7	2852
learning in Ireland.....	2	vii	Architecture, arch-		
Animals in Irish Sagas.....	2	xvii	neology, etc.		
— Superstitions about.....	9	3678	— <i>Splendors of Tara,</i>		
Anluan mac Mágach	4	1618	<i>The</i>	HYDE	4 1610
'Annals of Ireland' O'DONOVAN.	7	2706	— <i>Ancient Irish Ec-</i>		
	2708, 2709		clesiastical Re-		
— The Irish, prove			mains	PETRIE	8 2880
their own an-			— <i>Northmen in Ire-</i>		
tiquity	2	ix	land, <i>The</i>	STOKES	8 3239
— of the Four Mas-			— <i>Forts, Crosses, and</i>		
ters. (See also			<i>Round Towers</i> .. WAKEMAN		
M. O'CLERY.)	2	629	and COOKE.	9	3482
632, 635; 6 2232, 2353, 2577; 7 2663			— in Ireland	8	3238; 9 3484
2674, 2705; 10 4018			— 'Early Christian'. STOKES	8	3238
Anne, Queen, dress in			Arcomin, The plain of.....	5	1733
the time of	9	3497	'Arctic Hero, Death of		
— period in English			an'	ALEXANDER.	1 10
literature	1	ix	Arderry, The Barony of.....	4	1573
Anonymous Verse.			Ardes, The	6	2278
See Street Songs, Bal-			Ard-Fileas	4	1591
lads, etc.			Ardigna Bay	6	2223
Anonymous Verse,			Ardmore, Round Towers		
<i>Street Songs, Ballads</i>			at	9	3492
and	HAND	8 3265	Ardnalee (scene of		
'Antigone, The New' .. BARRY	1	156	poem)	5	1865
'Antiquities, Handbook			Ardrahan, Normans at.....	3	829
of Irish'	WAKEMAN	9 3482	Ardrossan	2	647
and COOKE.			Ardtenent Castle	7	2853
— Church Ruins, Holy			Argonautic expedition,		
Island (half-tone			Irish version of	7	2672
engraving)	6	2130	Arklow, Beautiful sce-		
Antiquity of Gaelic			nery near	7	2532
Literature, Prof.			Armagh, Aldfrid in	6	2375
Morley on	4	vii	— Canon of, Cathald		
— of Ireland	1	399	Maguire, cited	7	2718
— of Irish Annals			— watered by Lough		
proved	2	ix	Neagh	6	2277
— of Irish language	2	vii	'Armonica,' Benjamin		
— of Irish literature.....	3	xvii	Franklin's invention.....	7	2692, 2702
— of Irish wit and			ARMSTRONG, EDMUND		
humor	6	vii	JOHN	1	24
Antium, Nero at	2	739	— G. F. S. See Sav-		
Antrim	9	3428	age-Armstrong.		
— Lord: origin of			Army and Navy Mutiny		
bloody hand in			Bills	6	2178
his coat-of-arms.....	7	2856	— Irish soldiers in		
— Mountains of	6	2275	the English	8	3062
— Remains of coal-			— See <i>Inniscarra</i> .. BUCKLEY	1	351
mining on the			— See <i>Saxon Shilling,</i>		
coast of	6	2279	<i>The</i>	BUGGY	1 358
— Round Towers at.....	6	2277, 3491	Arnold, M., on Celtic		
Anuall	2	629	melancholy	3	viii; 9 3360
Aoife	4	1449	— on Celtic style	2	xvi
— <i>Only Son of</i> GREGORY	4	1426	Arraglen, Kate of LANE	5	1863
Aongus Ceile Dé.....	4	1651	Arrah! Bridgid Mac		
Apologia	9	3592	Sheehy	HOGAN	4 1594
Apostle of Temperance			Arran, Earl of, a		
in Dublin	MATHEW	6 2397	Monk of the Screw.....	2	797
Apparitions (see also			Art.		
Ghosts)	2	556	— and Architecture in		
Appius	5	1847	Ireland	9	3484
Arabian Nights, The,			— and learning Dis-		
Burton on	2	404	semination of		
Arab's Farewell to His			Irish	4	1599
Steed, The	NORTON	7 2584	— <i>Egyptian Art</i> WISEMAN	9	3630

		VOL.	PAGE
Art.			
— Ireland and the Arts	YEATS	9	3661
— Leonardo's 'Mon- na Lisa'	DOWDEN ...	3	877
— Life, Art, and Na- ture	WILDE	9	3578
— of acting, The	STEELE	7	2473
— of Pleasing	STEELE	8	3206
' — of Thomas Hardy, The'	JOHNSON ..	5	1694
Art's Lough	GREENE ...	4	1423
Arts and Learning in America	BERKELEY ..	1	180
— Ireland and the ..	YEATS	9	3661
Aryan race, Celtic a branch of the		3	xvii
As beautiful Kitty ..	SHANLY	8	3032
As chimes that flow ..	SIGERSON ..	8	3138
As down by Banna's banks	OGLE	7	2734
As flow the rivers ..	RUSSELL	8	3002
As from the sultry town	IRWIN	5	1675
As I roved out at Faha-	STREET BAL-		
LAD		8	3299
— — one summer's morning ...	STREET BAL-		
LAD		8	3277
As once our Saviour and Saint Peter	HYDE	10	3823
As Rochefoucault his maxims drew	SWIFT	9	3380
As the breath of the musk-rose	PARNELL ..	7	2873
Assaroe, Abbey	ALLINGHAM.	1	13
Ashanee		6	2356
Ashburnham, Lord, owner of Stowe Col- lection of Irish manu- scripts		7	2673
Ass, The, and the Orangeman's daughter.....		8	3268
Assaroe		6	2354
Assaye, Irish soldiers at.....		8	3062
Assonant rhyme, Mr. Guest on		4	viii
Aston, Sir Arthur, Killed at Drogheda		7	2568
Astronomical proof of antiquity of Irish an- nals		2	ix
Astronomy.			
— Distance of the Stars, The	BALL	1	36
— Venus, Hesperus and Phosphor ..	CLARKE ...	2	601
— What the Stars are Made of	BALL	1	41
At early dawn I once had been	WALSH	9	3507
At Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862	O'REILLY ..	7	2831
At Sea	ROCHE	8	2966
At Tarah to-day in this awful hour	MANGAN ...	6	2360
At the dance in the vil- lage	WALSH ...	9	3503
'At the mid-hour of night'	MOORE	7	2525
Athboy in Meath		5	1738
Athenry, The plains at.....		3	859
Athens and the Rock of Cashel	MAHAFFY ..	6	2334
Athlone, Battle of		9	ix
Athdownen, Scenery around		1	352

	VOL. PAGE
Ath-Seanaigh (Bally-shannon)	2 639
Athy, Father Lalor of, and Father Keogh	4 1206
Athy, Prior at, Richard Oveton, Killed at Drogheda	7 2573
ATKINSON, SARAH	1 28
Atlantis, The Island of. CROLY	2 749
Auctioning Off One's Relatives	SHERIDAN . 8 3105
Aughrim, After	GEOGHEGAN . 4 1254
— Battle of	3 829; 7 2820; 9 1x
— Limerick, and the Boyne, Old sold- iers of	3 957
August Weather	TYNAN- HINKSON. 9 3458
Auld Ireland	O'KEEFFE . 7 2771
Australia, In Exile in	ORR . 7 2837
Autobiography of Wolfe Tone	9 3414
— of Wolfe Tone, New edition, ed. by O'BRIEN ...	7 2604
— of Wolfe Tone, The TONE	9 3421
Autochthonous litera- ture of Ireland repre- sented in IRISH LIT- ERATURE?	2 vii
Ave Imperatrix	WILDE . 9 3588
Avoca, the Vale of (half-tone engraving) MOORE	7 2532
'Avoid all Stewardships of Church or Kill' (Irish Rann)	10 3833
Avon, The (river)	7 2532
Avon-bwee	4 1255
Avondale, Parnell at	7 2610
Avonmore, Lord, a Monk of the Screw	2 787
— and Father O'Leary	7 2794
Azarias, Brother See P. F. MULLANEY.	

B.

Bacchanalian Songs.	
See also Conviviality.....	6 x, xi
Backbite, Sir Benjamin (character in 'School for Scandal')	8 3099
Back Stairs to Dublin Castle	3 889
<i>Bacon, Macaulay and</i>	6 2444
— Macaulay on	6 2445, 2447
Baconian philosophy and the Christian religion compared	6 2450
Bacon's discovery of the inductive method	6 2448
Badajos, Irish soldiers at	8 3063
Baethgalach, a hero of Munster	7 2711
Bagenal, Harry, killed at battle of Beal- an-atha-buidh	3 928, 957
— <i>King</i>	3 815
— on Duelling	3 817
Baile's Strand, Con- laoch lands at	4 1427
Baithin and St. Colum- cille	4 1620
<i>Bala, The Waves' Le- gend on the Strand of</i>	9 3404

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Balacklava, and the Charge of the Light Brigade</i>	RUSSELL	8 3008	Bann, The, among the leading rivers of Ulster.....	6	2278
Bal Doyle, Father Keogh at.....	4	1200, 1205	— Bonfires on.....	3	954
Balfour on Dean Swift.....	3	vii	<i>Banna, The Banks of</i>	OGLE	7 2735
Balinconlig, Folk tale of.....	3	1147	<i>Banshee, The</i>	ALLINGHAM	1 17
BALL, SIR ROBERT STAWELL.....	1	36	— <i>The</i>	TODHUNTER	9 3409
Ballach-boy, The day of.....	6	2356	— <i>Biddy Brady's</i>	CASEY	2 565
<i>Ballad, A</i>	MOORE	7 2539	— described.....	3	xx
— Mongers.....	9	3683	— <i>of the MacCarthys, The</i>	CROKER	2 727
— <i>of Father Gilligan</i>	YEATS	9 3702	Bantry Bay Expedition.....	9	3420
<i>Ballads, Anonymous Verse, and Street Songs</i>	HAND	8 3263	— Folk tales of.....	5	1803; 6 2314
— <i>of Blue Water</i>	ROCHE	8 2961	— Harbor (half-tone engraving).....	9	3414
Ballaghaderreen, 'The Lost Saint' acted at.....	4	1650	'Bar, The Irish'.....	O'FLANAGAN	7 2723
Ballina, Fishing at.....	4	1519			2728
Ballinacorthy, Folk tale of.....	2	708	<i>Bard, and the King of the Cats, Seanchan the</i>	WILDE	9 3566
<i>Ballinasloe, Jenny from</i>	STREET BAL-LAD	8 3289	— <i>O'Hussey's Ode to the Maguire, The</i>	MANGAN	6 2369
— Fair of.....	4	1636	— <i>of Erin, The</i>	See T. MOORE.	
Ballincollog, Enlisting at.....	1	351	— <i>of Thomond, The</i>	See M. HOGAN.	
Ballintubber, Fair of.....	2	653	Bardic System, The.....	2	xviii
Ballitore, Scenes of 'Ninety-eight' at.....	5	1887	Bards, Costumes of the.....	3	xiv
Ballycastle, Remains of coal-mining at.....	6	2279	— Decline of the.....	2	xx
Ballydivelin, The fight of the Mahonys under the tower of.....	7	2853	— described.....	2	xviii
Ballyhoy station, Cockle-pickers at.....	1	108	— <i>of the Gael and Gall</i>	SIGERSON	10 3937
Ballylee.....	9	3666	— outlawed by Eng-land.....	9	3625
Ballymena, St. Patrick at.....	6	2435	BARLOW, JANE (por- trait).....	1	98
Ballymooney (scene of a song).....	5	1935	— M. F. Egan on.....	5	viii
Ballymote, Book of.....	2	629; 7 2663	<i>Barmecides, Time of the</i>	MANGAN	6 2367
Ballymulligan, The Mulligan of, as a landlord.....	4	1574	Barney Maglone. See WILSON.		
Ballynakill, election of 1790.....	1	140	Barney O'Hea.....	LOVER	6 2080
Bally Shannon, Sars- field at.....	7	2818	Barny O'Reiridon, the Navigator.....	LOVER	5 2008
Ballyshannon, Hugh Roe at.....	2	639	Barr, Saint, meaning of name.....	9	3546
Ballyshanny, Scenery around.....	1	13	Barré, Colonel.....	7	xviii
— Salmon leap at.....	7	2550	BARRETT, EATON STAN- NARD.....	1	119
Bator of the evil eye.....	2	xi	— D. J. O'Donoghue on.....	6	ix
— the giant.....	3	861	— Richard and Re- peal.....	9	x
Baltimore, Scenery near.....	7	2602, 2852	— Richard, in Prison.....	3	811; 6 2128
— Bay.....	5	1743	— Roger: Duel with Judge Egan.....	1	142
Banba, Meave among the women of.....	7	2747	Barrière du Trône.....	2	677
Bandon Fair.....	6	2080	BARRINGTON, SIR JONAH.....	1	126
BANIM, JOHN.....	1	44	— on J. P. Curran.....	2	770
— John (portrait).....	1	41	BARRY, MICHAEL JOSEPH.....	1	149
— inherently Irish.....	1	xi	— the actor.....	5	1919
— MICHAEL.....	1	59	— WILLIAM FRANCIS.....	1	156
Banims, The, M. F. Egan on.....	5	vii	— M. F. Egan on.....	5	vii
'Banish sorrow'.....	OGLE	7 2736	Barry's painting of the Last Judgment.....	6	2422
Banished Defender, The.....	8	3269	Basaltic rocks on the shores of Lough Neagh.....	6	2277
— from Rome.....	2	748	Bastile, The.....	2	676
Bank of Ireland, The (half-tone engraving).....	2	788	Bathe, Father John, slain at Drogheda.....	7	2572
Bankers in Ireland.....	9	3367	<i>Battle of Athmain</i>	O'DONOVAN	7 2709
<i>Banks of Banna, The</i>	OGLE	7 2735	— <i>of Beal-A n-A t h a- buidh</i>	DRENNAN	3 928
			— <i>of Dunbolg</i>	HYDE	4 1622
			— <i>of Flanders</i>	7	2830
			— <i>of Fontenoy (half- tone engraving)</i>	3	880
			— <i>of Landen</i>	7	2824

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Battle of the Boyne	7	2819	Bernard, dean of Kil-		
— of the <i>Factions</i> ..CARLETON ..	2	472	more, saved at Drog-		
— of Magh Leana ..O'CURRY ..	7	2664	heda by Cromwell	7	2570
Battles in the Book of			'Beside the Fire'	4	1638, 1642
Leinster	2	xii	<i>Bethlehem</i>	WARBURTON.	9 3535
<i>Bay of Biscay</i>	CHERRY ..	2 586	Beth Peor	1	2
<i>Beaconsfield, Lord</i>O'CONNOR ..	7	2660	Between us may roll the		
— Cranbourne on	6	2158	severing ocean	WILDE	9 3572
— on early marriages	6	2196	<i>Beyond the River</i>	READ	8 2924
— on Shell	7	xxvii; 8 3055	BICKERSTAFF, ISAAC	1	182
Beag, son of Buan	4	1450	— D. J. O'Donoghue		
<i>Beal-An-Atha-Buidh</i> ,			on the wit of	6	xiii
<i>Battle of</i>	DRENNAN ..	3 928	<i>Bicycle, To my</i>	ROLLESTON.	7 2976
Beal-an-a-tha-Bhuidhe,			<i>Biddy Brady's Banshee</i> .CASEY	2	565
The Red Hand at	5	1753	Biggar and the Land		
<i>Bear, An Irish</i>	7	2794	League	9	xi
— <i>Durge of O'Sullivan</i> .CALLANAN ..	2	445	<i>Bindin' the Oats</i>	COLEMAN ..	2 610
See Bere.			<i>Bingen on the Rhine</i>	NORTON ..	7 2586
Bearhaven, Morty Oge			Bingham, Sir Richard	7	2857
of	2	445	Biography. (Biographies of all authors		
<i>Beau Tibbs</i>	GOLDSMITH.	4 1326	represented precede the examples of their		
Beauing, belling, danc-			work. Biographies of Celtic authors		
ing, drinking	STREET BAL-		quoted in translation or in original are in		
	LAD	9 3312	Volume X.)		
Beauty, Celtic love of ..		8 2973	Biography and His-		
— Superstitions about ..		9 3672	tory	9	vii
'Beaux' Strategem,			— <i>Frederick William</i>		
The'	FARQUHAR ..	3 1165	Robertson	BROOKE ..	1 291
Bec mac Cuanach slain			— <i>Sheridan as Orator</i> .FITZGERALD ..	3	1190
at Bolgdún	4	1625	— <i>Prince of Dublin</i>		
Bede Venerable de-			Printers	GILBERT ..	4 1258
scribes Lindisfarne	8	2882	— <i>Origin of O'Connell</i> .HOEY	4	1588
Bedford, Burke on the			— <i>Capture of Wolfe</i>		
Duke of	1	379	Tone	O'BRIEN ..	7 2604
'Bee, The'	4	1345	— <i>Why Parnell Went</i>		
Beeh've shaped houses	8	2882	into Politics	O'BRIEN ..	7 2607
Beek'ping in ancient			— <i>Lord Beaconsfield</i> .O'CONNOR ..	7	2660
Ire and	5	1735	— <i>An Irish Musical</i>		
Before I came across			Genius	7	2690
the sea	STREET BAL-		— <i>Story of Grana</i>		
	LAD	9 3304	Uaile	OTWAY	7 2856
<i>Beginnings of Home</i>			— <i>Patrick Sarsfield,</i>		
Rule	MACCARTHY.	6 2174	Earl of Lucan	ONAHAN ..	7 2814
Belfast	6	2113	— <i>A Eulogy of Wash-</i>		
'Believe me if all those			ington	PHILLIPS ..	8 2891
endearing young			— <i>Napoleon</i>	PHILLIPS ..	8 2888
charms'	MOORE	7 2522	<i>Biscay, The Bay of</i>	CHERRY ..	2 586
BELL, ROBERT	1	165	Black Book of St.		
Bellamy, Mrs., among			Molaga	7	2664
the Irish actresses on			— <i>Castle</i>	7	2853
the English stage	5	1919	— <i>Crom, The Sunday</i>		
Bellefonds, Marshal,			of	7	2719
commanding army of			Desert, King of theHYDE	10	3713
invasion in 1692	7	2823	— <i>Lamb, The</i>	WILDE	9 3569
Bellew, Bishop, of Kil-			— <i>Thief, The</i>	3	xxi
lala	6	2232	Blackbird, The	8	3271
<i>Bells of Shandon, The</i> .MAHONY ..	6	2343	— of Derrycarn, The	2	xvi
Beloved, do you pity notWALSH ..	9	3508	— <i>madenest in monk's</i>		
Benburb	4	1530	hand	2	xviii
Beneath Blessington's			Blackburne, E. Owens. See MISS CASEY.		
eyes	BYRON ..	6 2289	Blackfriars, Theater in	6	2348
Ben-Edar, The scenery			Blackie, Professor, on		
around	3	1185	the feudal land sys-		
Bennett, E. A., on			tem	7	2864
George Moore	7	2483	Blackpool	1	151
Beowulf, Alliteration in	4	viii	<i>Blacksmith of Limerick,</i>		
Bere O'Sullivan	9	3658	The	JOYCE	5 1741
See Bear.			<i>Blackwater, A. D. 1603.</i>		
Beresford, Lady Fran-			— <i>Crossing the</i>	JOYCE	5 1744
ces, married to Henry			— <i>Battle of the</i>	5 1744; 7	2743
Flood	3	1211	— <i>Great meeting at</i>		
BIRKBELEY, BISHOP	1	173	Teltown, on the	5	1738
— on America	5	1664	— <i>in Ulster, The</i>	6	2278
Bernard, Dr., dean of			— <i>River (half-tone</i>		
Derry, Goldsmith on	4	1380	engraving)	3	916
			— <i>Talk by the</i>	DOWNING ..	3 916
			— <i>The Northern</i>	KAVANAUGH ..	5 1732

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Blackwood and Maginn.....	6	2300	Bolb, Trout fishing on		
Blacquiere, Sir John,			the	4	1522, 1523
Anecdote of	1	131	Bold is the talk in this.KELLY	5	1782
<i>Blaise, An Elegy on</i>			— Defender, The'	8	3270
<i>Madam</i>GOLDSMITH.	4	1382	— Traynor, O.'	8	3270
Blake, James, sent to			Bo-men fairies, The, de-		
Spain to poison			scribed	3	xx
Hugh Roe	7	2746	<i>Bons Mots of Sheridan</i>	8	3119
— MARY ELIZABETH.....	1	189	— <i>Sterne, Some</i>	8	3227
— Squire, an author-			Bonner, Bishop of Lon-		
ity on duelling.....	1	145	don, Proclamation		
'Bland'	JOYCE	5 1749	against plays by	6	2348
Blarney Castle (colored			Boeing (bowing), Dis-		
plate)	6	Front	sertation on	6	2237
Blarney-Stone, Father			Book, Dimma's	7	2671
Prout on the	6	2337, 2441	— first printed in		
<i>Blast, A</i>	CROTTY	3 758	Gaelic in Ireland		
'Blasters,' The.....	5	1916	(facsimile)	7	2741
Blennerhassett's Book			— of a Thousand		
on Ireland	9	3395	Nights'	BURTON	2 404
Bless my good ship	BROOKE	1 280	— of Ballymote	2	629; 7 2663
<i>Blessing of Affliction,</i>			— of Clonfert	7	2664
<i>The</i>	KIRWAN	5 1844	— of Dromsneachta	2	iv, x
BLESSINGTON, COUNTESS			— of Durrow	5	2671
OF (portrait)	1	192	— of Fermoy	5	1724
— 'Memoirs of'	MADDEN	6 2286	— of Kells	5	1737; 7 2671
Blest are the dormant.MANGAN	6	2380	— of Lecain	7	2663
Blind Irish piper (half-			— of Lecan	2	629; 6 2223
tone engraving)	5	1762	— of Leinster	2	vi, xli
— <i>Student, The</i>	ARMSTRONG.	1 24	— of 1600, 1612, 1613, 1622; 7 1738; 8 2884		
Blindness, Miraculous			— of Lismore	7	2766; 8 3246
cure of	5	1766	— of Martyrs, The'	7	2573
Blithe the bright dawn			— of St. Bulthe's		
found me	FURLONG	4 1247	Monastery, The		
Bloody hand in Lord			Speckled	7	2664
Antrim's coat-of-			— of St. Molaga, The		
arms, The	7	2856	Black	7	2664
— 'Street,' Drogheda	7	2569	— of Slane, The Yel-		
<i>Blue, Blue Smoke, The</i>			low	7	2664
(half-tone engraving)GRAVES	4	1415	— of Strange Sins, A'KERNAHAN	5	1809
BLUNDELL, MRS. (M.E.			— of the Dun Cow'....	4	1600; 5 1731
FRANCIS)	1	215	Books, drowned by		
Board of National Edu-			Norse invaders.....	2	viii
cation, The	4	1603, 1609	— Irish, before St.		
Boate on Ulster	6	2276, 2279	Patrick	2	x
Boat-race to win Dun-			— of Cluain-mic-Nois,		
luce Castle	7	2855	The	7	2664
Boats, Irish wickerwork			— of <i>Courtesy in the</i>		
(half-tone en-			<i>Fifteenth Century</i> GREEN	4	1417
graving)	9	3458	Borough Franchise Bill,		
— of ancient Ireland	5	1740	The Irish	6	2176
<i>Boat-Song, A Canadian</i> .MOORE	7	2540	BORTHWICK, NORMA.....	10	3879
<i>Bob Acres, Jefferson as</i>	8	3088	Boru Tribute, The	4	1622
— <i>Acres' Duel</i>	SHERIDAN	8 3088	Boston Port, Sailing		
— <i>Burke's Duel with</i>			into	6	2115
<i>Ensign Brady</i>MAGINN	6	2303	Boswell and Goldsmith	7	2468
Bodhmall, the woman			— collection of Chap-		
Druid	4	1447	books, The	3	xxi
Bodkin, Amby, as an			BOUCICAULT, DION		
authority on	1	145	(portrait)	1	252
— MATTHIAS M'DON-			Boulogne-sur-Mer,		
NELLE	1	232	Father O'Leary at	7	2794
— The, in Irish dress	9	3493	Bourke, Sir Richard,		
Bodleian Library at Ox-			the M'William		
ford, Irish MSS. in	7	2673	Eight	7	2857
<i>Boers, The Curse of the</i> .GREGORY	10	3927	Bowes, John, Solicitor-		
<i>Bog Cotton on the Red</i>			General, at the trial		
<i>Bog</i>	O'BRIEN	7 2591	of Lord Gantry	7	2724, 2726
Bogs of Ireland, Pock-			<i>Boy, who was Long on</i>		
rich's project for			<i>His Mother, The</i>	HYDE	10 3765
reclaiming	7	2696	<i>Boycott, The First</i>O'BRIEN	7	2611
— Ulster, Dr. War-			<i>Boycotted</i>	JESSOP	5 1688
ner's project for			<i>Boyd, Captain, Inscrip-</i>		
reclaiming	6	2278	tion on the		
Boiëldiea, Irish indu-			Statue of	ALEXANDER.	1 8
ence on	4	vii	— THOMAS	1	258

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Boyle, Colonel, slain at Drogheda	7	2568	Brigade at Fontenoy, The	3	878
— The, among the leading rivers of Ulster	6	2278	Brighidin Ban Mo Store	9	3503
— JOHN, EARL OF CORK	1	260	— The Cold Sleep of	6	2270
— supposed cause of Atherton's hanging	9	3397	Bright, John, on land tenure	7	2867
— on the 'Drapier's Letters'	1	261	— on the Irish Question	6	2156, 2158
— WILLIAM	1	264	Bright sparkling pile!	9	3596
— Obelisk, The (half-tone engraving)	7	3271	Brightest blossom of the spring	3	1186
— Soldiers of the	3	842, 957, 968	Brigit at Kildare	8	3253
— The host of Meave from the banks of the	7	2752	— Extract from the Life of	8	3246
— The Battle of the	1	349; 7 2819	— Healing by	8	3251
Royne Water, The	8	3271	— Hymns in praise of	8	3259
Boz	See JOHN WALSH.		— Miracles of	8	3246
Bran, the hound of Finn mac Cumhail	2	xvii, 629; 6 2111	— Relics of	8	3260
Brandubh	4	1622	Britain, Goldsmith on	4	1364
'Brannon on the Moor'	8	3270	— 'British Association, Address to the'	5	1784
Bray, The scenery around	3	1185	— Museum, Irish MSS, in	7	2672
Brean haun Crone O'Maille	7	2856	— Navy, Irishmen in	9	3422
Breastplate, The Hymn Called St. Patrick's	8	3244	— Parliament, Flood's Speech in the	3	1219
'Breathe not his name'	7	2527	'Brogues, A Kish of'	1	264
Brehon Law, The	9	3393, 3493	Brompton	1	165
— Law Code, The	1	29; 5 1735, 1739	BROOKE, CHARLOTTE	1	280
Brehons, The	2	444	— HENRY	1	284
BRENAN, JOSEPH	1	278	— STOPFORD AUGUSTUS	1	291
— on	6	ix	— on Steele	8	3196
Brendan of Birr	7	2763	Brother Azarias. See P. F. MULLANEY.		
Brett, Sergeant, shot at Manchester	7	2608, 2610	BROUGHAM, JOHN	1	301
Brewery of Egg-Shells, The	2	731	— Lord, on E. Burke	1	372
Brian. See A Song of Defeat.			— on Sheridan	3	1191
Brian Boru. See The Irish Chiefs and also Mackenna's Dream.			— and Macaulay	6	2452
— Boruimhe, The Conqueror	9	viii	Brow of Neffn, The	10	3777
— Boruimha. See Kinkora.			Brown Wind of Connaught, The	6	2272
— O'Linn'	7	3273	Browne, Dr., and the United Irishmen	9	3515, 3519, 3523
— the Brave'	7	3270	— FRANCES	1	313
Brian's administration. Anecdote of	7	2533	— JOHN ROSS	1	323
— Lament for King Mahon	4	1591	Bruce, Campaign of, 1314	9	3391
Bribery by the English	2	792	'Bruidhen da Derga, The'	4	1601
— in the Irish House of Commons	6	2168	Brundisium	2	739
Brierliu	4	1615	Bryan, Boruma, Meaning of	9	3546
Bride, The scenery around the river	1	353	See also Brian.		
"Bridge of the World" (the Rocky Mountains)	2	417	BRUCE, JAMES (portrait)	1	330
Bridget Cruise. From the Irish	4	1244	Buckingham, Duke of	1	172
			— Lord, Duel of, with the Master of the Rolls	1	143
			BUCKLEY, WILLIAM	1	351
			Budget of Stories, A	7	2771
			BUGGY, KEVIN T.	1	358
			Building, Ancient Irish	4	1612
			Bull, A French	3	1057, 1058, 1059
			— A Spanish	3	1058, 1059
			— An English	3	1057
			— An Oriental	3	1056
			— The white, of Mève	2	xvii
			— What is an Irish	3	1057
			Bull-baiting in Dublin	5	1916
			BULLOCK, SHAN F.	1	360
			'Bulls, An Essay on Irish'	3	1055, 1060

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Bulls Examined, The Originality of Irish</i>	EDGEWORTH.	3 1055	But I—than other lovers' state.....	WILDE	9 3598
— Irish, of Sir Boyle Roche.....	1 135,	137	— the rain is gone by.....	TYNAN-HINKSON.	9 3459
Bulwer on O'Connell.....	7 xxvi		Butler, Hon. Simon.....	2 415	
— Plunket.....	7 xxv		— WILLIAM FRANCIS.....	2 421	
— Shell.....	7 xxvi		BUTT, ISAAC.....	6 2174, 2177;	9 xi
<i>Bumpers, Squire Jones</i>	DAWSON ...	3 841	— and the Home Rule movement.....	6 2174, 2177;	9 xi
'Bunch of Sham-rocks, A'.....	CASEY	2 565	— <i>To the Memory of</i>	SIGERSON ..	8 3133
Buncrana.....	6 2427		Buttercups and Daisies.....	TODHUNTER.	9 3411
Bunker's Hill, Irish volunteers for.....	6 2113		Butterflies in Ireland.....	9 3565	
Bunner, H. C., on John Brougham.....	1 301		Buying a seat in Church.....	3 820	
Bunthorne the Poet. See Oscar Wilde.			'By memory inspired'. STREET BAL-LAD.....	8 3274	
Bunting's 'Ancient Music of Ireland'.....	6 2230		By Nebo's lonely mountain.....	ALEXANDER.	1 1
<i>Buonaparte, Interviews with</i>	TONE	9 3418	By O'Neill close beleaguered.....	DRENNAN ..	3 923
—, Tone introduced to.....	9 3418		By our campfires.....	DOWLING ..	3 878
Burbage, James, Licence granted by Elizabeth to.....	6 2347, 2349		By the blue taper's trembling light.....	PARNELL ..	7 2874
Burgh, Hussey, a Monk of the Screw.....	2 797		By the Margin of the Great Deep.....	RUSSELL ..	8 3004
Burgundian Library, Brussels; MSS. in.....	7 2673		By the shore a plot of ground.....	ALLINGHAM	1 22
<i>Burial at Sea</i>	ALEXANDER.	1 10	Byrne, Colonel, slain at Drogheda.....	7 2568	
— of Moses, The.....	ALEXANDER.	1 1	Byron and the Blessingtons at Genoa.....	MADDEN ...	6 2286
— of Sir John Moore, The.....	WOLFE	9 3633	— on J. P. Curran.....	2 770	
<i>Buried Forests of Erin, The</i>	MILLIGAN ..	6 2437	— on Lord Castle-reagh.....	6 2168	
BURKE, EDMUND (portrait). (See also <i>The Jessamy Bride</i>).....	1 369		— tells a story of Sheridan.....	8 3120	
— a master on oratory.....	7 xxviii		Byron's manner, Flippancy of.....	6 2288	
— and Sheridan.....	8 3119		C.		
— and the 'Historical Society'.....	7 x		C.....	See H. G. CURRAN.	
— Goldsmith on.....	4 1378, 1380		C. W.....	See C. WOLFE.	
— Meagher on.....	6 2421		Cabins, Deserted (half-tone engraving).....	6 2267	
— on Curran.....	7 xxii		<i>Cael and Credhe</i>	GREGORY ..	4 1445
— on Hampden's fortune.....	1 375		Caelte and St. Patrick.....	8 2970	
— on the Duke of Bedford.....	1 379		<i>Caelte's Lament</i> . From the Irish.....	O'GRADY ..	7 2766
— Secures MS. of Breton Laws for Trinity College.....	7 2615		Caenfela, Meaning of.....	9 3546	
— Sir R. Peel on.....	1 x		Cæsar, Julius, on the Druids.....	7 2721	
— <i>Some Wise and Witty Sayings of</i>	1 396		CAFFYIN, MRS. MANNING-TON.....	2 429	
— R., Goldsmith on.....	4 1380		Caillin og astor mentioned in Shakespeare.....	4 vii	
— The oratory of.....	7 x		<i>Caillino, The Woods of</i>	FITZSIMON..	3 1206
— THOMAS N.....	1 398		Callte.....	2 630	
— William.....	4 1380		Cairderga.....	5 1724	
Burke's Statue (half-tone engraving).....	1 397		Cairn Feargall.....	2 629	
Burlesque novels.....	1 119, 123		Calatin, The Children of.....	4 1434	
Burns, <i>Speech on</i>	FERGUSON ...	3 1170	Caldwell, Should be O'Callaly.....	10 3807	
Burne-Jones, Sir E., on the Irish character.....	8 xv		'Caleb in search of a Wife'.....	See J. MARTLEY.	
<i>Burthen of Ossian, The</i>	O'GRADY ..	7 2752	<i>Call of the Sidhe, A</i>	RUSSELL ...	8 2996
BURTON, RICHARD FRANCIS.....	2 403		Callaghan, Greally and Mullen, <i>The Sorrowful Lamentation of</i>	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3316
— on 'The Arabian Nights'.....	2 404		Callaghans, The, administering colonial affairs.....	3 941	
Bush, Raftery and the.....	9 3667, 3671		CALLANAN, JAMES JOSEPH.....	2 438	
<i>Business Quarter and a Business Man in London</i>	RIDDELL ..	8 2049	— W. B. Yeats on.....	3 viii	
			<i>Calling, The</i>	SIGERSON ..	8 3138

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Calmly, breathe calmly all your music.....	JOHNSON .. 5 1700	Carlyle on Ireland's wrongs	3 951
Calton Hill, Burns and the	6 2131	— on freedom of re- ligious belief in Ireland	3 952
Camden, Lord, and Ninety-Eight	8 2030	— on the Reforma- tion	3 951
— as Vice-Roy	6 2167	Carolan	See CAMPION.
Campbell, Counsellor, duel with Harry Deane Grady.....	1 143	— and Arthur Daw- son	3 841
— LADY COLIN.....	2 448	— remembered in the valley of Nephin	6 2231
— Sir Colin at Bala- klava	8 3009	— Songs	7 2615
— Rev. Dr. Thomas.....	7 2695	— See O'Carolan, Tur- lough.	
CAMPION, JOHN T.....	2 463	Carriages in Dublin in the XVIII. Century.....	5 1917
Can the depths of the ocean	WILLIAMS 9 3607	<i>Carriack? Have you been</i> at	WALSH 9 3507
<i>Canadian Boat-Song</i> , A. MOORE	7 2540	— The massacre at	3 955
— governors	3 938	Carrickfergus, The gar- rison of	3 955
Candle-making in an- cient Ireland.....	5 1737	Carrickmacross, The Fera Ros at	7 2709
Candour, Mrs. (charac- ter in 'School for Scandal')	8 3099	Carrigaphooka, A folk tale of	6 2320
CANNING, GEORGE.....	2 464	Carrigdhoun. See <i>The</i> <i>Lament of the Irish</i> <i>Maiden</i> .	
— 'Life of'	BELL 1 165	Carrington, Lord, and Pitt	6 2285
— on 'Gulliver's Trav- els'	1 167	Carroll Malone.....	See MCBURNEY.
— on Lord Nugent.....	1 171	Cartan, Shemus. See <i>A</i> <i>Sorrowful Lament for</i> <i>Ireland</i> .	
— on parliamentary speaking	1 170	Carysville, Salmon fish- ing at	7 2730
— on 'The Lady of the Lake'	1 169	'Case of Ireland Stated, The'	MOLYNEUX. 6 2460
— Oratory of.....	1 170	Casey, Biddy.....	10 3813
— Wit of.....	1 171	— Miss (E. OWENS BLACKBURNE)	2 565
Cantwell, Dr. (charac- ter in 'Mr. Maw- worm')	1 183	— JOHN KEEGAN	2 572
<i>Canzone</i>	WILDE 9 3598	— W. B. Yeats on.....	3 xi
<i>Caonch the Piper</i>	KEEGAN 5 1762	'Cashel Byron's Profes- sion'	SHAW 8 3035
Caolite	2 629, 630; 4 1451, 1525	— of Munster.....	FERGUSON 3 1181
See also Caelte, Cailte.		— The Acropolis of Athens and the Rock of	MAHAFFY .. 6 2334
Cape Clear (half-tone engraving)	6 2222	— Rock and Ruins of (half-tone en- graving)	6 2334
— and the surround- ing country.....	2 430; 6 2222	— The Eagle of.....	4 1591
— <i>The Vicar of</i>	OTWAY 7 2848	— The Psalter of (See also Saltair)...	7 2664; 7 2673
Capel Street, Dublin. See <i>A Prospect</i> .		Cashmere, The lake of.....	7 2509
'Captain Blake'	MAXWELL 6 2412	Cassandra	9 3660
<i>Captain's Story, The</i>	MAXWELL 6 2400	CASTLE, AGNES EGERTON (portrait)	2 576
<i>Capture of an Indian</i> Chief	REID 8 2932	'Castle Daly'	KEARY 5 1755
— of Hugh Roe O'Don- nell, <i>The</i>	CONNELLAN. 2 632	— <i>Down, The Good</i> <i>Ship</i>	MCBURNEY. 6 2113
— of Wolfe Tone, <i>The</i>	O'BRIEN 7 2604	— Hack, The Dub- lin	3 888
Carberry, Ethna.....	MRS. MACMANUS.	— <i>Rackrent</i>	EDGEWORTH. 3 995
Cardinal de Retz, Gold- smith on	4 1347	— M. F. Egan on.....	5 ix, x
Careless (character in 'School for Scandal')	8 3109	Castlereagh, Lord, By- ron on	6 2168
Carew and the Bishop of Rome.....	7 2852	— Justin McCarthy on	6 2169
— Sir George, Presi- dent of Munster.....	7 2740	— Name of, hated.....	8 2930
Caricatures by Gillray.....	1 168	— Plunket's answer to	7 xxv
CARLETON, WILLIAM (portrait)	2 469	— See <i>A Noble Lord</i> .	
— D. J. O'Donoghue on	V xvii	<i>Cat, The Demon</i>	WILDE 9 3557
— M. F. Egan on.....	5 vii, xii, xvii		
— inherently Irish	1 xi		
Carlingford Bay	6 2277		
Carlisle, Lord, story of.....	1 232		
— and the Waiter.....	8 xxi		
Carlyle, <i>A Dispute with</i> , DUFFY	3 951		
— 'Conversations of', DUFFY	3 951		

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Cathair More	7	2752	'Celts, Legendary Fic- tions of the Irish'...KENNEDY ..	5	1796
Cathald Maguire on the Golden Stone.....	7	2718	— TheM'GEE	6	1799, 1801, 1803
— The Festology of.....	7	2674	— Salutation to the M'GEE	6	2223
Cathbad	4	1432	Cement not used in early building	8	2883
Cathedral at Cashel, compared with the Parthenon	6	2335	Censure, Swift on.....	9	3378
Cathleen ni Hoolihan...YEATS	9	3688	Centenary Ode to the Memory of Thomas Moore.....MACCARTHY.	6	2131
Catholic Stunts under the Stuarts	6	viii	Century of Subjection, A.TAYLOR ...	9	3390
— not heard in Irish Parlia- ment	7	viii	Cervantes	3	873
— Church, The Irish peasant's devo- tion to the	6	2148	Cet mac Mágach.....	4	1615
— clergy and the peo- ple	3	920	Changeling, The.....LAWLESS ..	5	1877
— disabilities. See Disabilities of the Roman Catholics.			Changelings	2	731; 5 1877
— emancipation	3	773; 6 2161; 9 x	Chanson	DE CHATEAU- BRIAND ..	6 2339
— On	CURRAN ..	9 773	Chap-books at Harvard.....	3	xxi
— Orators	2	xxvii	— described	3	xx
— priests in war time, Leland on.....	3	955	— Irish	2	469
— question, Grat- tan's speeches on.....	7	xvi	— Thackeray on Irish.....	3	xxi
— Rights, On	O'CONNELL..	7 2629	— Welsh	3	17
Catholics, Church build- ing by.....	6	2152	— W. B. Yeats on.....	3	xx
— Of the Injustice of Disqualifica- tion of.....	GRATTAN ..	4 1405	Chapel, The Ruined..ALLINGHAM.	1	22
— The, are the Irish.....	9	3426	Chappell's, A., portrait of Maria Edgeworth.....	3	993
Cathvah, the Druid.....	6	2756	Character, A.....IRWIN	5	1675
'Catiline,' Scene from..CROLY	2	747	— Irish	8	viii
Cats' Rambles to the Child's Saucepan.....	8	xix	— John Wesley on.....	8	xiv
— Seanchán the Bard and the King of the..WILDE	9	3566	— Sir Edward Burne-Jones on.....	8	xv
— Superstitions about	9	3680	— of Napoleon, An HistoricalPHILLIPS ..	8	2888
Cattle raiding.....	2	xii	Character Sketches, Reminiscences, etc.. — Fire-Eaters, The..BARRINGTON.	1	141
Cavan	1	132	— Irish Gentry and their Retainers..BARRINGTON.	1	138
— The mountains and lakes of.....	6	2275, 2277	— Pulpit, Bar and Parliamentary Eloquence..BARRINGTON.	1	127
Cavanagh, M., of Wash- ington, D. C.....	10	3919	— Seven Baronets, The.....BARRINGTON.	1	129
Cave, Sir John, and Sir Boyle Roche.....	1	135	— Gloucester Lodge..BELL	1	165
— Stories	2	xii	— Princess Talley- rand as a Critic..BLESSING- TON	1	212
Cavern, The.....HAYES	10	3977	— Facetious Irish Pecc. A.....DAUNT	3	819
Cavour, Count, on the state church in Ire- land	6	2150	— King Bagenal.....DAUNT	3	817
Cean Dubh Deelish....FERGUSON ..	3	1183	— Icelandic Dinner, An	3	942
— duv Deelish.....SHORTER ..	8	3126	— Dispute with Car- lyle, A.....DUFFY	3	951
Cease to Do Evil,— Learn to Do Well....MACCARTHY.	6	2128	— My Boyhood Days..EDGEWORTH.	3	1073
Cecil, Lord. See The Earl of Essex.			— Sheridan as Ora- tor	3	1190
Celtchair	4	1617	— Keogh, The Irish Massillon.....FITZPATRICK	3	1199
Celtic Authors Biog- raphies in Vol. 10.			— Prince of Dublin Printers, The.....GILBERT ...	4	1258
— Element in Litera- ture, The.....YEATS	9	3654	— We'll See About It..HALL	4	1534
— Literature	HYDE. See Vols. 2 and 10.		— Origin of O'Con- nell	4	1588
— place-names, Ori- gin of.....	6	2228	— Scenes in the In- surrection of 1798	5	1886
— Romances, Old'. JOYCE.	5	1724, 1731	— Love-Making in Ire- land	6	2193
— Twilight, The'. YEATS	9	3666	— Byron and the Blessingtons at Genoa	6	2286
	3673, 3678, 3679, 3683		— William Pitt,MADDEN ...	6	2284

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Character Sketches, Reminiscences, etc.		CHESSON, MRS. W. H.	
— <i>Rambling Reminiscences</i>	MILLIGAN .. 6 2427	— (Norah Hopper)	2 590
— <i>Prince of Inismore</i>	MORGAN .. 7 2543	— W. B. Yeats on	3 xlii
— <i>Irish Musical Genius, An</i>	O'DONOGHUE 7 2690	Chess-playing in olden times	5 1739; 7 2668, 2707
— <i>Budget of Stories</i>	O'KEEFE .. 7 2772	Chesterfield and Faulkner	4 1260
— <i>Harry Deane Grady</i>	O'FLANAGAN 7 2728	— as Lord Lieutenant	6 2150
— <i>Pen-and-Ink Sketch of Daniel O'Connell</i>	SHEIL	Chevalier de St. George, son of Mary D'Este	2 768
— <i>Some College Recollections</i>	WALSH .. 9 3513	Chickahominy, The	6 2423
— <i>Last Gleeman, The</i>	YEATS	'Chiefs of Parties, The'	6 2284
Characteristics of Ireland	8 vii	— The Irish	3 959
— of Irish literature	2 xviii	Chieftains, Lives of Irish	1 30
Characteristics of the Irish.		<i>Child Charity, The Story of</i>	BROWNE .. 1 314
— A loving people	8 xv	<i>Childhood in Ancient Greece</i>	MAHAFFY .. 6 2328
— Approachableness	8 xv	Children and parents, Affection between	6 2196; 7 2618
— Artlessness	8 xi	— of Lir, The	TYNAN-HINKSON .. 9 3460
— Attention and courtesy to strangers	8 xv	Children's games in Ireland	7 2783
— Aversion to confess ignorance	8 xiv	— reading in the XVIII. Century	3 1073
— Dancing, Love of	8 xix	— Stories, A Writer of	3 994
— Desire to please	8 viii	'Child's History of Ireland, A'	JOYCE .. 5 1735
— Exaggeration	8 xiv	'China, Narrative of the War with'	WOLSELEY .. 9 3636
— Faculty for paying compliments	8 viii	Chinese Life, picture of	6 2206
— Familiarity	8 x	Chnoc Nanla (hill)	6 2230
— Flattery	8 ix	Chosen People, A: Magee on	6 2293
— Freedom of manners	8 x	'Christian Architecture, Early'	STOKES .. 8 3238
— Hospitality of the Irish Celts	3 vii	— Mother, The	KIRWAN .. 5 1842
— Indifference to facts	8 viii	Christianity in Ireland	9 viii, 3401
— Leisurely and casual	8 xix	<i>Christmas Song, The Kilkenny Exile's</i>	KENEALY .. 5 1788
— Love of hunting	8 xiii	'Chrysal'	JOHNSTONE .. 5 1709
— Love of racing	8 xiii	'Church and Modern Society, The'	IRELAND .. 5 1662
— Practical joking	8 xvii	— Architecture	8 3238
— Ready replies	8 ix	— how covetousness came into the	10 3823
— Sense of humor	8 xvi	— Irish devotion to the Catholic	6 2149
— Simplicity	8 x, xii	— of England, The	6 2159
— Sociability	3 vii	— The Catholic	3 920, 6 2148
— Talkativeness	8 x	— Ruins, Holy Island (half-tone engraving)	6 2130
<i>Charade, The Amazing Ending of a</i>	CROMMELIN. 2 751	Church-building	6 2152
<i>Charge of the Light Brigade, The (reference)</i>	TENNYSON .. 8 3013	— by Irish women	1 31
Charity among the Hill-people	4 1456	Churches, Saxon, in Ireland	8 2880
Charlemagne, Irish version of the wars of	7 2672	Churchman, New man the	7 2556
'Charles I.'	WILLS .. 9 3612	Cibber, Theophilus	7 2699
— and Ireland	9 ix	Cicero (in 'Catiline')	2 747
— II. and Ireland	9 ix	Cinderella an Egyptian legend	9 3534
'O'Malley'	LEVER. 5 1972, 1995	<i>Circle, A</i>	SWIFT .. 9 3389
<i>Charlie, The Coming of Prince</i>	MAGRATH .. 10 4415	Circular Stone Forts	8 2882
Charlotte Elizabeth. See MRS. TONNA.		Cithruadh	4 1452
<i>Charming Mary Neal</i>	STREET BAL-LAD	'Citizen of the World, The'	1322, 1326, 1334, 1338, 1341
Chatham and Townshend	BURKE .. 1 391	<i>Citizen-Soldier, The Common</i>	O'REILLY .. 8 2825
Cheltenham	6 2410	<i>City in the Great West, A</i>	DUNRAVEN .. 3 963
CHERRY, ANDREW	2 586		
Cheshire Cheese, The, Rhymers Club at	5 1693		

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Civil Service in Ireland.....	9	3363	Clonmore, Old Pedhar		
—— War, Archbishop			<i>Carthy from</i>	M'CALL	6 2122
Ireland in the.....	5	1662	Clontarf, Battle of.....	2 ix;	6 2377
—— Irish in the.....	4 1539;	6 2321	Chuain-Dobhain, King		
—— The American.....	7 2826,	2831	Ferghal at.....	7 2710	
Clacken Lough, Description			Cluncalla.....	4 1255	
around.....	1 360		Cluricaune, The.....	2 713;	3 xix
<i>Claims of Science, The</i> , TYNDALL ..	9 3463		Coach-a-bower, The.....	3 xix	
Clan Dega, The.....	7 2752		Coal-mining, Remains of,		
<i>Clang of the Wooden</i>			at Ballycastle, Ulster.....	6 2280	
<i>Shoon</i>	MOLLOY	6 2458	Coats, Styles of.....	9 3498	
Clanmorris, Lord, and			COBBE, FRANCES POWER.....	2 605	
Curran.....	1 143		<i>Cockade, The White</i>	2 442	
Clanricarde in the Re-			Code, Duelling.....	1 148	
bellion of 1641.....	9 ix		HENRY BRERETON.....	2 607	
—— Sarsfield's wife the			Results of the.....	4 xii	
daughter of the			Coelté.....	7 2753	
Earl of.....	7 2816		See also Cailte.		
—— Ullick, Earl of, at			Coercion Laws.....	5 1839	
war with his			Gladstone on.....	7 2658	
brother Shane of			Coffinmaker, Keogh a.....	3 1204	
the Clover.....	7 2743		Colf, The.....	9 3495	
Clar Cuilté.....	4 1443		Coinage, A National, for		
<i>Claragh's Lament</i> , From			Ireland.....	9 3363	
the Irish of John Mc-			Laws of.....	9 3375	
Donnell.....	D'ALTON	2 803	Lord Coke on.....	9 3374	
Clare, Lord.....	9 3516,	3524	<i>Coirmin of the Furze</i>	HYDE	10 3737
—— Lord, Goldsmith's			Coke Lord, on the coin-		
Poetical Epistle			age.....	9 3374	
to.....	4 1377		Colclough, Sir Vesey,		
—— and Curran, duel			Reminiscences of.....	1 130	
between.....	1 142		<i>Cold Sleep of Brighidin,</i>		
—— County.....	5 1740,	1985	The.....	MACMANUS..	6 2270
Clarke, Cowden, on Far-			COLEMAN, PATRICK		
quahar.....	3 1164		JAMES.....	2 609	
—— General, a Celt of			Coleraine.....	6 2551	
the Spanish type.....	4 1589		Colgan, Father John,		
—— JOSEPH IGNATIUS			<i>cited</i>	7 2719	
CONSTANTINE.....	2 596		—— collector of Irish		
Claudius.....	5 1847		manuscripts for		
<i>Clearing of Galway,</i>			Louvain.....	7 2673	
The.....	PRENDER-		Collection of Folk Tales.....	3 xxii	
	GAST	8 2913	<i>Colleen Bawn, On the</i>	STREET BAL-	
Clebach, The well of.....	3 1163		LAD.....	9 3310	
Cleena.....	5 1743,	2004	—— M. F. Egan on.....	5 xiv	
Clerical life in Ireland.....	6 2411		—— Rock (half-tone		
CLERKE, AGNES MARY.....	2 601		engraving).....	4 1494	
Clerkenwell explosion.....	6 2153		—— Rue.....	STREET BAL-	
Clew Bay.....	7 2856		LAD.....	8 3277	
Clive, Lord, Macaulay			'Collegians, The'.....	GRIFFIN	5 1481
on.....	6 2446		1483, 1489, 1494, 1503		
Cloaks, Spanish.....	9 3499		—— Griffin's master-		
Clochoir, an ancient			piece.....	1 xli	
oracle.....	7 2718		<i>Colloquy of the An-</i>		
Cloghan Lucas, M'Will-			<i>cients, On the</i>	ROLLESTON.	8 2968
liam leaders hanged			(See also <i>Literary Qual-</i>		
at.....	7 2858		<i>ities of the Saga</i> .)		
Clogher, Origin of the			<i>Colonial Slavery, 1831</i> ..	O'CONNELL.	7 2650
name.....	7 2718		Colonizations of Ireland,		
—— in Tyrone.....	5 1724,	1726	Early.....	2 xi	
Clogherna.....	5 1423		COLEM, PADRAIC.....	2 612	
<i>Cloghroe, The Maid of</i> ..	STREET BAL-		Columcille, Death of.....	2 xvii	
	LAD	9 3299	—— <i>The Death of St. Hyde</i>	4 1618	
Clonakilty.....	7 2613		Columkille. See St. Co-		
Clonard, Finnen of.....	5 1727		lumba.		
Clonavaddock.....	6 2433		'Come all you pale lov-		
Clonfert, The Book of.....	7 2664		ers'.....	DUFFET	3 948
Clonmacnoise (half-tone			—— in the evening...DAVIS	3 830	
engraving).....	8 2979		piper, play the		
—— Graves at.....	9 3484		Shaskan Reel'..CASEY	2 574	
—— <i>The Dead at</i>	ROLLESTON..	8 2979	—— see the Dolphin's		
—— The Monastery of.....	4 1600		anchor forged...FERGUSON..	3 1174	
Clonnell, Lord, duels			—— tell me, dearest		
with Lord Tyrawly			mother.....	STREET BAL-	
and Lord Llandaff.....	1 142		LAD.....	9 3316	
			—— to me, dearest'..BRENAN	1 278	

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Comedians in Queen Elizabeth's reign	6	2349	Conlaoch	4	1427
Comharda, The Irish	4	xiii	Conn	4	1609; 6 2354
Comic papers, why they do not flourish in Ireland.	6	x	— Ced-cathach, the hundred fighter.....	2	444; 5 1731
'Coming of Cuculain, The'	O'GRADY ..	7 2756	Connacht, Dermot's entrance into	7	2762
— of Finn, The	GREGORY ..	4 1447	— Love Songs of	HYDE	10 3735
— Prince Charlie, The	MAGRATH ..	10 4015	— 3749, 3763, 3777,	3749, 3763, 3777,	3789
Commandments, The			— Religious Songs of	HYDE	10 3795
Thirty-Six		1 148	— 3813, 3823, 3829, 3917	3813, 3823, 3829, 3917	10 3833
Commemorative funerals for the Manchester martyrs.		7 2609	— Speakers in	HYDE	4 1603
Commerce, — and the Union		8 2902	Connall		2 804
— Declaration of Irish Rights	GRATTAN ..	4 1387	Connaught, folk-tale of		5 1724
— Decrease in Ireland		9 3416	— Aldfrid in		6 2376
— On a Commercial Treaty with France	FLOOD	3 1219	— Meave and the host of		7 2752
— Short View of Ireland, 1727, A	SWIFT	9 3362	— Place-names in		6 2229
Commercialism in America		1 342	— Sarsfield in		7 2818
Committee of Selection, The work of the		2 xviii	— The Brown Wind of	MACMANUS ..	6 2275
Common Citizen-Soldier, The	O'REILLY ..	7 2825	— The Duke of; his welcome to Ireland		7 xvi
Commune of Paris, The		2 678	— The first boycott in		7 2612
Con Cead Catha (Con of the Hundred Fights)		2 444; 5 1731; 8 2979	— See The Gray Fog and also The West's Asleep		
— The Lake of		6 2230	Connaught's approbation of Henry Flood		3 1216
Conal of Ossian quoted by O'Connell		3 813	— boast of beauty		3 1216
Conall and Conlaoch		4 1428	CONNELL, F. NORRYS		2 616
— Ceárnach		4 1617	CONNELLAN, OWEN		2 629
— derg O'Corra		5 1724	Connemara (See also A May Love Song)		7 2615
Conan		4 1451, 1525	— Lord Carlisle in		1 233, 241
— MAOL, Biography (portrait)		10 4029	— Starving peasantry of		7 2868
Concerning the Brass Halfpence Coined by Mr. Wood with a design to have them Pass in this Kingdom	SWIFT	9 3360	Conna of the Golden Hair (half-tone engraving)	JOYCE ..	5 1731, 1734
Conchubar. See Conco- bar		4 1427, 1433	Conna's Well	RUSSELL ..	8 3001
Conciliation with America, On	BURKE	1 376	Connor, Son of Nais		2 804
Concobar. See Conchubar		7 2748, 2757	Conor, King of Ulster		4 1613
Condall (now Old Connell, County Kildare)		7 2711	Conquest of Ireland		9 ix
Condition of the peasantry		9 3426	Conry, The parish of		5 1731
Condon convicted at Manchester		7 2608	Consent of the governed		9 3362
Condy Cullen and the Gauger	CARLETON ..	2 541	Consolation	LARMINE ..	5 1874
Confederation, The Irish		6 2418	Constitution, Goldsmith on the English		4 1333
'Confessions of an Elderly Gentleman'	BLESSINGTON ..	1 200	— On the English	CANNING ..	2 465
— of Tom Bourke	CROKER ..	2 681	Conservatism of Americans		1 348
Confiscation of Ecclesiastical Property		9 3391	Consumption of admira- tion, The		6 2383
Cong, Lord Carlisle at		1 235	Contagion of Love, The	COBBE ..	2 605
'Congal'	FERGUSON ..	3 1185	Contents of 'IRISH LITERATURE' described		2 xix
Congregation, The Loan of a	MAXWELL ..	6 2411	Contentment, From 'A Hymn to	PARNELL ..	7 2876
CONGREVE, WILLIAM		2 614	Continuation of the Memoirs of the Rack-rent Family	EDGEWORTH ..	3 1014
— W. B. Yeats on		3 vii	Continuity of national spirit in literature		1 xiv
Conjugal fidelity in Ireland		5 1923	— of Irish in Irish literature		2 viii
			Convent life, A picture of		6 2497
			'Conversations with Carlyle'	DUFFY ..	3 951
			Conversion of Ireland		9 3401
			— of King Laoghaire's Daughters. Folk Lore	ANONYMOUS ..	3 1162

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Convivial, <i>Extracts from</i>		Corn laws, O'Connell on	7 2633
<i>Retaliation</i>	GOLDSMITH. 4 1380	the	
Convivial Songs.		Corn-mills in ancient	5 1736
— <i>The Cruiskeen</i>		Ireland	8 3278
<i>Lawn</i>	ANONYMOUS. 8 3279	Cornwall, Lord	6 2167
— <i>Garryowen</i>	ANONYMOUS. 8 3283	Roy of Ireland	6 2168
— <i>Lanigan's Ball</i>	ANONYMOUS. 8 3293	— Character of	6 2171
— <i>Rakes of Mallow</i>	ANONYMOUS. 9 3312	on Catholic eman-	6 2171
— <i>Monks of the Screw</i>	CURRAN ... 2 797	cipation	7 2717
— <i>Why Liquor of</i>		Coronation chair, The	
<i>Life?</i>	D'ALTON .. 2 805	(half-tone en-	
— <i>Bumpers, Squire</i>		graving)	4 1321
<i>Jones</i>	DAWSON ... 3 841	Corradhu. See <i>A Memory</i> .	
— <i>Of Drinking</i>	FLECKNOE ... 3 1209	Correspondence.	
— <i>Maggy Ladir</i>	FURLONG ... 4 1249	— <i>Extracts from a</i>	
— <i>The Three Pigeons</i>	GOLDSMITH. 4 1350	<i>Letter to a Noble</i>	
— <i>Abhainn an Bhui-</i>		<i>Lord</i>	1 379
<i>deil</i>	LE FANU .. 5 1946	— <i>To the Duke of</i>	
— <i>Good Luck to the</i>		<i>Grafton</i>	3 1228
<i>Fiars of Old</i>	LEVER 5 1958	— <i>Letter from the</i>	
— <i>I drink to the</i>		<i>Place of his Birth</i>	6 2227
<i>graces</i>	LEVER 5 1993	Corrig-a-Howly, castle	8 2857
— <i>Man for Galway</i>	LEVER 5 1975	Corry, Isaac, duel with	
— <i>The Pope He Leads</i>		Henry Grattan	1 142, 4 1385
<i>a Happy Life</i>	LEVER 5 2002	<i>Corrymeela</i>	8 3154
— <i>Sweet Chloe</i>	LYSAGHT ... 6 2109	COSTELLO, MARY	2 640
— <i>The Irish Exile</i>	M'DERMOTT. 6 2189	Costume. See <i>Dress</i> .	
— <i>Humors of Donny-</i>		Cottage, An Irish (half-	
<i>brook Fair</i>	O'FLAHERTY. 7 2713	tone engraving)	2 512
— <i>Friar of Orders</i>		— in Killarney (half-	
<i>Gray</i>	O'KEEFFE .. 7 2778	tone engraving)	4 1484
— <i>'Whisky, drink di-</i>		— <i>Life in Ireland</i>	7 2782
<i>vine!</i>	O'LEARY ... 7 2803	Cottonian Library, Ex-	
— <i>Here's to the maid-</i>		tract from MS. in	6 2348
<i>teen</i>	SHERIDAN .. 8 3117	Couldah, The River (See	
Conviviality in Ireland	3 943	<i>Innishowen</i>).	
— <i>in Ireland</i>	1 239	Count each affliction	3 860
2 521, 534, 655, 710, 797; 3 817, 997,		<i>Counterfeit Footman,</i>	
1025, 1053, 1201; 4 1565; 5 1956,		<i>The</i>	3 1165
1969, 1975, 1990		<i>Countess Kathleen</i>	
— <i>in Irish humor</i>	6 x	<i>O'Shea, The Folk Lore</i>	3 1157
Cooke, Sir Charles	8 2914	<i>Country Folk</i>	5 1694
— <i>JOHN</i>	9 3481	Country Life in Ire-	
Coole, Dr. Douglas Hyde		<i>land.</i>	
at	4 1650	— <i>The Plower</i>	2 612
<i>Coolun, The.</i> From the		— <i>Bindin' the Oats</i>	2 610
<i>Irish</i>	FERGUSON.. 3 1188	— <i>Seed-Time</i>	2 609
— <i>Cooper's Hill</i>	DENHAM ... 3 850	— <i>Castle Rackrent</i>	3 999
— <i>Copernican theory, The</i>		— <i>The Widow's Mes-</i>	
— <i>Copernicus anticipated</i>		<i>sage to Her Son</i>	3 1222
<i>in Ireland</i>	8 3242	— <i>How Myles Mur-</i>	
Copyright in Ireland	1 xxiv; 5 1919	<i>phy got his Pon-</i>	
Coracle, A (half-tone		<i>ies out of the</i>	
<i>engraving</i>)	9 3458	<i>Pound</i>	4 1483
Coran the Druid	5 1732	— <i>We'll See About It</i>	4 1534
Cork, County, A benevo-		— <i>A Swarm of Bees</i>	4 1549
<i>lent landlord of</i>		— <i>An Electioneering</i>	
<i>— An entrance to</i>		<i>Scene</i>	4 1557
<i>Tirnanoge fa-</i>		— <i>Picture of Ulster</i>	6 2276
<i>bled to be in</i>	5 1714	— <i>The Exile</i>	7 2483
— <i>Scenery in</i>	7 2602	— <i>The Vicar of Cape</i>	
— <i>Harbor</i> (half-tone		<i>Clear</i>	7 2848
<i>engraving</i>)	2 427	County Dispensary, A	4 1499
— <i>Raleigh in</i>	3 912	— <i>of Mayo, The</i>	3 1224
— <i>Swimming to Que-</i>		Court players in the	
<i>bec from</i>	3 1117	time of Henry VII.	6 2347
— <i>The Mayor of, A</i>		Courting, Irish ideas of	6 2204
<i>joke on</i>	8 xvii	Courtly (character in	
Cormac Conlingas	7 2751	<i>'London Assurance'</i>)	1 252
— <i>Conlingas</i>	4 1430	Courtship	2 xii
— <i>Duvlingas</i>	7 2751	<i>Coverley Family Por-</i>	
— <i>mac Art at Tara</i>	4 1610	<i>traits, The</i>	8 3204
Cormac's Chapel, Cash-			
<i>el, compared with the</i>			
— <i>Erechtheum at Athens</i>	6 2335		

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Covetousness, how, came into the Church	10	3823	Cromwell's invasion. See The Irish Grand-Mother.		
<i>Cow Charmer, The</i>BOYLE	1	264	— partition of Ire- land	4	3423
Cowsbra Mead Macha	7	2757	Crookhaven, The scen- ery around	7	2852
Cows, Woman of three.....	10	3831	<i>Croppy Boy, The</i>MCBURNLEY..	6	2115
Cow-sports	2	xii	—	STREET BAL- LAD	8 3278
Coyle, Barney, duel with George Ogle.....	1	143	'Croppy, The'	BANIM	1 76
— Bishop	9	3684	—, The Irish	6	2108
COYNE, JOSEPH STIR- LING	2	644	Cross at Monasterboice (half-tone en- graving)	9	3486
Cox, Watty, D. J. O'Donoghue on	6	ix	— sign of the, forever.....	10	3829
Crabbe, the poet, on keenings	9	3643	<i>Crosses and Round Tow- ers of Ireland</i>COOKE and WAKEMAN.	9	3482
Crabtree (character in 'School for Scandal').....	8	3099	<i>Crossing the Black- water, A. D. 1603</i>JOYCE	5	1744
Craglea. See Brian's Lament.			<i>Crotta Clich, The</i> Mountain of	4	1488
Cranbourne, Lord, on Disraeli	6	2158	CROTTY, JULIA	2	758
Cravats as worn in Ire- land	9	3498	Cruachan, the palace of Connaught	7	2720
CRAWFORD, MRS. JULIA	2	658	Cruelties in India	1	385
<i>Credhe, Cael and</i>GREGORY	4	1445	<i>Cruiskeen Lawn, The</i> ..STREET BAL- LAD	8 3279	
Credé's house, Manner of building	4	1612	Crystallization	9	3472
'Crescent and the Cross,'WARBURTON.	9	3529	<i>Cuanna's House, The</i> Hospitality of	2	629
		3535	Cubretan	7	2710
Criffan	6	2355	Cuchulain	2	xii; 9 3657
Criminal	4	1449	— 'Coming of'	O'GRADY	7 2756
Crimean War	8	3008	— 'Death of'	GREGORY	4 1431
<i>Criminality of Letty</i> Moore, The	3	1096	— described	2	xiv
'Critic, The'	8	3114	— of Muirthemne'..GREGORY	4	1426
Criticism. See <i>Lit- erary Appreciations.</i>			— Sagas, The	4	1613
<i>Critics of the Stage</i>KELLY	5	1782	— The Knighting of..O'GRADY	7	2756
Croagh, Patrick	1	235	Cuchullin Cycle, Tales of the	4	1601
Croft's 'Life of Young,' Burke on	1	397	— 'Saga, The'	HULL	4 1597
Croghan, The Rath of.....	3	1162	Cuculain. See Cucu- lain.		
CROKER, JOHN WILSON (portrait)	2	675	Cucullan. (See also Cu- chulain, Cuculain and Cuchullen.)	4	1609
— D. J. O'Donoghue on	6	ix	<i>Cuckoo Sings in the</i> <i>Heart of Winter, The</i> ..CHESSON ..	2	591
— Mrs. B. M.	2	660	Cudgels, Irish	2	496, 607
— on Sheridan	3	1197	Cuhoolin. See Cucu- lain.		
— THOMAS CROFTON	2	680	Cuilleagh, The mountain, 'cradle of the Shan- non'	6	2275
— M. F. Egan on	6	xv	<i>'Quis dá Plé,' The</i>RAFTERY ..	10	3917
Croker's 'Fairy Le- gends'	6	2313	Cullain	4	1443
CROLY, GEORGE	2	739	Cumann na Gael, The	10	xiii
Cromcruach, the Idol.....	7	2718, 2721	Cumberland, Richard, Goldsmith on	4	1380
Cromlech at Dundalk (half-tone engraving).....	7	2666	Cumhal, Father of Finn.....	4	1447
CROMMELIN, MAY	2	751	Cumsaigh	4	1617
Cromwell and Drogheda.....	1	151	Cumulative stories	4	1649
— and Ireland	9	ix	Cunlaid	4	1443
— Hatred of the Irish for	4	1530; 6 2150	Curleck, Scenery near	1	360
— in Ireland'	MURPHY ..	7 2567	Curlew Mountains, The.....	6	2357
— loosed on Ireland.....	4	1530	Curliu's Pass, The, Normans at	3	829
— On me and on my children	9	3512	<i>Curoi, The Exploits of</i> ..JOYCE	5	1749
— on the massacre at Drogheda	7	2568, 2571	Curraachs and canoes	5	1740
— The Queen and...WILLS	9	3612	Curragh Beg	1	351, 357
— See <i>The Groves of</i> <i>Blarney.</i>			— (half-tone engrav- ing)	9	3458
Cromwellian confisca- tion, The	2	426	CURRAN, HENRY GRATTAN.....	2	767
— Settlement of Ire- land, The'	PRENDERGAST	8 2913	— JOHN PHILPOT (portrait)	2	770
Cromwell's Bridge(half- tone engraving)	2	445			

	VOL.	PAGE		D.	VOL.	PAGE
Curran, John Philpot, and Father			Daddy O'Dowd, Bouci-			
— O'Leary	7	2793	— ault as	1	252	
— a master in ora-			Dagda, The	2	xl	
— tory	7	xxviii	<i>Daily Life in Ancient</i>			
— and Grattan con-			— Ireland, Food, Dress			
— trasted	7	xxli	— and	JOYCE	5	1735
— and Lord Clan-			Dalcassians, The. See			
— morris	1	143	— Kinkora.			
— Speech for Lord			Dalkey Island, Essex on	3	123+	
— Edward Fitz-			Dalling, Lord, on			
— gerald	7	xxiii	— George Canning	2	464	
— Speech for Peter			D'ALTON, JOHN	2	803	
— Finnerty	7	xxlii	Dame Street, Dublin	6	2107	
— Prior of the			Dana	8	2999	
— Monks of the			— See <i>The Flower</i> .			
— Screw	5	1957	Danaanic colony, The	6	2280	
— Master of the			'Dance light, for my			
— Rolls, duel			— heart it lies under			
— with Lord			— your feet, love'	WALLER	9	3501
— Clare	1	142	Dancing, An Irish Lass.			
— Burke on	7	xxii	— See <i>Kitty Neal</i> .			
— Meagher on	6	2422	Dangle (character in			
— secures a writ of			— Sheridan's 'The			
— habeas corpus			— Critic'	8	3114	
— for Tone	7	2606	Daniel O'Rourke	MAGINN	6	2313
Curran's defense of H.			Danish Invasion, The	9	viii	
— Rowan	7	xxlii	Dante's portrait by Gi-			
— genius described	7	xxiv	— otto discovered			
— quips beyond re-			— through R. H. Wilde	9	3596	
— call	6	ix	Dara, King of South			
— repartees	6	ix	— Coolney	7	2749	
— Witticisms, Some			Darby Doyle's Voyage			
— of	2	798	— to Quebec	ETTINGSALL	3	1114
Curse, The	CARLETON	2	Dardan. See <i>Bridget</i>			
— An Irish. See <i>Neil</i>			— Cruise.			
— Flaherty's <i>Drake</i> .			'Darell Blake'	CAMPBELL	2	448
— of Doneraile, Tho. O'Kelly ..	7	2779	<i>Dark Girl by the Holy</i>			
— of the Boers on			— Well, The	KEEGAN	5	1766
— England, The	GREGORY	10	— Man, The	CHESSON	2	592
— cursing at a funeral	9	3641	— Rosaleen. From			
— of Tara, The	O'GRADY	7	— the Irish	MANGAN	6	2363
Cushla gal Machree	8	3271	— (cited)	1	viii	
Custom, An Old	GRIFFIN	4	— source of my an-			
Customs and Man-			— guish	CURRAN	2	768
— ners.			Darkly, the cloud of			
— The Battle of the			— night	9	3646	
— Factions	CARLETON	2	DARLEY, GEORGE	2	807	
— The Curse	CARLETON	2	Darrynacloaghery fair	9	3316	
— Shane Fad's Wed-			Darwin C. and Dr. Si-			
— ding	CARLETON	2	— gerson	8	3132	
— Tim Hogan's Wake	COYNE	2	— on the divine origin			
— Castle Rackrent	EDGEWORTH	3	— of life	5	1786	
— Books of Courtesy			DAUNT, WILLIAM Jo-			
— in the XV. Cen-			— SEPH O'NEILL	3	811	
— tury	GREEN	4	Davies, Sir John: let-			
— We'll See About It	HALL	4	— ter to Salis-			
— An Electioneering			— bury	6	2276	
— Scene	HARTLEY	4	— True character			
— Food, Dress and			— of	9	3394	
— Daily Life in			— Tom, the London			
— Ancient Ireland	JOYCE	5	— book-seller	7	2479	
— Their Last Race	MATHEW	6	DAVIS, THOMAS Os-			
— A Budget of			— BORNE	3	822	
— Stories	O'KEEFE	7	— (portrait)	3	xxiv	
— Keening and			— See also <i>The Irish</i>			
— Wakes	WOOD-MAR-		— Chiefs.			
— TIN	9	3640	— (quoted)	1	xvii	
'Customs of Ancient			— and Young Ireland	9	xl	
— Erin, Manners			— Ferguson and	6	2219	
— and'	O'CURRY	7	— W. B. Yeats on	3	vii, ix	
— Scotch	2	754	DAVITT, MICHAEL	3	832	
Cyclopean style of archi-			— (portrait)	3	xxiv	
— tecture	8	2881	— and the Land			
Cynick, Thomas, and			— League	9	xi	
— Richard Pockrich	7	2701	— J. H. McCarthy			
			— on	6	2179	

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Dawning of the Day,</i>			<i>Dechtire</i>	4	1431
<i>The</i>	WALSH	9 3507	<i>Declaration of Independ-</i>		
— <i>of the Year, The</i>	BLAKE	1 189	<i>ence, The Amer-</i>		
DAWSON, ARTHUR	3	841	<i>ican</i>	5	1665; 7 2640
Day as a Monk of the			— <i>of Irish Rights</i>	GRATTAN	4 1387
Screw	5	1957	See also Moly-		
Dazzle (character in			<i>neux.</i>		
‘London Assurance’)	1	252	<i>Decline of the Bards</i>	2	xx
De Boisseleau	8	3324	<i>Decoration Day, May</i>		
De Burghs, William,			31, 1886; J. B.		
Earl of Ulster, Pro-			O'Reilly's speech	7	2825
hibition of intermar-			— <i>of Crosses in Ire-</i>		
riage by	3	1179	<i>land</i>	9	3485
De Burgo, Thomas	4	1626	Dedanann, Tuatha de	2	xi
D'Este, Mary, Queen of			Dedannans, Invasion of	9	vii
James II., A lament			DEENY, DANIEL	3	845
for	2	768	Deep, deep in the earth, MCCARTHY ..	6	2172
D'Esterre and O'Con-			— <i>in Canadian Woods</i> , SULLIVAN ..	9	3341
nell	7	2625	<i>Defense of Charles Ga-</i>		
De Foix, Françoise, Com-			<i>van Duffy</i>	WHITESIDE	9 3550
tesse de Chateaubri-			— <i>of the Volun-</i>		
and	6	2338	<i>teers, A</i>	FLOOD	3 1217
De Jubainville, M. d'Ar-			Deirdre, a name that		
bois	4	1608	<i>stirs</i>	8	2990
De la Croix, Charles	9	3420	— <i>and Naisi</i>	JOYCE	5 1746
<i>De Profundis</i>	TYNAN-		— <i>in the Woods</i> (half-		
	HINKSON.	9 3455	<i>tone engraving)</i> , TRENCH ..	9	3431
De Retz, Cardinal, Gold-			— <i>the renowned</i>	4	1245
smith on	4	1347	— <i>the sad-eyed</i>	7	2593
De Tourville, Admiral	7	2823	— <i>The Story of</i>	10	xvi
DE VERE, SIR AUBREY	3	851	<i>memorized</i>	3	xviii
— AUBREY THOMAS	3	853	— <i>Wed'</i>	TRENCH	9 3431
— <i>on G. Griffin</i>	4	1465	— <i>and other</i>		
— <i>on Sir Samuel</i>			<i>Poems'</i>	TRENCH	9 3432
Ferguson's			Dé Jubainville, A., on		
poetry	3	1169	<i>Irish MSS.</i>	2	xi
— <i>W. B. Yeats on</i>	3	vii	— <i>His Work for Cel-</i>		
<i>Dead Antiquary, O'Don-</i>			<i>tic literature</i>	2	xviii
<i>ovan, The</i>	M'GEE	6 2218	Delany, Mrs., Letters of	5	1918
— <i>at Clonmacnois,</i>			Delights of ignorance	3	885
<i>The</i>	ROLLESTON.	8 2979	Democracy, American		
— <i>heat and windless</i>			<i>faith in</i>	1	333
<i>air</i>	TYNAN-		— <i>Problems of Mod-</i>		
	HINKSON.	9 3458	<i>ern</i>	GODKIN	4 1290
Dean Kirwan, Eloquence			<i>Demon Cat, The</i>	WILDE	9 3557
<i>of</i>	1	127	DENHAM, SIR JOHN	3	849
Dean of Lismore's			— <i>W. B. Yeats on</i>	3	vii
Book	8	3139, 3144	Dennis was hearty when		
<i>Dear and Darling Boy</i> , STREET BAL			<i>Dennis was young</i>	SKRINE	8 3153
<i>'— Lady Disdain'</i>	MCCARTHY.	6 2134	Dennon, Baron, and the		
<i>maiden, when the</i>			<i>Princess Talleyrand</i>	1	213
<i>sun is down</i>	WALSH	9 3510	Dependence on England	9	3417
— <i>Land</i>	O'HAGAN	7 2768	Derby, Lord, on dises-		
— <i>Old Ireland</i>	SULLIVAN.	9 3341	<i>tablishment of the</i>		
Dearg Mór	4	1609	<i>Irish Church</i>	6	2159
Deasy, the Fenian			'Derga, The Bruidhen		
leader, Rescue of	7	2607	<i>da'</i>	4	1601
Death, 'From 'A Night-			<i>Dermot, The thankful-</i>		
<i>piece on</i>	PARNELL	7 2874	<i>ness of</i>	P. O'LEARY.	10 3953
— <i>of an Arctic Hero,</i>			— <i>and Ruadhan</i>	7	2762
<i>The'</i>	ALEXANDER.	1 10	— <i>Astore</i>	CRAWFORD.	2 658
— <i>of Cuchulain</i>	GREGORY	4 1431	Derrick, D. J. O'Dono-		
— <i>of Dr. Swift, On</i>			<i>ghue on the wit of</i>	6	xiii
<i>the</i>	SWIFT	9 3380	Derry, Dean of	4	1380
— <i>of St. Columcille,</i>			— <i>Reminiscences of</i>	6	2427
<i>The</i>	HYDE	4 1618	— <i>The Maiden City</i>	9	3428
— <i>of the Homeward</i>			— <i>The Siege of</i>	ALEXANDER.	1 3
<i>Bound</i>	M'GEE	6 2222	— <i>(reference)</i>	9	ix
— <i>of the Huntsman,</i>			— <i>watered by Lough</i>		
<i>The</i>	GRIFFIN	4 1480	<i>Neagh</i>	6	2277
— <i>of Virginia, The</i>	KNOWLES	4 1847	Derrybrien, Mary Hynes		
— <i>The three Shafts</i>			<i>at</i>	9	3669
<i>of</i>	10	3965	Derrycarn, The black-		
'Decay of Lying, The', WILDE ..	9	3578	<i>bird of</i>	7	2755
<i>Deception, An Heroic</i>	GWYNN	4 1512	Derrynane House (half-		
			<i>tone engraving)</i>	4	1588
			Desaix, General	9	3418

Description.	VOL. PAGE	VOL. PAGE
See Travel, etc.		
— of the Sea. From the Irish.....	O'CURRY ... 7 2664	
'Desert is Life',.....	BROOKE ... 1 300	
Deserted Cabins (half-tone engraving).....	6 2267	
Deserted Village, The.....	GOLDSMITH. 4 1367	
Deserter's Meditation, The.....	CURRAN 2 796	
Desmond. See O'Donnell Abov.		
— Spenser in the palace of.....	6 2276	
— Waste, The.....	9 3392	
Despair and Hope in Prison.....	DAVITT 3 837	
Destruction of fortified places.....	2 xii	
— of Irish MSS.....	2 xi	
— by Norse.....	2 viii	
— of Jerusalem, Irish version of the.....	7 2672	
— of Troy, Irish version of the.....	7 2672	
Detail, Minute, in the Sagas.....	2 xv	
De Tocqueville on America.....	4 1295	
'Deus meus.' From the Irish of Maellisu.....	SIGERSON .. 8 3140	
Devenish, Ruins of an old Abbey, at.....	6 2276	
— The lake of. See Feithfálge.		
Devil, The.....	YEATS 9 3673	
Devotion of children to parents in Ireland.....	6 2197	
— of Irishmen abroad to Ireland.....	7 2618	
'Diamond Lens, The.....	O'BRIEN ... 7 2594	
Diaries, Journals, etc.		
— Interviews with Buonaparte.....	TONE 9 3418	
— Journal of a Lady of Fashion.....	BLESSINGTON 1 193	
— Macaulay and Bacon.....	MITCHEL .. 6 2444	
— Rhapsody on Ruins, A.....	MITCHEL .. 6 2454	
Diarmid (see also A Lay of Ossian and Patrick).....	7 2753	
— servant of St. Columcille.....	4 1618	
— O'Duibhne. See The Hospitality of Cuanna's House.		
'Diary, Leaves from a Prison'.....	DAVITT. 3 832, 837	
Dick Wildgoose.....	4 1347	
Dickens, Charles; E. Dowden on.....	3 873	
— describes speech of O'Connell's.....	7 xxvi	
Did I stand on the top of bald Nefin?.....	10 3777	
— ye hear of the Widow Malone?.....	LEVER 5 1999	
Diddler, Jeremy (character in 'Raising the Wind').....	5 1805	
Dillon, * Father Dominick, slain at Drogheda.....	7 2573	
— T., and the Land League.....	9 xi	
— WENTWORTH, EARL OF ROSCOMMON.....	8 2981	
Dimma's Book.....	7 2671	
Dineley, T., on funeral customs.....	9 3642	
Dingle, County Cork, An amusing story of.....	6 2199	
DINEEN, REV. PATRICK S.....	10 3959, 4025	
Dinner Party Broken Up, A.....	LEVER 5 1972	
Dinnree, Wax candles used in, before the V. Century.....	5 1737	
Dinnseanchus, The.....	4 1611; 6 2667	
Dirge of O'Sullivan Bear. From the Irish.....	CALLANAN . 2 445	
— of Rory O'More.....	DE VERE .. 3 859	
Disabilities of the Roman Catholics.		
— Women in Ireland in Penal Days.....	ATKINSON... 1 28	
— Farewell to the Irish Parliament.....	CURRAN ... 2 783	
— On Catholic Emancipation.....	CURRAN ... 2 777	
— The True Friends of the Poor and the Afflicted.....	DOYLE 3 921	
— The Irish Intellect.....	GILES 4 1282	
— The Penal Laws.....	MCCARTHY.. 6 2179	
— Justice for Ireland.....	O'CONNELL.. 7 2641	
— Ireland's Part in English Achievement.....	SHEIL 8 3057	
Disarming of Ulster, The.....	CURRAN ... 2 780	
Disestablishment of the Irish Church.....	9 ix	
— Movement for the.....	6 2159	
— Disillusion.....	WILKINS .. 9 3606	
Dispute with Carlyle, A.....	DUFFY 3 951	
Disqualification of Catholics, On the Injustice of.....	GRATTAN .. 4 1405	
Disraeli, Lord Cranbourne on.....	6 2158	
'Dissenchas Tracts, The'.....	4 1598	
Dissensions in Ireland.....	2 789; 9 viii	
Distances of the Stars, The.....	BALL 1 36	
Distilling, Illieit.....	1 46; 2 541	
'Divide, The Great'.....	DUNRAVEN . 3 963	
Divinities of the Irish.....	7 2721	
Divorce, Singular manner of.....	7 2857	
Dixon, a Choctaw.....	O'REILLY .. 7 2835	
— W. Mac Neile, on Sir Aubrey de Vere's 'Mary Tudor'.....	3 851	
— on Aubrey T. de Vere's poetry.....	3 854	
— on E. Dowden's verse.....	3 866	
Do you remember, long ago.....	FURLONG ... 4 1524	

	VOL.	PAGE
Dobson, Austin, on William Congreve	2	614
Dodder, The; threat to divert its stream from Dublin	7	2728
DOHENY, MICHAEL	3	864
— W. B. Yeats on	3	x
Donaghmoore, Round Towers at	9	3491
Donald Kenny	CASEY	2 574
Donald and His Neighbors	ANONYMOUS,	3 1147
'Donall-na-Glanna.' See D. LANE.		
Donane, Voters from, at a Ballynakill election	1	140
Donegal Fairy, A	MACLINTOCK	6 2253
— Far Darrig in	MACLINTOCK	6 2248
— Fishing at Lough Colum in	4	1520
— 'Humors of'	MACMANUS.	6 2254
— parishes	4	1512
— Tale, A	6	2242
— The Franciscan monastery of	1	31
— The Irish Gaelic in	6	2428
— The mountains of. See Innishowen.		
Doneraile, The Curse of. O'KELLY ...	7	2779
Donnagh Cromdubh	7	2719
Donn of the Sand Mounds	7	2752
Donno, or Donnban	7	2709
'Donnelly and Cooper'	8	3270
Donnybrook Fair	2	607
— The Humors of	O'FLAHERTY.	7 2713
Donoughmore, Lord, traduced in The Dublin Journal	7	2640
Donovans, The	FAHY	3 1132
Dorinda (character in 'The Beaux' Stratagem')	3	1165
Dorothy Monroe, the famous beauty. See The Haunch of Ven- — ison.		
D'Orsay and Byron	6	2288
DOTTIN, G., The Red Duck	10	3779
Douglas, Dr., Canon of Windsor	4	1380
DOWDEN, EDWARD	3	866
— on Sir S. Ferguson's poetry	3	1170
— W. B. Yeats on	3	xiv
DOWLING, BARTHOLOMEW	3	878
— RICHARD	3	881
— Edited poems of J. F. O'Donnell	7	2678
Down. See The Muster of the North.		
— The majestic mountains of	6	2275
— '— by the salley gardens'	YEATS	9 3705
DOWNNEY, EDMUND (see also note to An Heroic Deception)	3	891
DOWNING, ELLEN MARY PATRICK	3	916
Downpatrick	3	1182
DOYLE, JAMES	10	3375, 3887
— J. (biography)	10	4025
— JAMES WARREN	3	918

	VOL.	PAGE
DOYLE, J. W., duel with Hely Hutchinson	1	143
— MARY	10	3875, 3887
Draherin O Machree	HOGAN	4 1593
Drake, J. R., in prison	9	3330
Drama, The.		
— Mr. Mawworm	BICKERSTAFF	1 182
— Lady Gay Spanker	BOUCICAULT.	1 252
— Gone to Death	BROOKE	1 288
— Scene from 'Catheline'	CROLY	2 747
— She Stoops to Conquer	GOLDSMITH.	4 1348
— The Counterfeit Footman	FARQUHAR	3 1165
— The Lost Saint	HYDE	4 1651
— The Twisting of the Rope	10	3989
— Mr. Diddler's Ways	KENNEY	5 1805
— The Death of Virginia	KNOWLES	5 1847
— How to Get On in the World	MACKLIN	6 2237
— The End of a Dream	MARTYN	6 2385
— How to Fall Out	MURPHY	7 2564
— Mrs. Malaprop	SHERIDAN	8 3078
— Bob Acres' Duel	SHERIDAN	8 3088
— Auctioning off One's Relatives	SHERIDAN	8 3105
— The Scandal Class Meets	SHERIDAN	8 3099
— Sir Fretful Plagiary's Play	SHERIDAN	8 3114
— The Queen and Cromwell	WILLS	9 3612
— Cathleen Ni Hoolihan	YEATS	9 3688
Drama in Ireland, Lady Gregory on	10	xxvi
— The Irish	GWYNN	10 xlii
Dramatic criticism	5	1782
— Revival, Irish	10	vii
— Society, The Irish National	10	xlii
'Drapler, Letters, The'	SWIFT	9 3369
Drawing Room in Dublin Castle, A	1	246, 2203
Dream, A	ALLINGHAM.	1 21
— of a Blessed Spirit	YEATS	9 3706
— The Age of a	JOHNSON	5 1699
— The End of a	MARTYN	6 2385
DRENNAN, WILLIAM	3	924
— JR., WILLIAM	3	928
'Dreoilin'	See FRANCIS A. FAHY.	
Dress.		
— In Africa	2	418
— In ancient Ireland	5	1737
— In the XVII. Century	1	33
— Kathleen Mavourneen (half-tone engraving)	2	658
— Of an Irish chieftain	7	2546
— Of ancient Irish (color plate)	8	3144
— Of Fergus Mac Roy	7	2750
— Of Grana Uaille	7	2858
— Of Irish women	1	33
— Of Munster women	7	2544, 2547, 2548
— Of Queen Maeve	1	33
— Of the ancient Irish	7	2747
— Irish	3	xiv

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
<i>Dress of the Ancient Irish</i>	WALLER ... 9 3493	Dublin. Neighborhood, A.....	2 660
— Of the Bards (color plate).....	3 xiv	— <i>News-letter, The</i>	5 1919
— Of the Ollamhs (color plate).....	3 xiv	— <i>Printers, The Prince of</i>	GILBERT .. 4 1258
— See also <i>Shane the Proud</i> .		— Red Hugh imprisoned in.....	2 635
<i>Drimin Donn Dilis</i>	WALSH 9 3511	— Satire on.....	6 2107
— Dubh.....	2 442	— Society formed to increase the price of meat in.....	7 2633
<i>Driminuch, The wood of</i>	4 1643, 1646	— <i>Street Arabs, Three</i>	HARTLEY .. 4 1568
<i>Drimin don dilis, The</i>	7 2615	— <i>The Apostle of Temperance in</i>	MATHEW .. 6 2397
— <i>Dubh Dheelish</i> ...STREET BAL-LAD.....	8 3281	— theaters.....	5 1920
<i>Drink, Evils of</i>	6 2397	— Thomas Cynick's attempt to convert the people of.....	7 2701
<i>Drinking, Of</i>	FLECKNOE. 3 1209	— University.....	5 1914
— <i>Song</i>	SHERIDAN .. 8 3117	— <i>University Review</i>	3 1150
<i>Dripsey stream, The</i>	1 353	— See Daniel O'Connell and Biddy Moriarty; <i>The Gray Fog; The Monks of the Screw; and Tried by his Peers</i> .	
<i>Drogheda; Cromwell author of the massacre at</i>	6 2150	Dubourg, the violinist.....	5 1919
— Crosses at.....	9 3486	Dubthach.....	4 1430
— (half-tone engraving).....	1 150	Duc de Feltre (General Clarke).....	4 1589
— Lawrence's Gate (half-tone engraving).....	7 2568	Duel between D'Esterre and O'Connell.....	7 2625
— Parliament held before Sir Christopher Preston at.....	7 2462	— O'Connell challenged by Sir R. Peel.....	7 2625
— The Marquis of.....	1 140	<i>Duel with Ensign Brady. Bob Burke's</i>	MAGINN ... 6 2303
— <i>The Massacre at</i>	BARRY .. 1 150	Duelling.	
— <i>The Massacre at</i>	MURPHY .. 7 2567	— Anecdotes of.....	1 141
<i>Dromoland, County Clare</i> (half-tone engraving).....	7 2619	— Bagenal on.....	3 817
<i>Dromsdeach, The Book of</i>	2 x	— Code.....	1 148
<i>Dromsnechta, The Book of</i>	7 2668	— See <i>An Affair of Honor and The Battle of the Factions</i> .	
<i>Drover, A</i>	COLUM .. 2 613	DUFFERIN, LADY (portrait).....	3 932
<i>Druidical order, Costume of</i> (color plate).....	8 3144	— LORD.....	3 937
<i>Druidism, Sources of</i>	7 2666	DUFFET, THOMAS.....	3 948
<i>Druids and Druidism</i>	O'CURRY .. 7 2666	DUFFY, SIR CHARLES GAVAN.....	3 950
— Julius Cæsar on.....	7 2721	— and Repeal.....	9 x
— The ancient Irish.....	5 1732	— and 'Young Ireland'.....	9 xl
<i>Drumcleff</i>	6 2354	— Edward.....	ROSSA 8 2983
<i>Drumgoole</i>	5 1936	— <i>In Defense of Charles Gavan</i>	WHITESIDE. 9 3550
DRUMMOND, WILLIAM HAMILTON.....	3 930	— in Prison.....	3 811; 6 2128, 2129, 2220
<i>Drunkard to a Bottle of Whisky, Address of a</i> LE FANU ..	5 1946	— in Prison, To.....	M'GEE 6 2220
' <i>Dry be that tear</i> '.....	SHERIDAN .. 8 3118	— on faction fight at Turloughmore.....	9 3316
<i>Dryden on R. Flecknoe</i>	3 1208	— on T. Furlong.....	4 1244
<i>Dubhdun, King of Oriel</i>	4 1623	— on Gerald Griffin.....	4 1465
<i>Dubhlacha Dublin</i>	4 1608	— on J. C. Mangan.....	6 2351
— A new student at Trinity College.....	5 1986	DUGAN, MAURICE (biography).....	10 4011
— Beautiful view of, from Killiney Hill.....	7 2652	— Translation from the Irish of.....	3 1188
— Castle, A Drawing Room in.....	1 246	Duigenan, Dr., at the College visitation.....	9 3516
— On.....	DOWLING .. 3 887	— duel with a bar-rister.....	1 143
— History of the City of.....	GILBERT ... 4 1258	<i>Duke of Grafton, To the</i>	FRANCIS ... 3 1228
— in the XVIII. Century.....	LECKY 5 1914	Dullahan, The, described.....	3 xix
— <i>Journal, The</i> , O'Connell on.....	7 2637	Dun Angus, A visit to the.....	8 xii
— <i>Life, Jane: A Sketch from</i>	COSTELLO .. 2 640	<i>Dunboig, The Battle of</i>	HYDE 4 1622
— <i>Magazine, 1825</i>	3 1142	Dunboy, The storming of.....	7 2744

	VOL.	PAGE
<i>Dunbwy, The Girl of.</i> DAVIS	3	829
<i>Dun Cow, Book of the.</i>	4	1600
<i>Dundalk</i>	2	639
— Cromlech at (half-tone engraving)	7	2666
<i>Dundargvais</i>	3	931
<i>Dundalgan</i>	4	1427
<i>Dundrum</i>	7	2715
<i>Dunfanaghy. See An Heroic Deception and The Phantom Ship.</i>		
<i>Dungan, Garrett</i>	7	2570
<i>Dungannon</i>	2	639, 786
<i>Dunkerron, The Lord of.</i> CROKER	2	736
<i>Dunleckny, Bagenal at home at</i>	3	817
<i>Dunluce</i>	4	1255
— Castle (color plate)	7	2853
— The ruins of	6	2278
<i>DUNRAVEN, EARL OF.</i>	3	963
— Lord, on Round Towers	9	3490
<i>Durrow, The Book of.</i>	7	2671
— Gospels, Ornaments and Initials from (color plate)	4	1620
<i>Dursey Island</i>	6	2314
<i>'Dust Hath Closed Helen's Eye'</i> YEATS	9	3666
<i>Duties of a Representative, The</i> BURKE	1	394
<i>Duty of Criticism in a Democracy, The</i> GODKIN	4	1290
<i>Duvac Dael Ulla</i>	7	2751
<i>Dying Girl, The.</i> WILLIAMS	9	3609
— <i>Mother's Lament, The</i> KEEGAN	5	1764

E.

<i>Eac' tion master at own fireside.</i> INGRAM	5	1661
— set with a different talent	8	2981
<i>Eagle of Cashel, The.</i>	4	1501
<i>Eamania, The palace of.</i>	9	3493
<i>Eanachbuidhe (Rosebrook)</i>	6	2277
<i>'Earl of Essex, The.'</i> BROOKE	1	288
<i>'Early Christian Architecture'</i> STOKES	8	3238
— humor of Irish Celts	6	vii
— <i>Irish Literature.</i> HYDE	2	vii
— <i>Irish satirists</i>	6	vii
— <i>Stage, The</i> MALONE	6	2346
<i>Earrennamore</i>	6	2393
<i>Earth and Man, The.</i> BROOKE	1	299
— <i>Spirit, The</i> RUSSELL	8	2996
<i>Ease often visits shepherd swains</i> LYSAGHT	6	2109
<i>East India Company</i>	1	373, 383
— <i>West, Home's best.</i> O'FARRELLY	10	3967
<i>Eiré, The Fair Hills, of.</i> SIGERSON	10	3937
<i>ECCLES, CHARLOTTE O'CONOR</i>	3	967
<i>Eccelesiastical Property, Confiscation of.</i>	9	3391
— <i>Remains, Ancient Irish</i> PETRIE	8	2880
<i>Echo, The</i> HAYES	10	3983
<i>Echtge Hills, The.</i>	4	3669
Economics and Sociology.		
— <i>Extracts from 'The Querist'</i> BERKELEY	1	177

Economics and Sociology.

— <i>National Characteristics as Molding Public Opinion</i> BRYCE	1	331
— <i>Position of Women in the United States</i> BRYCE	1	343
— <i>The True Friends of the Poor and the Afflicted.</i> DOYLE	3	919
— <i>A Scene in the Irish Famine.</i> HIGGINS	4	1573
— <i>Amusements of the People</i> O'BRIEN	7	2620
<i>Edain</i>	7	2667
<i>Eden, Mr.</i>	4	1403
<i>EDGEWORTH, MARIA (portrait)</i>	3	993
— <i>M. F. Egan on.</i>	5	vii; 8 ix
— <i>RICHARD LOVELL.</i>	3	1073
<i>Edgeworthstown, County Longford, home of R. L. Edgeworth</i>	3	1073
<i>Edinburgh reviewer, Macaulay an</i>	6	2444
<i>Editorial work on 'IRISH LITERATURE'</i>	2	xix
Education.		
— <i>Childhood in Ancient Greece</i> MAHAFFY	6	2329
— <i>Gaelic Movement, The</i> PLUNKETT	8	2908
— <i>in America</i>	1	334
— <i>in Ireland</i>	1	34
— <i>Irish as a Spoken Language</i> HYDE	4	1603
— <i>Irish Intellect, The</i> GILES	4	1280
— <i>not completed without a duel.</i>	1	145
— <i>of the Catholic Irish</i>	4	1283
— <i>Plea for the Study of Irish, A.</i> O'BRIEN	7	2614
— <i>The Board of National</i>	4	1603, 1609
— <i>Greek</i>	6	2328
<i>Edward I., removal of the Jacob's Stone to London</i>	7	2718
— <i>Duffy</i> ROSSA	8	2983
<i>EGAN, MAURICE FRANCIS (portrait)</i>	3	1080
— <i>on Irish novels.</i>	5	vii
<i>Egan's Duel with Roger Barrett</i>	1	142
<i>Eglinton, John.</i> See WILLIAM K. MAGEE.		
<i>Egypt</i>	7	2512, 2537
— <i>Burton on</i>	2	409
Eighteenth Century.		
— <i>Children's reading in the</i>	3	1073
— <i>Dress in the</i>	1	33
— <i>Dublin in the</i> LECKY	5	1914
— <i>'Eighty-Five Years of Irish History'</i> DAUNT	3	811, 817
<i>Eileen Aroon</i> FURLONG	4	1251
— GRIFFIN	4	1509
<i>Eilrenach</i> See DOHENY.		
<i>Eiric, Bishop, and Brig-it</i>	8	3256
— <i>El Medinah and Mecca, Pilgrimage to'</i> BURTON	2	406

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
'Elder Faiths of Ire- land, Traces of the'.	WOOD-MAR- TIN	9 3640	Emigration.		
Election incident at Bal- lynakill		1 140	— <i>The Irishman's</i> Farewell	ANONYMOUS.	8 3287
Electioneering in Eng- land		2 448	— <i>Song of an Exile</i>		7 2840
— In Ireland. See <i>An Irish Mis- take and Castle Rackrent</i> .			— <i>The Exodus</i>	WILDE	9 3570
— <i>Scene, An</i>	HARTLEY	4 1557	— <i>A Farewell to</i> <i>America</i>	WILDE	9 3599
Elections of 1868, The.		6 2160	'Eminent Irishmen in Foreign Service'...	ONAHAN	7 2814
<i>Elegy, An, on Madam</i> <i>Blaise</i>	GOLDSMITH.	4 1382	Emmet, Robert		3 1086
'Elfintown, The End of'.....	BARLOW	1 116	— (portrait).....		3 1093
Elizabeth, Queen.			— absent from col- lege visitation.....		9 3519
— and Grana Ualle.....		7 2858	— Death of.....	CAMPION	2 463
— and Granua Wail.....		10 4013	— expelled from University.....		9 3526
— and Hugh Roe O'Donnell.....		2 632	— first against Union.....		9 x
— and Ireland.....	7 2745; 9	ix	— Lord Norbury at the trial of.....		3 1093
— and Sir Walter Ra- leigh.....		3 909	— Plunket prosecu- tor of.....		8 2894
— and the Earl of Essex.....		1 288	— secretary of United Irish- men.....		9 3523
— and the Stage.....		6 2349	— The betrothed of.....		7 2533
— Ireland under.....	8 3266; 10	3853	— See <i>A Song of Defeat and</i> <i>When He Who Adores Thee</i> .		6 2166
— Players during the reign of.....		6 2349	— Thomas Addis		6 2166
Ellis, Mr., on Poetry.....		9 3664	'Emotions, An Essay on the'.....	COBBE	2 605
Eloquements.....		2 xii	<i>En Attendant</i>	WYNNE	9 3649
— Irish.....		4 1289	<i>Enchanted Woods</i>	YEATS	9 3679
— Pulpit, Bar and Parliamentary.....	BARRINGTON.	1 127	<i>Enchantment of Gea- roidh Iarla</i>	KENNEDY	5 1801
— Last Speech of Robert Emmet.....	EMMET	3 1087	<i>End of a Dream, The</i>	MARTIN	6 2385
— See Oratory.			— 'Elfintown, The'.....	BARLOW	1 116
Elrington the actor.....		5 1918	<i>Engine-Shed, In the</i>	WILKINS.	9 3600
"Elzevir, The Oaken- footed." See G. Faulkner.			<i>England and Ireland</i>	BRUCE	1 346
Emain.....		4 1433	— and the American war.....		4 1389
— Macha.....		7 2759	— cannot govern Ire- land.....		8 2931
Emancipation and Re- form.....		8 3058	— Enlisting in.....		1 358
— Catholic.....	2 773; 6	2161	— 'History of'.....	LECKY	5 1914
— Lincoln's procla- mation of.....		5 1665	— in <i>Shakespeare's</i> <i>Youth</i>	DOWDEN	3 869
— On Catholic.....	CURRAN	2 773	— The Curse of the Boers on (Trans.).....	GREGORY	10 3929
Emer, Wife of Cuchu- laim.....		4 1426, 1433	England's Battles fought by Irishmen.....		9 3554
'Emerald Isle, The' See DRENNAN.			— Empire.....		9 3588
'Emergency Men, The'.....	JESSOP	5 1688	— Parliament, Ire- land's Cause in.....	MCCARTHY.	6 2161
Emerson and Newman.....	MULLANEY	7 2556	<i>English Academy, The</i>	BANIM	1 60
— on folk tales.....		3 xxiii	— Achievement, Ire- land's Part in.....	SHEIL	8 3057
<i>Emigrant in America,</i> <i>The Song of the</i> <i>Irish</i>	FITZSIMON.	3 1206	— Bribery by the.....		2 792
— Lament of the <i>Irish</i>	DUFFERIN	3 933	— Buck.....		1 145
Emigrants, Character of.....	KICKHAM	5 1817	— Bull, An.....		3 1057
Emigration.			— <i>Constitution, On</i>	CANNING	2 465
— 'I'm very happy where I am'.....	BOUCICAULT.	1 257	— freedom.....		2 466
— A Scene in the South of Ireland.....	BUTT	2 427	— indebtedness to Irish literature.....		2 xviii
— Donal Kenny.....	CASEY	2 574	— institutions satir- ized.....		9 3355
— Lament of the <i>Irish Emigrant</i>	DUFFERIN	3 933	— 'Misrule and Irish Misdeeds'.....	DE VERE	3 854
— Terence's Farewell.....	DUFFERIN	3 934	— of the Pale, The.....		9 3391
— The Exile's Return.....	LOCKE	5 2003	— Irish writers in, in XVII. and XVIII. Centuries.....		1 ix
— A Memory.....	MACALEESE.	6 2111	Engus.....		2 804
— The Passing of the Gael.....	MACMANUS.	6 2267	<i>Enlightened by a Cow- Stealer</i>		7 2654
— The Exile.....	MOORE	7 2483			

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Enlisting in England.....	1	358	Essays and Studies.		
Enna	5	1725	— <i>Happiness and</i>		
Ennis	7	2611	— <i>Good-Nature</i> ...GOLDSMITH. 4	1345	
Enniscorthy	1	80	— <i>Mountain Theology</i> GREGORY .. 4	1455	
Enniscowen	9	3620	— <i>Ireland, Visible and</i>		
Enniskillen	7	2818	— <i>Invisible</i>JOHNSTON . 5	1702	
<i>Ensign Epps, the Color-</i>			— <i>A Quiet Irish Talk</i> KEELING .. 5	1769	
— <i>bearer</i>O'REILLY .. 7	2830		— <i>Moral and Intel-</i>		
Eochaidh Airemh, King			— <i>lectual Differences between the</i>		
— <i>of Erin</i> 7	2667		— <i>Sexes</i>LECKY 5	1920	
<i>Epilogue to Fand</i> LARMINIE . 5	1875		— <i>What is the Rem-</i>		
<i>Epitaph on Doctor Par-</i>			— <i>nant?</i>MAGEE 6	2292	
— <i>nell</i>GOLDSMITH. 4	1383		— <i>The Irish in Amer-</i>		
— <i>on Edward Purdon</i> GOLDSMITH. 4	1383		— <i>ica</i>O'BRIEN .. 7	2617	
Erc, Son of Cairbre	4	1433	— <i>Monotony and the</i>		
Eretheum of Athens.....	6	2335	— <i>Lark</i>RUSSELL .. 8	3005	
Erigal	1	258	— <i>Sir Roger and the</i>		
<i>Erin</i>DRENNAN .. 3	924		— <i>Widow</i>STEELE 8	3198	
— <i>History of the Il-</i>			— <i>The Coverley Fam-</i>		
— <i>lustrious Women</i>			— <i>ily Portraits</i> ...STEELE 8	3203	
— <i>of</i> 1	32		— <i>The Art of Pleas-</i>		
— <i>The Buried Forests</i>			— <i>ing</i>STEELE 8	3206	
— <i>of</i>MILLIGAN .. 6	2437		— <i>The Story of Yor-</i>		
— <i>Manners and Cus-</i>			— <i>ick</i>STERNE 8	3213	
— <i>oms of Ancient</i> O'CURRY .. 7	2666		— <i>The Story of Le</i>		
— <i>The Old Books of</i> O'CURRY .. 7	2670		— <i>Fevre</i>STERNE 8	3220	
<i>Erin's Lament for</i>			— <i>'Dust Hath Closed</i>		
— <i>O'Connell</i> 8	3269		— <i>Helen's Eye'</i> ..YEATS 9	3666	
Erne, Lord	7	2612	— <i>Village Ghosts</i> ..YEATS 9	3673	
— <i>The</i> 6	2354, 2363	2365	— <i>Enchanted Woods</i> .YEATS 9	3679	
Errigal	6	2438	<i>Essex, The Earl of</i> ...BROOKE ... 1	288	
Erskine, Lord, Sheridan			— <i>(reference)</i> 7	2744	
— <i>on</i> 8	3125		— <i>'Essex-street, The</i>		
Erwin, Bishop, of Kil-			— <i>Wooden man in"</i> 4	1259	
— <i>lala</i> 6	2232		— <i>Esthetic sensibility of</i>		
<i>Escape of Hugh Roe</i> ...CONNELLAN. 2	635		— <i>Pagan Irish</i> 2	xviii	
ESLER, MRS. E. REN-			— <i>'Ethelstan'</i>DARLEY ... 2	809	
— <i>TOUL</i> 3	1096		— <i>Ethical content of an-</i>		
— <i>'Essay on Irish Bulls'</i> EDGEWORTH. 3	1055		— <i>cient Irish literature</i> 8	2973	
— <i>on the Emotions'</i> COBBE 2	605		— <i>Ethnic legends of Ire-</i>		
— <i>on the State of Ire-</i>			— <i>land</i> 9	vii	
— <i>land in 1720</i>TONE 9	3415		— <i>ETTINGSALL, THOMAS</i> 3	1114	
— <i>on Translated</i>			— <i>O'Donoghue on</i> 6	xiv	
— <i>Verse, From the</i> ROSCOMMON. 8	2981		— <i>Eulogy of Washington</i> .PHILLIPS .. 8	2891	
— <i>'Essays'</i>WISMAN .. 9	3627		— <i>Europe, Irish scholars</i>		
Essays and Studies.			— <i>in</i> 9	3395	
— <i>True Pleasures</i> ...BERKELEY . 1	174		— <i>European literature,</i>		
— <i>The View from</i>			— <i>Ireland's influence on</i> 4	vii	
— <i>Honeyman's Hill</i> BERKELEY . 1	176		— <i>Evangelistarium of St.</i>		
— <i>A Gentleman</i> ...BROOKE ... 1	285		— <i>Moling, The</i> 7	2671	
— <i>The Preternatural</i>			— <i>Evening Hymn, The</i> ...TRENCH . 9	3437	
— <i>in Fiction</i>BURTON ... 1	404		— <i>Evensong</i>ROLLESTON . 8	2977	
— <i>The Contagion of</i>			— <i>Events of 1798, The</i> 6	2229	
— <i>Love</i>COBBE 2	605		— <i>Ever eating</i>SWIFT . 9	3389	
— <i>Despair and Hope</i>			— <i>Eviction, An</i>BARLOW ... 1	98	
— <i>in Prison</i>DAVITT 3	837		— <i>Evolution, Doctrine of</i> 9	3466	
— <i>The Originality of</i>			— <i>Sir J. Herschel on</i> 5	1787	
— <i>Irish Bulls Ex-</i>			— <i>of Species</i> 5	1786	
— <i>amined</i>EDGEWORTH. 3	1055		— <i>Execution of Lady Jane</i>		
— <i>The Gentleman in</i>			— <i>Grey</i> 3	851	
— <i>Black</i>GOLDSMITH. 4	1317		Executions.		
— <i>Advice to the La-</i>			— <i>The Manchester</i>		
— <i>dies</i>GOLDSMITH. 4	1322		— <i>martyrs</i> 7	2607	
— <i>Beau Tibbs</i>GOLDSMITH. 4	1326		— <i>'The Night before</i>		
— <i>Liberty in England</i> GOLDSMITH. 4	1331		— <i>Larry was</i>		
— <i>The Love of</i>			— <i>stretched'</i> 9	3308	
— <i>Freaks</i>GOLDSMITH. 4	1334		— <i>'Trust to luck'</i> 9	3319	
— <i>The Worship of</i>			— <i>Exile, The</i>MOORE 7	2483	
— <i>Pinchbeck Heroes</i> GOLDSMITH. 4	1338		— <i>Song of an</i>ORR 7	2840	
— <i>Whang and his</i>			— <i>The Irish</i>McDERMOTT. 6	2189	
— <i>Dream of Dia-</i>			— <i>Exile's Christmas Song,</i>		
— <i>monds</i>GOLDSMITH. 4	1341		— <i>The Kilkenny</i>KENEALY ... 5	1788	
— <i>The Love of Quack</i>					
— <i>Medicines</i>GOLDSMITH. 4	1343				

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Exile's Return, or Morn- ing on the Irish</i>			Fairy Brugh of Slieve- namon, The	8	2971
Coast, The	LOCKE	5 2003	— <i>Court, The</i>	DARLEY	2 809
<i>Exiles, Our</i>	SULLIVAN	9 3328	— <i>Fiddler, The</i>	CHESSON	2 592
<i>Exodus, The</i>	WILDE	9 3570	— <i>Gold</i>	TODHUNTER	9 3411
— The Great	4 xli; 9	3395	— <i>Greyhound, The</i>	ANONYMOUS	3 1154
Expeditions	2	xli	— <i>Legends and Tra- ditions'</i>	CROKER	2 695, 736
<i>Exploits of Curoi, The</i>	JOYCE	5 1749	— <i>Poetry</i>	3	xx
Exports and Imports, Irish	9	3364	— <i>Shoemaker, The</i>		
Extract from the 'Jour- nal to Stella'	SWIFT	9 3378	— <i>Leprecaun or</i>	ALLINGHAM	1 20
— from the Life of Brigit. From the Irish	STOKES	8 3246	— <i>Tales, Irish'</i>	LEAMY	5 1899
Extracts from a Letter to a Noble Lord	BURKE	1 379	— <i>Importance of, to Irish-Amerli- cans</i>	3	xxlii
— <i>The Querist</i>	BERKELEY	1 177	— <i>Tales. See Folk Lore.</i>		
Extraordinary Phenom- enon, An	IRWIN	5 1669	— <i>The Selfish Giant</i>	9	3584
F.			— <i>The Story of Childe Charity</i>	1	314
F. M. Allen	See DOWNEY.		— <i>Tales, a Felon, The</i>	LALOR	5 1855
<i>Fabian Dei Franchi</i>	WILDE	9 3593	— <i>Faiths of Ireland'</i>	WOOD-MAR- TIN	9 3640
— Society, The	8	3035	Falls of Killarney, The (half-tone engraving)	5	1876
<i>Facetious Irish Peer, A</i>	DAUNT	3 811	Fallon, Squire	1	145
Facsimile of first Irish newspaper	4	1258	Famine.		
— title page of first book printed in Gaelic in Ireland	7	2941	— and the Plague in Ireland, The	1	85
Facsimiles. See 'Irish MSS. Illuminated,' 'Irish MSS.' 'Ancient Irish MSS.'			— <i>A Lay of the</i>	STREET BAL- LAD	9 3295
<i>Faction Fight, The</i>	MATHEW	6 2391	— <i>A Scene in the</i>	KEARY	5 1755
Factories and Work- shops Bill of 1878	6	2178	— <i>A Scene in the Irish</i>	HIGGINS	4 1573
<i>Faery Fool, The</i>	CHESSON	2 593	— <i>Drimin Donn Dills</i>	9	3511
— <i>Song, A</i>	YEATS	9 3704	— <i>The great</i>	6	2391
Fahan	6	2427	— <i>of 1879, The</i>	6	2861
FaHY, FRANCIS A.	3	1124	— <i>of 1845, The</i>	9	xi
Faint are the breezes	DOWNING	3 916	— <i>Year, The (half- tone engraving)</i>	WILDE	9 3575
Faintly as tolls the eve- ning chime	MOORE	7 2540	<i>Fand, Epilogue to</i>	LARMINIE	5 1875
Fair Amoret has gone astray	CONGREVE	2 614	Fannet. See <i>Jamie Freel and the Young Lady and Rambling Remi- niscences.</i>		
— <i>An Irish Pig (half- tone engraving)</i>	7	2484	Far are the Gaelic tribes	M'GEE	6 2218
— <i>Hills of Éiré, The</i>			— <i>Darrig, The</i>	WELSH	3 xvii, xix
— <i>From the Irish of Mac Conmara</i>	SIGERSON	10 3937	— <i>in Donegal</i>	MAC CLIN- TOCK	6 2248
— <i>From the Irish of Mac Con- mara</i>	MANGAN	6 2378	— <i>Farewell, A</i>	SIGERSON	8 3142
— <i>of Ireland, The (half-tone en- graving)</i>	FERGUSON	3 1185	— <i>Gorta, The</i>	3	xx
— <i>Rent, fixity of ten- ure, and fair sale (the 'Three F's')</i>	6	2179	— <i>the gray loch runs</i>	TRENCH	9 3432
<i>Fatrest! put on awhile</i>	MOORE	7 2529	<i>Far-Away</i>	SIGERSON	8 3138
Fairhead, or Benmore	6	2278	<i>Farewell</i>	SULLIVAN	9 3331
Fairies.			— <i>but whenever you welcome the hour</i>	MOORE	7 2525
— <i>or No Fairies</i>	CROKER	2 720	— <i>my more than fa- therland</i>	WILDE	9 3599
— <i>The</i>	ALLINGHAM	1 18	— <i>the doom is spoken</i>	SIGERSON	8 3133
— <i>The Flitting of the</i>	BARLOW	1 116	— <i>to America, A</i>	WILDE	9 3599
— <i>The history of the Sidhe</i>	9	3707	— <i>to the Irish Par- liament</i>	CURRAN	2 788
<i>Faery, A Donegal</i>	MACLINTOCK	6 2253	Farm life in Ireland	4	1467
— and <i>Folk Tales, Irish</i>	WELSH	3 xvii	Farmer in Ireland, The	4	1574
— and <i>Folk Tales of Ireland</i>	ANONYMOUS	3 1136	FARQUHAR, GEORGE	3	1164

Farran, Miss, Sheridan on	8	3122
Far-Shee, The. See Banshee.		
Fate of Frank M'Kenna, The	CARLETON	2 553
'Father Connell'	BANIM	1 60

	VOL. PAGE
Father Gilligan, The	
Ballad ofYEATS	9 3702
— Lator is Promoted. BLUNDELL . .	1 225
— O'FlynnGRAVES	4 1412
— O'Learý, Some Anecdotes of	7 2793
— ProutSee MAHONY.	
personalities of	6 ix
Faulkner, George	4 1258; 5 1918
Feasts	2 xii
Féis, The, of Tara	4 1611; 5 1738
FéithfáilgeMACMANUS. .	6 226
Felbre Aengusa (the Festology of Aengus)	7 2673
Felon, The Faith of a. LALOR . . .	5 1855
'Felon-setting,' Stephens' article on	7 2799
Fena, The	5 1722
The Last of the. JOYCE	5 1714
Fencing with the small-sword	1 147
Fenian Brotherhood, The	9 xi
— Cycle, The	2 xi
— movement, Poets of the. W. B. Yeats on	3 xi
Fenian Movement, The.	
— The Irish Church. MCCARTHY. .	6 2148
— A Young Ireland Meeting	6 2180
— Why Parnell Went into Politics . . .O'BRIEN . .	7 2607
— Charles Kickham and 'The Irish People'	7 2798
— The Irishman's FarewellANONYMOUS. .	8 3287
Fenian Nights' Entertainments, The' . . .MCCALL . .	6 2117
'Fenians and Fenianism, Recollections of' . . .O'LEARY . .	7 2798
Feral, The Lake of	6 2276
Fera-Ros, The King of	7 2708
Ferghal, King	7 2709
Fergus, Son of a Noble Sire	2 804
— Son of Flaithrí	4 1624
— The wars of	5 1705
FERGUSON, SIR SAMUEL (portrait)	3 1168
— (reference)	6 2219
— M. F. Egan on	5 xlv
— Sir H. Plunkett on.	8 2911
— W. B. Yeats on	3 x
Ferguson's Speech on Robert Burns . . .FERGUSON . .	3 1170
Fermoy, an adventure at	7 2730
'— The Book of'	5 1724
Fern, The Mountain. . .GEOGHEGHAN	4 1255
Ferocity in Irish humor	6 xi
'Festology of Aengus' of Cathal McGuire, The'	7 2674
Feudal tenure, The	7 2862
Feuquières, Marquis de.	2 677
Fews Mountains in Armagh, The	2 639
Fiacha Mac Hugh (O'Byrne)	2 636
— Son of Conga	4 1453
Fianna, The. . . 4 1447, 1524; 6 2231;	7 2755
— After the. From OisínSIGERSON . .	8 3139

		VOL. PAGE
Fiction.	All works of fiction, short stories, etc., are indexed under their titles and the authors' names.	
— <i>The Preternatural</i>	in	BURTON ... 2 404
'Fictions of the Irish		
Celts, Legendary'	...KENNEDY ..	5 1796
	1799, 1801, 1803	3 873
Fielding, The humor of.		
<i>Fifteenth Century,</i>		
<i>Books of Courtesy in</i>	the	GREEN ... 4 141
<i>Figaro, The Novel in</i>	the	O'MEARA .. 7 2805
<i>Fight of the "Arm-</i>		
<i>strong" Privateer</i>	...ROCHE	8 2961
<i>Fighting Race, The</i>	...CLARKE	2 598
Files (filas) in Ancient		
Ireland		2 xviii
Fin. See Finn.		
<i>Fineen the Rover</i>	...JOYCE	5 1743
Finegas, the poet of the		
Boinn		4 1449
Fingal, Lord, O'Connell		
on		7 2635, 2640
Finley, Michael. See		
note to Phaulrig Cro-		
hoore.		
<i>Finn, The Coming of</i>	...GREGORY ..	4 1447
— or Fionn, mac		
Cumhail or Mac-		
Cool, Glory of		4 1524
— and his people		2 630
— and the Fena		5 1715; 7 2753
— and the Princess.	MCCALL ..	6 2117
Banner of		2 594
Cleft of		5 2052
Horn of		2 591
— Influence of the le-		
gends of		8 2990
— Keen of		9 3642
— in the third Cycle.		2 xii
— Mac Gorman,		
Bishop of Kil-		
dare		4 1600
— or Ossianic cycle.		2 629
Flinnachta and the Cler-		
ics	O'DONOVAN.	7 2706
— <i>Became Rich, How</i>	O'DONOVAN.	7 2708
Finnerty, P., Grattan's		
speech on		7 xxiii
Fintan Street		3 930
Fionn Ghaill (Normans		
or English)		2 635
Fionn's monument on		
Nephin		6 2231
<i>Fionnuala</i>	MILLIGAN	6 2437
— <i>From</i>	ARMSTRONG.	1 25
— <i>The Song of</i>	MOORE ..	7 2534
Firbolgs, The	7 2752; 9 x,	3482
— Buildings of the		8 2882
<i>Fire-Eaters, The</i>	BARRINGTON.	1 141
Fires, Druidical		7 2667
'Fireside Stories of Ire-		
land, The'	...KENNEDY ..	5 1789
		1793
' <i>Firing of Rome, The</i> '	CROLY	2 739
<i>First Boycott, The</i>	O'BRIEN ...	7 2611
— Irish newspaper.		4 1258
— <i>Lord Liftinant,</i>		
<i>The</i>	TRENCH ...	4 1233
— printed book in		
Gaelic, Facsimile		
of		7 2741
— <i>Sight of the Rocky</i>		
<i>Mountains</i>	BUTLER ...	2 415

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>First Step towards Home</i>			Foley's, J. H., O'Connell		
<i>Rule, The</i> REDMOND . . .	8	2926	monument (half-		
<i>Steps, The</i> BLAKE . . .	1	190	tone engraving)	7	2645
<i>Voyage, The</i> MOLLOY . . .	6	2459	Statue of Burke . . .		
Fisher Folk life	1	103, 114; 2 696	(half-tone en-		
<i>The Young</i> GWYNN . . .	4	1266, 1512; 5 2009	graving)	1	397
Fisheries Bill, The Irish	6	2176	Statue of Grattan . . .		
Fishing-curragh (half-			(half-tone en-		
tone engraving)	9	3458	graving)	4	1384
Fitzgerald, Amby	1	145	<i>Folk and Fairy Tales,</i>		
<i>Fireeater: Duel</i>			<i>Irish</i> WELSH . . .	3	xvii
with Lord Nor-			Folk Lore and Fairy Tales.		
bury	1	143	<i>The Ban-Shee</i> ALLINGHAM . . .	1	17
<i>Lord Edward and</i>			<i>The Fairies</i> ALLINGHAM . . .	1	18
<i>'98</i>	4	1531; 9 x	<i>The Leprecaun, or</i>		
<i>Sir Boyle Roche</i>			<i>Fairy Shoemaker</i> ALLINGHAM . . .	1	20
on	1	137	<i>Flitting of the</i>		
<i>Curran's speech</i>			<i>Fairies</i> BARLOW . . .	1	116
for	7	xxiii	<i>From Fionnuala</i> ARMSTRONG . . .	1	125
MAURICE (biogra-			<i>To the Leanan</i>		
phy)	10	4011	<i>Sidhe</i> BOYD	1	258
Translation from			<i>Ned Geraghty's</i>		
the Irish of	1	280	<i>Luck</i> BROUGHAM . . .	1	301
PERCY HETHERING-			<i>The Story of Child</i>		
TON	3	1190	<i>Charity</i> BROWNE . . .	1	314
FITZPATRICK, WILLIAM			<i>The Fairy Fiddler</i> CHESSON . . .	2	592
JOHN	3	1199	<i>The Faery Fool</i> CHESSON . . .	2	593
FITZSIMON, MRS. ELLEN	3	1206	<i>The Hospitality of</i>		
Fitzwilliam (Lord),			<i>Cuanna's House</i> CONNELLAN . . .	2	629
Character of	6	2164	<i>The Confessions of</i>		
recalled	8	2930	<i>Tom Bourke</i> CROKER . . .	2	681
Five Ends of Erin, The	2	442	<i>The Soul Cages</i> CROKER . . .	2	695
Fixity of tenure, Isaac			<i>The Haunted Cel-</i>		
Butt on	2	425	<i>lar</i> CROKER . . .	2	707
J. H. McCarthy on	6	2179	<i>Teigue of the Lee</i> CROKER . . .	2	714
Flanders, Irish soldiers			<i>Fairies or No Fair-</i>		
in the battle of			<i>ies</i> CROKER . . .	2	720
Fontenoy	3	823, 842	<i>Flory Cantillon's</i>		
Sarsfield at	7	2816	<i>Funeral</i> CROKER . . .	2	724
The battle of	7	2830	<i>The Banshee of the</i>		
FLAVELL, THOMAS (bi-			<i>MacCarthys</i> CROKER . . .	2	727
ography)	10	4011	<i>The Brewery of</i>		
<i>The County of</i>			<i>Egg-Shells</i> CROKER . . .	2	731
Mayo by	3	1224	<i>The Story of the</i>		
FLECKNOE, RICHARD	3	1208	<i>Little Bird</i> CROKER . . .	2	734
Fleming, Colonel, slain			<i>The Lord of Dun-</i>		
at Drogheda	7	2568	<i>kerron</i> CROKER . . .	2	736
'Flitters, Tatters, and			<i>Little Woman in</i>		
the Counselor' HARTLEY . . .	4	1568	<i>Red, A</i> DEENY . . .	3	846
<i>Flitting of the Fairies,</i>			<i>Strange Indeed!</i> DEENY . . .	3	847
<i>The</i> BARLOW . . .	1	116	<i>Will O' The Wisp</i> ANONYMOUS . . .	3	1136
Flood, Sir Frederick	1	130	<i>Loughleagh</i> ANONYMOUS . . .	3	1142
HENRY	3	1210	<i>Donald, and his</i>		
the first real Irish			<i>Neighbors</i> ANONYMOUS . . .	3	1147
orator	7	x	<i>Queen's County</i>		
and Grattan	3	1210; 4 1384	<i>Witch</i> ANONYMOUS . . .	3	1150
and the Monks of			<i>Rent-Day</i> ANONYMOUS . . .	3	1160
the Screw	2	797	<i>The Only Son of</i>		
Grattan on	7	2421	<i>Aoife</i> GREGORY . . .	4	1426
Opposed to Ameri-			Conversion of King		
can Liberty	4	1402	Laoghlaire's		
<i>Philippe against</i> GRATTAN . . .	4	1400	Daughters	3	1162
Flood's Reply to Grat-			<i>Death of Cuchu-</i>		
tan's <i>Invective</i> FLOOD . . .	3	1212	<i>lain</i> GREGORY . . .	4	1431
Florida Gardens	1	165	<i>Cael and Credhe</i> GREGORY . . .	4	1445
<i>Flory Cantillon's Fu-</i>			<i>The Coming of</i>		
<i>neral</i> CROKER . . .	2	724	<i>Finn</i> GREGORY . . .	4	1447
Flotow, Irish influence			<i>Mountain Theol-</i>		
on	3	vii	ogy GREGORY . . .	4	1455
Flower of the young			<i>Hard-Gum, Strong-</i>		
and fair FURLONG . . .	3	1252	<i>Ham, Swift-</i>		
<i>Flowers I Would Bring</i> DE VERE . . .	3	861	<i>Foot, and the</i>		
Flying, Wings invented			<i>Eyeless Lad</i> HYDE . . .	4	1625
by Pockrich for	7	2698	<i>Neil O'Carree</i> HYDE . . .	4	1638
			<i>The Hags of the</i>		
			<i>Long Teeth</i> HYDE . . .	4	1642

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Folk Lore and Fairy Tales.			Folk Tales	10	3735 et seq.
— <i>Munachar and Man-achar</i>	HYDE	4 1647	— Collectors of	3	xxii
— <i>Oisín in Tirnánoge</i>	JOYCE	5 1714	— Elements of the	8	2972
— <i>The Voyage of the Sons of O'Corra</i>	JOYCE	5 1724	— Irish'	5	1866
— <i>Connla of the Golden Hair</i>	JOYCE	5 1731	— Nature in	9	3658
— <i>The Exploits of Curoi</i>	JOYCE	5 1749	— of Ireland, <i>Fairy and</i>	ANONYMOUS.	3 1136
— <i>The Lazy Beauty and her Aunts</i>	KENNEDY	5 1789	— Fomor of the Blows	5	1717
— <i>The Haughty Princess</i>	KENNEDY	5 1793	— Fomorians Pirates, The	5	1748
— <i>The Kildare Pooka</i>	KENNEDY	5 1796	— Fomorians, The	9	vii
— <i>The Witches' Excursion</i>	KENNEDY	5 1799	— Fontenoy	3	823
— <i>The Enchantment of Gearoidh Iarla</i>	KENNEDY	5 1801	— <i>The Brigade at</i>	3	878
— <i>The Long Spoon</i>	KENNEDY	5 1803	— Battle of (half-tone engraving)	3	880
— <i>The Red Pony</i>	LARMINIE	5 1866	— (reference)	2	599
— <i>The Nameless Story</i>	LARMINIE	5 1871	— Father Anthony's father slain at	9	3445
— <i>The Changeling</i>	LAWLESS	5 1877	<i>Food, Dress and Daily Life in Ancient Ireland</i>	JOYCE	5 1735
— <i>The Golden Spears</i>	LEAMY	5 1899	— 'Fool and his Heart, The'	CONNELL	2 616
— <i>King O'Toole and Saint Kevin</i>	LOVER	5 2046	— Footing, laying the	4	1482
— <i>Mac Cumhall and the Princess</i>	MCCALL	6 2117	— Foot-warmer, The	6	2233
— <i>Jamie Freel and the Young Lady</i>	MACLINTOCK	6 2242	— For, now returned from golden lands	GREENE	4 1424
— <i>Far Darrig in Don-egall</i>	MACLINTOCK	6 2248	— <i>For thee I shall not die</i>	HYDE	4 1656
— <i>Grace Connor</i>	MACLINTOCK	6 2251	— Forbide	4	1430
— <i>Daniel O'Rourke</i>	MAGINN	6 2313	— Foreclosure of mortgage	8	3230
— <i>Fionnuala</i>	MILLIGAN	6 2437	— Foreign languages in Greece	6	2332
— <i>Account of King Eochaidh Airemh</i>	O'CURRY	7 2667	— 'Service, Eminent Irishmen in'	ONAHAN	7 2814
— <i>Clerics</i>	O'DONOVAN	7 2706	— <i>Fore-Song to 'Málmorda'</i>	CLARKE	2 596
— <i>How Finnachta Became Rich</i>	O'DONOVAN	7 2708	— <i>Forests of Erin, The Buried</i>	MILLIGAN	6 2437
— <i>The Battle of Almhain</i>	O'DONOVAN	7 2709	— <i>Foreword</i>	WELSH	1 xvii
— <i>Queen Meave and her Hosts</i>	O'GRADY	7 2746	— <i>Forging of the Anchor, The</i>	FERGUSON	3 1174
— <i>The Burthen of Ossian</i>	O'GRADY	7 2752	— FORRESTER, MRS. ELLEN	3	1222
— <i>The Knighting of Cuculain</i>	O'GRADY	7 2756	— <i>Forsaken</i>	TODHUNTER	9 3406
— <i>The Cursing of Tara</i>	O'GRADY	7 2762	— <i>Fort's Circular Stone</i>	8	2882
— <i>Caeilte's Lament</i>	O'GRADY	7 2766	— <i>Crosses, and Round Towers of Ireland</i>	WAKEMAN and COOKE.	9 3482
— <i>The Lament of Maeve Leith-Dherg</i>	ROLLESTON	8 2975	— 'Forty-eight'	7	2872
— <i>The Demon Cat</i>	WILDE	9 3557	— <i>Forus Feasa, The</i>	10	3959
— <i>The Horned Women</i>	WILDE	9 3558	— <i>Fosbery's, E., portrait of Charles Welsh</i>	9	viii
— <i>The Priest's Soul</i>	WILDE	9 3561	— <i>Fosterage explained</i>	1	35; 5 1739
— <i>Seanchán the Bard and the King of the Cats</i>	WILDE	9 3566	— <i>Found Out</i>	BLESSINGTON	1 200
— <i>The Black Lamb</i>	WILDE	9 3569	— <i>Founding of The Nation</i>	3	950
— <i>The Selfish Giant</i>	WILDE	9 3584	— <i>Fouquier-Tinville, Trial of</i>	2	677
— <i>The Devil</i>	YEATS	9 3673	— <i>Fountain of Tears, The</i>	O'SHAUGHNESSY	7 2845
— <i>Enchanted Woods</i>	YEATS	9 3679	— <i>Four Courts, Dublin, The</i>	8	3065
— <i>Village Ghosts</i>	YEATS	9 3673	— 'ducks on a pond'	1	15
— <i>Miraculous Creatures</i>	YEATS	9 3678	— <i>Masters, Annals of the (see also M. O'Clery)</i>	2	629
— <i>The Old Age of Queen Maeve</i>	YEATS	9 3697	— 632, 635; 6 2232, 2353, 2877		
— <i>A Faery Song</i>	YEATS	9 3704	— 7 2663, 2674, 2705; 10 4018		
— <i>The Hosting of the Sidhe</i>	YEATS	9 3707	— 'things did Finn dislike' (Irish Rann)	HYDE	10 3839
Folk Songs		10 3713 et seq.	— <i>FOX, GEORGE</i>	4	1224
			— <i>Burke on</i>	1	397

Gaelic Writers.

VOL. PAGE

- *Twisting of the Rope, The* HYDE, DOUGLAS .. 10 3989
- *Biography* KEATING, GEOFFREY. 10 4012
- *Vision of Viands, The* MACCONGLINNE, ANIAR ... 8 3134
- *Fair Hills of Eiré, O* MACCONMARA, DONOGH .. 6 2378
- *'Tis not War we Want to Wage* .. MACDAIRRE, TEIGE ... 4 1657
- *Claragh's Lament*. MACDONNELL, JOHN 2 803
- *Biography* MACFORBES, DONALD .. 10 4014
- *Kinkora* MAC-LIAG .. 6 2377
- *Deus Meus* MAELISU .. 8 3140
- *Lament of the Mangaire Sugach* MAGRATH, ANDREW.. 9 3508
- *Ode on leaving Ireland* NUGENT, GERALD .. 3 930
- *Bridget Cruise* ... O'CAROLAN, TURLOUGH. 4 1244
- *Gentle Brideen* .. O'CAROLAN.. 8 3143
- *Grace Nugent* O'CAROLAN.. 3 1186
- *Mary Maguire* ... O'CAROLAN.. 4 1246
- *Mild Mabel Kelly* O'CAROLAN.. 3 1186
- *O'More's Fair Daughter* O'CAROLAN.. 4 1252
- *Peggy Browne* O'CAROLAN.. 4 1252
- *Why, Liquor of Life?* O'CAROLAN.. 2 805
- *Biography* O'CLERY, MICHAEL ... 10 4018
- *Love's Despair* ... O'CURRAN, DIARMAD.. 8 3137
- *East, West, Home's Best* O'FARRELLY, A. 10 3967
- *Thankfulness of Dermot, The* ... O'LEARY, PATRICK. 10 3953
- *Seadna's Three Wishes* O'LEARY, FATHER PETER .. 10 3941
- *Lament, A* O'NEACHTAN, JOHN ... 2 768
- *Maggy Ladir* O'NEACHTAN, JOHN ... 4 1249
- *Shane the Proud.* O'SHEA, P.J. 10 3843
- *After the Fianna*. OISIN 8 3139
- *In Tirnanoge* OISIN 5 1714
- *Things Delightful*. OISIN 8 3144
- *How long has it been said* RAFTERY .. 10 3923
- *The Cuis da plé.* RAFTERY .. 10 3917
- *Poem on Mary Hynes* RAFTERY .. 9 3668
- *Jesukin* ST. ITA ... 8 3141
- *Hymn Called Saint Patrick's Breast-plate, The* ST. PATRICK 8 3244
- *Lament* WARD, OWEN. 6 2352
- *Daivry of the Day, The* ANONYMOUS. 9 3507
- *Description of the Sea* ANONYMOUS. 7 2664
- *Dirge of O'Sullivan Bear* ANONYMOUS. 2 445

Gaelic Writers.

VOL. PAGE

- *Extract from the Life of Brigit*... ANONYMOUS. 8 3246
- *Fair Hills of Ireland, The* ANONYMOUS. 3 1185
- *Have You Been at Carrick?* ANONYMOUS. 9 3506
- *Hospitality of Cunnanna's House*... ANONYMOUS. 2 629
- *I Shall Not Die for Thee* ANONYMOUS. 4 1656
- *King Ailill's Death* ANONYMOUS. 8 3261
- *Lament of Maev Leith-Dherg* ANONYMOUS. 8 2975
- *Lament of O'Gnive, The* ANONYMOUS. 2 443
- *Little Child, I Call Thee* ANONYMOUS. 4 1455
- *Love Ballad* ANONYMOUS. 6 2371
- *Man Octipartite*... ANONYMOUS. 8 3262
- *Murmurs of Love*. ANONYMOUS. 7 2676
- *O Were You on the Mountain?*... ANONYMOUS. 4 1656
- *Outlaw of Loch Lene, The* ANONYMOUS. 1 141
- *Pasthen Fion* ... ANONYMOUS. 3 1184
- *Pearl of the White Breast* ANONYMOUS. 7 2886
- *Roisin Dubh* ANONYMOUS. 4 1247
- *She is my Love*... ANONYMOUS. 4 1413
- *Since We Should Part* ANONYMOUS. 4 1413
- *White Cockade, The* ANONYMOUS. 2 442
- Galang, The hero of..... 6 2370
- Galatians, The 9 3549
- Gallo-Grecians 9 3549
- Galtees, The 6 2675
- Galtimore 5 1938
- Galway, A Letter from. MAXWELL .. 6 2412
- advantages of, for trading 7 2916
- Bay 2 575
- Duelling in 1 145
- Monastery in 1 31
- The Clearing of. PRENDERGAST 8 2913
- The Man for ... LEVER 5 1975
- Ganconagh described. 3 xix
- Garden of God, The .. KERNAHAN.. 5 1809
- Garmoyle 6 2113
- Garnavilla, Kate of ... LYSAGHT ... 6 2108
- Garnett, Sir R., on W. Maginn 6 2300
- Garrick, David. See A Goodly Company.
- as Hamlet in Dublin 5 1919
- Epitaph on Sterne..... 8 3211
- Goldsmith on 4 1346
- on Goldsmith 4 1380
- Stevens' retort on 8 3227
- Garristown. (See also Gavra) 5 1714
- Garrovagh, Scenery around 1 353
- Garry, King of Leinster..... 6 2118
- Garryowen STREET BAL-LAD .. 8 3283
- Gates of Dreamland... RUSSELL ... 8 2997
- Gauger, Condy Cullen and the CARLETON... 2 541
- Gauntlet, O'Keefe following his servant through a 7 2776
- Gavra, ancient name of Garristown 5 1714
- Gay, Letter by 4 1695

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Gay Spanker, Lady</i> ... BOUICICAULT	1	252	<i>Glance, A, at Ireland's History</i> ... WELSH	9	vii
<i>Gearoidh Iarla, Enchantment of</i> ... KENNEDY	5	1801	<i>Glastonbury Thorn, The</i> ...	9	3366
<i>Genealogy of Jesus Christ (color plate)</i> ...	2	ix	<i>Gleeman and Actor, The</i> ...	9	3681
<i>Genericve, The Story of</i> JAMESON	5	1679	<i>— The Last</i> ... YEATS	9	3683
<i>Geniality of the Irish people</i> ...	8	vii	<i>Gleeman's funeral, The</i> ...	9	3681
<i>Genius of English is un-</i> ...	9	3421	<i>Glen Dun, The Song of</i> SKRINE	8	3158
<i>— Irish</i> ...	8	2990	<i>Glenann, A Song of</i> ... SKRINE	8	3157
<i>— the national</i> ...	9	3377	<i>Glenarm</i> ...	7	2551
<i>— True</i> ...	6	2286	<i>Glenasmole</i> ...	5	1722
<i>Genoa, Byron and the Blessings at</i> ... MADDEN	6	2286	<i>Glendalough</i> ...	5	2118
<i>Gentle Brideen. From the Irish</i> ... SIGERSON	8	3143	<i>— (color plate)</i> ...	5	Front
<i>Gentleman, A</i> ... BROOKE	1	285	<i>— A Legend of</i> ... LOVER	5	2046
<i>Gentleman in Black, The</i> ... GOLDSMITH	4	1317	<i>Glengall</i> ...	5	1937
<i>— What is a</i> ... O'DONOGHUE	7	2703	<i>Glengariff. See Daniel O'Rourke.</i>		
<i>— of the Kingdom of Ireland, A</i> ... KEIGHTLEY	5	1774	<i>Glenmalure</i> ...	2	636; 4
<i>Gently! — gently! — down!</i> ... DARLEY	2	809	<i>Glen-na-Smoel</i> ... FURLONG	4	1241
<i>Gentry and their Retainers, Irish</i> ... BARRINGTON	1	138	<i>Glenvelgh</i> ...	6	2259
<i>GEOGHEGAN, ARTHUR</i> ...	4	1254	<i>Glimpse of his Country-House near Newport, A</i> ... BERKELEY	1	175
<i>GERALD</i> ...	7	2815	<i>Glin, The Knight of</i> ...	4	1590
<i>George II, on the Irish soldiers of Louis XV</i> ...	6	2163	<i>Glinisk</i> ...	1	146
<i>— III, on Catholic emancipation</i> ...	8	2949	<i>Glory of Ireland, The</i> ... MEAGHER	6	2420
<i>— Geith of Fen Court!</i> ... RIDDELL	8	3018	<i>Glossary</i> ...	10	4031
<i>Geraldine, The</i> ...	6	2417; 7	<i>Gloucester, Duchess of</i> ...	1	166
<i>— Spoke Gaelic</i> ...	7	2670	<i>— Lodge</i> ... BELL	1	165
<i>Gesticulation, Italian</i> ... WISEMAN	9	3627	<i>Gluck and Pockrich's musical glasses</i> ...	7	2692
<i>Ghosts</i> ...	9	3681	<i>Glyn-Nephin, old songs and traditions in</i> ...	6	2230
<i>— Village</i> ... YEATS	9	3673	<i>"Glynnes" or valleys</i> ...	6	2275
<i>Giant, The Selfish</i> ... WILDE	9	3584	<i>Go not to the hills of Erin</i> ... SHORTER	7	3127
<i>Giant's Causeway, The</i> ...	6	2278	<i>'Go where glory waits thee'</i> ... MOORE	7	2339, 2530
<i>Gifford, Countess of. See Lady DUFFERIN.</i>			<i>Goblin cliffs</i> ...	3	955
<i>Gifford, Earl of</i> ...	3	932	<i>God bless the gray mountains</i> ... DUFFY	3	961
<i>GILBERT, LADY (ROSA MULHOLLAND)</i> ...	4	1265	<i>God save Ireland</i> ... SULLIVAN	9	3339
<i>— M. F. Egan on</i> ...	5	xv	<i>— (reference)</i> ...	8	3270
<i>— SIR JOHN T.</i> ...	4	1257	<i>— send us peace</i> ... O'REILLY	7	2831
<i>'Gile Machree'</i> ... GRIFFIN	4	1507	<i>GODKIN, E. L.</i> ...	5	1290
<i>GILES, HENRY</i> ...	4	1280	<i>— on imagination</i> ...	4	1597
<i>Gillana-naomh O'Huidrin</i> ...	7	2706	<i>'Gods and Fighting Men'</i> ... GREGORY	4	1445
<i>Gillray the caricaturist</i> ...	1	168	<i>Goethe, W. K. Magee on</i> ...	6	2206
<i>Girl I Love, The</i> ... CALLANAN	2	440	<i>Golbniu</i> ...	4	1449
<i>— of Dunbwy, The</i> ... DAVIS	3	829	<i>'Goldelica'</i> ... STOKES	8	3244
<i>— 'of the red-mouth'</i> MACDERMOTT	6	2191	<i>Going to Mass by the Well of God</i> ...	9	3668
<i>Gladstone and Home Rule</i> ...	9	xi	<i>Gold found in Ulster</i> ...	6	2280
<i>— and Land Pur-chase</i> ...	9	xi	<i>Gold, To</i> ... WILDE	9	3596
<i>— and the National League</i> ...	6	2164	<i>'Golden Sorrow, A'</i> ... HOEY	4	1578
<i>— and the Great Home Rule Debate</i> ... O'CONNOR	7	2656	<i>— Spears, The</i> ... LEAMY	5	1899
<i>— on O'Connell</i> ...	7	2624	<i>Gold-mining in Montana</i> ...	3	966
<i>— on Shell</i> ...	7	xxviii	<i>GOLDSMITH, OLIVER.</i>		
<i>— on Shell's oratory</i> ...	8	3055	<i>(portrait)</i> ...	4	1298
<i>Gladstone's first resolutions</i> ...	6	2157, 2160	<i>— D. J. O'Donoghue</i> ...	6	xiv
<i>— Home Rule Bill, Redmond on</i> ...	8	2929	<i>— on the musical glasses</i> ...	7	2690
<i>— personality</i> ...	7	2656	<i>— W. B. Yeats on the poetry of</i> ...	3	vii
<i>— policy for Ireland</i> ...	6	2153	<i>(See A Goodly Company).</i>		
<i>— triumph in 1868</i> ...	6	2160	<i>Goll</i> ...	4	1451, 1609
			<i>Gollam (Milesius), ancestor of the O's and the Mac's</i> ...	2	444
			<i>Gomarians, The</i> ...	9	3549
			<i>Gombeen Man, The</i> ... STOKER	8	3228
			<i>Gomerus-Callus</i> ...	9	3549
			<i>Gonconer, The, described</i> ...	3	xix

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Gone in the Wind</i>	MANGAN	6 2359	Grattan and Catholic		
'Gone to Death'.....	BROOKE	1 288	emancipation	6	2164
Gonne, Miss Maud, as			— and Curran con-		
an actress	10	xxi	trasted	7	xxli
'Good and Evil, Ideas			— and Flood	3	1210; 4 1384
of'	YEATS.	9 3654, 3661	— and Pitt	7	xv
<i>Good Luck to the Fri-</i>			— as a Monk of the		
ars of Old.....	LEVER	5 1958	Screw	2	797
— men and true! in			— Duel with Chancel-		
this house who			lor Corry	1	142
dwell	MCBURNEY..	6 2115	— <i>Invective, Flood's</i>		
— people all, with			<i>Reply to</i>	FLOOD	3 1212
one accord	GOLDSMITH..	4 1382	— Lord Brougham on.....	6	2421
— <i>Ship Castle Down,</i>			— Opposition of, to		
<i>The</i>	MCBURNEY..	6 2113	the Act of Union	6	2170
<i>Goodly Company, A.</i>	MOORE	7 2468	— Oratorical methods		
Gore House	1	193	of	7	xl, xlii
Gorey	6	2115	— Oratory of	7	x, xl
Gort, County Galway.....	4	1455	— described	7	xx
Gortaveha	4	1455	— statute of (half-		
Gosse, E., on Parnell's			tone engraving).....	4	1384
poems	7	2874	— tribute of, to Dr.		
— on Sir John Den-			Kilwan	7	xvii
ham	3	849	— See <i>The Irish</i>		
— on Thomas Moore.....	7	2508	<i>Chieftains.</i>		
Göttingen, University of.....	4	466	<i>Grave, the Grave, The.</i> MANGAN ...	6	2380
<i>Gougane Barra</i> (half-			GRAVES, ALFRED PERCE-		
tone engraving)	CALLANAN..	2 439	VAL	4	1409
Goulbourn, Mr.	7	2652	— on Sir Samuel Fer-		
Gounod on Mrs. Alex-			guson's poetry.....	3	1169
ander	1	1	— on J. S. Le Fanu.....	5	1927
Government. See Pol-			— Dr.	9	3521
itics.			— Early Christian, in		
— by consent	9	3362	Ireland	9	3484
— newspaper, A	7	2639	Gray, John, and Repeal.....	9	x
— of Ireland under			in prison	3	811; 4 2128
Henry II.	7	2741	— <i>Fog, The</i>	CHESSON	2 591
— the Tudors	7	2741	— gray is Abbey Asa-		
* — Principles of'.....	O'BRIEN	7 2620	roe	ALLINGHAM.	1 13
"G. P. O." and W. M.			— the poet, on music-		
Thackeray	8	xvi	al glasses	7	2691
<i>Grace Connor</i>	MACLINTOCK.	6 2251	Gray's portrait of W.		
— <i>Nugent.</i> From the			Carleton	2	469
Irish	FERGUSON..	3 1186	<i>Greally, and Mullen,</i>		
— of the Heroes. See			<i>Sorrowful Lamenta-</i>		
Grace O'Mealley.			<i>tion of Callaghan.</i> STREET BAL-		
— O'Mealley	7	2856	LAD	9	3316
<i>Gracie Og Machree</i>	CASEY	2 573	<i>Great Breath, The</i>	RUSSELL	8 3004
<i>Grady, Harry Deane</i>	O'FLANAGAN.	7 2728	— <i>Cry and Little</i>		
— duels with Coun-			Wool	7	2653
sellors O'Mahon			— <i>Diamond is Ob-</i>		
and Campbell	1	143	tained and Used.	O'BRIEN	7 2594
<i>Grafton, To the Duke of</i>	FRANCIS	3 1228	' — Divide, The'	DUNRAVEN	3 963
'Gra-gal-machree'	8	3270	' — Irish Struggle,		
Graham's, P. P., por-			The'	O'CONNOR	7 2656
trait of G. Griffin.....	4	1464	' — Lone Land, The'.	BUTLER	2 415
'Grammont, Memoirs of			— <i>Risk, A</i>	HOEY	4 1578
the Count de'.HAMILTON ..	4	1542	Greece, Age of begin-		
— Sir W. Scott on.....	4	1542	ning education in		
Grana O'Maille of the			ancient	6	2334
Uisles	7	2859	— <i>Childhood in An-</i>		
— Ualle and Queen			cient	MAHAFFY	6 2328
Elizabeth	7	2858	'Greek Education'	6	2328
— <i>The Story of</i>	O'WAY	7 2856	— families small	6	2332
Granna Wail and Queen			— origin of Irish		
Elizabeth	10	4013	people, The	1	viii
Grand Jury Reform Bill,			— and Irish com-		
The	6	2176	pared	4	1285
— <i>Match, The</i>	SKRINE	8 3153	Green, in the wizard		
— Sarah	See MacFALL.		arms	TODHUNTER.	9 3409
Granee	6	2223	— <i>Little Shamrock of</i>		
'Grania'	LAWLESS	5 1877	Ireland, The'.....	CHERRY	2 587
GRATTAN, HENRY	4	1384	— J. R. on Steele.....	8	3196
— a master in ora-			— Mrs. J. R.	4	1417
tory	6	xxviii	Greencastle	6	2113

VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE	
GREENE, GEORGE AR-		Half a league, half a	
THUR	4 1433	league	TENNYSON... 8 3014
— on A. P. Graves'		Half-Red Maeye of Lein-	
poetry	4 1410	ster, The	7 2748
— and the Rhymers'		HALL, Mrs. S. C.	4 1533
Club	5 1693	— describes Lady	
— on Jane Barlow's		Morgan	7 2543
stories	1 98	— M. F. Egan on	5 xv
GREGORY, LADY AUGUSTA		— on Maria Edge-	
(portrait)	4 1426	worth	3 995
— cited on 'The Lost		— Mr. and Mrs., on	
Saint'	4 1650	wakes and keen-	
— M. F. Egan on	5 vii	ing	9 3641
— on Home Rule	1 xvii	HALPINE, CHARLES GRA-	
— on the drama in		HAM	4 1539
Ireland	10 xxvi	— as a humorist	6 xv
— W. B. Yeats on the		HAMILTON, COUNT	4 1542
translations of	3 xlv	— Miss	4 1549
— work of, for Celtic		'— Single Speech	7 ix
literature	2 xvii	— Sir John Stuart	1 129, 131
— <i>The Curse of the</i>		Hampden's Fortune,	
<i>Boers</i>	10 3928	Burke on	1 375
— <i>The grief of a</i>		HAND, JOHN	7 3265
<i>girl's heart</i>	10 3933	'Handbook of Irish An-	
Grey of Macha, Cuchu-		tiquities'	WAKEMAN
laln's warhorse	2 xviii	and COOKE. 9 3482	
'Greydrake, Geoffrey.'		Handel in Dublin	5 1918
See ETTINGSALL.		Hand-wall of Ulster	4 1616
<i>Gridiron, The</i>	LOVER 5 2063	Hannah Healy, the	
<i>Grid of a Girl's Heart</i> . GREGORY ..	10 3933	Pride of Howth	STREET BAL-
GRIFFIN, GERALD (por-		LAD 8 3284	
trait)	4 1464	<i>Happiness and Good Na-</i>	
— M. F. Egan on	5 vii	ture	GOLDSMITH. 4 1345
— Inherently Irish	1 xi	<i>Happy the Wooing</i>	
— 'The Collegians'		<i>that's Not Long a Do-</i>	
his masterpiece	1 xi	ing	TYNAN-
Grimpat	3 1097	HINKSON. 9 3439	
Gudrun and Ireland	4 viii	'Happy Prince and	
Guernsey and Ireland		Other Tales, The'... WILDE	9 3584
compared	7 2865	Harcourt, Sir (charac-	
<i>Guesses</i>	O'DONNELL. 7 2687	ter in 'London Assur-	
Guilicell, The Countess		ance')	1 252
of, and Byron	6 2288	Harcourt's Ministry,	
<i>Guide to Ignorance, A</i> ... DOWLING ..	3 881	Grattan on	4 1403
Guiney, L. L., on J. C.		Hardcastle (character,	
Mangan	6 2352	in 'She Stoops to	
<i>Gulliver Among the</i>		Conquer')	4 1352
<i>Giants</i>	9 3354	<i>Hard-Gum, Strong-Ham,</i>	
— <i>the Pigmies</i> ... SWIFT	9 3346	<i>Swift-Foot and the</i>	
'Gulliver's Travels' ..	SWIFT. 9 3346, 3354	<i>Eyeless Lad</i>	HYDE 4 1625
<i>Guillotine in France,</i>		Hardiman on John Mac-	
<i>The</i>	CROKER ... 2 676	Donnell	10 4013
Guizot	1 153, 154	Hardiman's 'Irish Min-	
Gull Mac Morna	4 1525, 1526	streisy'	4 1251; 6 2230
Gutter Children	4 1568	Hardy, Gathorne, on the	
'Guy Mannerling' Lord		Irish Church	6 2158
Derby's quotation		— 'The Art of	
from	6 2159	Thomas'	JOHNSON ... 5 1694
GWYNN, STEPHEN (por-		Hark! a martial sound	
trait)	4 1512	is heard	BUGGY 1 558
— on the poetry of		'Hark! the vesper	
"A. E."	8 2987	hymn'	MOORE 7 2537
Gymnasium of Elo-		Harleian MSS., The	
quence, A	7 x	(color plate)	8 Front
H.		' <i>Harp that once through</i>	
Habeas Corpus Bill, The...	4 1395	<i>Tara's halls, The</i> '... MOORE	7 2535
Hacketstown	6 2123	Harris, Walter, trans-	
Had I a heart for false-		lator of the Works of	
hood framed	SHERIDAN... 8 3118	Sir James Ware	9 3544
<i>Hags of the Long Teeth,</i>		Harrison, Cozey	1 145
<i>The</i>	HYDE 4 1642	'Harry Lorrequer' ...	LEVER 5 1979
Hall to our Celtic		HARTLEY, Mrs. (MAY	
brethren	M'GEE 6 226	LAFFAN)	4 1557
Hal Godfrey	See MISS ECCLES.	— M. F. Egan on	5 vii
		Harvard, Chap-books at	3 xxi
		<i>Harvest Hymn, The</i>	
		<i>Irish Reaper's</i>	KEEGAN ... 5 1765

VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE			
Has summer come with- out the rose	O'SHAUGH- NESSY ... 7	2844	Henrys, Ireland under the	10	3845
Hastings (character in 'She Stoops to Conquer')	4	1349	<i>Her Majesty the King</i>	8	2059
— Warren, <i>Extract from 'The Im- peachment of'</i>	BURKE 1	383	— Voice	9	3593
— Sheridan's Speech on	1	129	Hercules, Pillars of	2	747
— Meagher on	6	2424	Here is the road	6	2273
Hats in Ireland	9	3496	— lies Nolly Gold- smith	4	1380
<i>Haughty Princess, The</i>	KENNEDY ... 5	1793	— poor Ned Pur- don	4	1383
<i>Haunch of Venison, The</i>	GOLDSMITH. 4	1377	Heredity in the Sheri- dan family	8	3068
<i>Haunted Cellar, The</i>	CROKER ... 2	707	Here's first the toast	4	1249
'Have you been at Car- rick?'	WALSH ... 9	3507	— to the maiden of bashful fifteen	8	3117
— Garnavilla?	LYSAGHT ... 6	2108	Hermann Kelstach, an ancient idol	7	2718
Hawkesworth on 'The Arabian Nights'	2	405	'Hero, The Death of an Arctic'	1	10
Hayes, 'Ballads of Ire- land'	5	1788	Herodotus, Keating the Irish	10	3065
— THOMAS (biogra- phy)	10	4027	Heroes, National leg- endary	8	2990
— <i>The Cavern, by</i>	10	3977	— The Irish mythical, not represented in art	9	3665
— <i>The Echo, by</i>	10	3983	Heroic Cycle, The	2	xi
Hazlett on George Far- quhar	3	1164	— <i>Deception, An</i>	4	1512
— on R. B. Sheridan	8	3070	Heron on 'The Arabian Nights'	2	406
"He dies to-day," said the heartless judge	CAMPION ... 2	463	Herschel, Sir John, on evolution	5	1787
He found his work, but far behind	LECKY 5	1913	'Herself'	1	98
He grasped his ponder- ous hammer	JOYCE 5	1741	— and <i>Myself</i>	6	2125
He planted an oak	LECKY 5	1926	'Hesperia'	9	3596
'He said that he was not our brother'	BANIM 1	58	<i>Hesperus and Phosphor,</i> <i>The Planet Venus</i>	2	601
He that goes to bed, and goes to bed sober	3	997	Hi Fianna, The	6	2232
He that is down is trampled (Irish prov- erb)	10	3901	Hibernian Tales, The	3	xx
Head-dress, Ancient	9	3495	— Tales, a Chap- book (fairy and folk lore)	4	1136
Healings by Brigit	8	3251, 3255	HIGGINS, MATTHEW JAMES	4	1572
Heartst thou over the Fortress	ALLINGHAM. 1	17	High Church Ritualists and Irish Roman- ists, Disraeli al- leges conspiracy between	6	2158
Heartiness of Irish hu- mor	6	viii	— Kings of Ireland, The	2	xli
<i>Heather, Among the</i>	ALLINGHAM. 1	16	— upon the gallows tree	9	3339
— Field, The'	MARTIN ... 6	2385	'Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Stage, An'	6	2346
Hedge-school, The	1	34; 4 1283	— <i>Character of Na- poleon, An</i>	8	2888
Hedgehogs, Supersti- tions about	9	3680	— Essay on the Dress of the An- cient and Mod- ern Irish'	9	3493
Heine, H., on Ireland	8	xxi	— Map of Ireland	9	3708
<i>Hélas</i>	WILDE ... 9	3595	— Society, the founda- tion of Irish eloquence	7	x
Helen	9	3660	History.		
'Hell-fire Club,' The	5	1916, 1917	— <i>Women in Ireland in Penal Days</i>	1	28
Hemans, Mrs., A Keen by	9	3646	— <i>Lynch law on Vin- egar Hill</i>	1	77
Henley, W. E., on Os- car Wilde	9	3571	— <i>A Nation's History</i>	1	398
Hennesys, The	3	941	— <i>Capture of Hugh Roe O'Donnell</i>	2	632
Henry II. and the con- quest of Ireland	9	viii			
— VII., Extract from a daily expense- book of	6	2347			
— VIII., Ireland un- der	7	2742			
— King, declared head of Church	9	3390			
— Policy of, to- ward Ireland	9	ix			
— Patrick	6	2114			

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
History.			'History of England'..	LECKY	5 1914
— <i>Escape of Hugh Roe</i>	CONNELLAN..	2 635	'— of Ireland, Criti- cal and Philo- sophical'	O'GRADY ..	7 2752
— <i>Guillotine in France</i>	CROKER ...	2 676	'— A Literary'	HYDE	4 1605
— <i>Repealers in Pris- on and Out</i>	DAUNT	3 811		1610, 1613, 1618	
— <i>England in Shakes- peare's Youth</i>	DOWDEN ...	3 869	'— as told in her Ruins'	BURKE	1 398
— <i>Books of Courtesy in the Fifteenth Century</i>	GREEN	4 1417	— of my Horse Sal- adin, The	BROWNE ...	1 323
— <i>Scene in the Irish Famine</i>	HIGGINS ...	4 1573	'— of Our Own Times, A'	MCCARTHY..	6 2148
— <i>Death of St. Col- umcille</i>	HYDE	4 1618	'— of the City of Dublin'	GILBERT ...	4 1258
— <i>Splendors of Tara</i>	HYDE	4 1610	'— of the Guillotine, The'	CROKER ...	2 676
— <i>Food, Dress, and Daily Life in An- cient Ireland</i>	JOYCE	5 1735	'— of the Illustrious Women of Erin'		1 32
— <i>Scenes in the In- surrection of 1798</i>	LEADBEATER.	5 1886	— of the Lombards, Irish version of the		7 2672
— <i>Dublin in the Eigh- teenth Century</i>	LECKY	5 1914	— Relation of myths and legends to		1 vi.
— <i>Beginnings of Home Rule</i>	MCCARTHY..	6 2174	'— Two Centuries of Irish'	BRUCE	1 346
— <i>The Irish Church</i>	MCCARTHY..	6 2148	Hitchinson, Francis, duel with Lord Mountmorris		1 143
— <i>An Outline of Irish History</i>	MCCARTHY..	6 2174	Hobart, Major (dinner party)		1 134
— <i>The Early Stage</i>	MALONE ...	6 2346	Hoche, General		9 3419
— <i>Picture of Ulster</i>	MACNEVIN..	6 2274	HOEY, MRS. CASHEL		4 1578
— <i>Irish in the War</i>	MAGUIRE ...	6 2321	— JOHN CASHEL		4 1588
— <i>Massacre at Drogh- eda</i>	MURPHY ...	7 2567	HOGAN, MICHAEL		4 1591
— <i>Capture of Wolfe Tone</i>	O'BRIEN ...	7 2604	— M. P.'	HARTLEY ...	4 1557
— <i>The First Boycott</i>	O'BRIEN ...	7 2611	Hogarth, view of life		3 871
— <i>Gladstone and the Great Home Rule Debate</i>	O'CONNOR..	7 2656	<i>Hold the Harvest</i>	PARNELL ...	7 2871
— <i>Druids and Druid- ism</i>	O'CURRY ...	7 2666	Holland, described in 'The Traveller'		4 1363
— <i>Old Books of Erin</i>	O'CURRY ...	7 2670	Holmes, Oliver Wendell, on Moore		7 2505
— <i>Idolatry of the Irish</i>	O'FLAHERTY.	7 2718	Holy was good St. Jo- seph		10 3807
— <i>Lia Fail; or Ja- cob's Stone</i>	O'FLAHERTY.	7 2717	— Well, The Dark		
— <i>Tried by his Peers</i>	O'FLANAGAN.	7 2723	<i>Girl by the</i>	KEEGAN ...	5 1766
— <i>Pacata Hibernia</i>	O'GRADY ...	7 2740	Hollywood		6 2113
— <i>Patrick Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan</i>	ONAHAN ...	7 2814	Home manufactures in Ireland		9 3363
— <i>Shane the Proud</i>	O'SHEA ...	10 3843	— Swift on		9 3416
— <i>Story of Grana- uille</i>	OTWAY	7 2856	— market, O'Connell on the		7 2647
— <i>Clearing of Galway</i>	PRENDERGAST	8 2913	— Rule Association, The		9 xi
— <i>Batakava</i>	RUSSELL ...	8 3008	— Bill (the second) 1893		9 xi
— <i>Marriage of Flor- ence MacCarthy</i>			— Debate, Glad- stone and the Great	O'CONNOR ..	7 2656
— <i>More</i>	SADLER ...	8 3018	— in Canada		6 2175
— <i>Sarsfield's Ride</i>	SULLIVAN ..	9 3323	— in the Australa- sian colonies		6 2175
— <i>A Century of Sub- jection</i>	TAYLOR ...	9 3390	— Isle of Man		6 2175
— <i>Interviews with Buonaparte</i>	TONE	9 3418	— United States		6 2176
— <i>Origin of the Irish</i>	WARE	9 3547	— Gladstone and		9 xi
— <i>A Glance at Ire- land's History</i>	WELSH	9 vii	— Lady Gregory on		1 xvii
History and Biography.			— Redmond on		8 2929
— and Literature			— <i>Beginnings of</i>	MCCARTHY..	6 2174
'— Eighty-Five Years of Irish'	DAUNT	3 811	— <i>First Step to- wards</i>	RICHMOND..	8 2923
'— Lectures on Man- uscript Materials of Irish'	O'CURRY ...	7 2670	— vs. Local Self- Government		3 833
— Not only a record of War		4 vii	<i>Homeward Bound</i>	LOVER	5 2924
			<i>Honey Fair, The</i>	RHYS	8 2940
			Honey-sweet, sweet as honey	TYNAN- HINKSON.	9 3457

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Honor of the Irish people	7	2533	Hughes, Joseph	1	131
<i>Honor, An Affair of</i> ...CASTLE	2	578	Huguenot influence on	1	332
Hoods worn by Irish ladies	9	3498	Irish dress	9	3498
' <i>Hope, thou nurse of young desire</i> '	BICKERSTAFF	1 187	HULL, ELEANOR	4	1597
Hopper, Nora	See CHESSON.		— Work of, for Celtic literature	2	xviii
Horneck, Mary (The Jessamy Bride)	4	1301	Humor, American	1	332
<i>Horned Women, The</i> ...WILDE	9	3558	— Conviviality in	6	x
Horse, St. Columcille's.	2	xvii; 4	— Ferocity in	6	ix
Horse-dealing in Ireland	8	3182	— Greek and Irish, compared	1	viii
Horsemanship	8	2935	— Heartiness of Irish	6	viii
Horse racing in Ireland	8	3166	— Imaginative character of Irish	6	viii
Hose, Gentlemen's	9	3498	— In Iceland	3	943
— in ancient times	7	2496	— In Anglo-Irish literature	6	xii, xiii
Hospitality	5	1724, 1736	— Irish	3	1114
— in Ireland	1	29, 33	— sense of	8	xvi
— of <i>Cuanna's House, The</i> . From the Irish	CONNELLAN.	2 629	— wit and, D. J. O'Donoghue on	6	vii
<i>Host of the Air, The</i> ...YEATS	9	3701	— Merriment in	6	ix
Hostelries, Ancient	5	1736	— Theories of	6	x
Hosting of the <i>Sidhe, The</i>	YEATS	9 3707	— of <i>Shakespeare, The</i>	DOWDEN	3 870
Hotel life in Ireland	8	xx	— Pathos of	6	viii
Hotels, Dr. Magee on	8	xxi	— Political	6	ix
'Hours of Exercise in the Alps'	TYNDALL	9 3478	— Prevalence of	6	x
'House by the Churchyard, The'	LE FANU	5 1934	— Sources of	6	ix
— spirits described	3	xx	— See <i>The Sunniness of Irish Life</i> .		
Household occupations	1	35	Humorists, The Irish. See <i>Irish Wit and Humor</i> , D. J. O'Donoghue.		
Houses, Ancient, in Ireland	4	1613	Humorous Poems.		
<i>How Covetousness Came into the Church</i> (folk song)	HYDE	10 3823	— <i>The French Revolution</i>	BARRY	1 151
— dimmed is the glory	CALLANAN.	2 443	— <i>Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder</i>	CANNING	2 467
— <i>Finnachta Became Rich</i>	O'DONOVAN.	7 2708	— <i>Song</i>	CANNING	2 466
— happy is the sailor's life	BICKERSTAFF	1 186	— <i>The Sprig of Shillelagh</i>	CODE	2 607
— <i>Ireland Lost Her Parliament</i>	MCCARTHY.	6 2161	— <i>Monks of the Screiv</i>	CURRAN	2 797
— 'IRISH LITERATURE' was made	2	xxiii	— <i>Bumpers, Squire Jones</i>	DAWSON	3 841
— justly alarmed is each Dublin cit.	LYSAGHT.	6 2107	— <i>Katey's Letter</i>	DUFFERIN	3 935
— <i>Long Has it Been Said</i>	RAFTERY	10 3923	— <i>Elegy on Madam Blaise</i>	GOLDSMITH.	4 1382
— <i>Myles Murphy got his Ponies out of the Pound</i>	GRIFFIN	4 1483	— <i>Extracts from 'Retallation'</i>	GOLDSMITH.	4 1380
— 'sad is my case.' Irish Rann	HYDE	10 3835	— <i>Haunch of Venison</i>	GOLDSMITH.	4 1377
— shall we bury him?	ALEXANDER.	1 10	— <i>Father O'Flynn</i>	GRAVES	4 1412
— <i>the Anglo-Irish Problem Could be Solved</i>	DAVITT	3 832	— <i>Paddy MacCarthy</i>	HOGAN	4 1594
— <i>to Become a Poet</i> . FAHY	3	1124	— <i>An Irish Thing in Rhyme</i>	KEELING	5 1772
— <i>get on in the World</i>	MACKLIN	6 2237	— <i>Why Are You Wandering Here?</i>	KENNEY	5 1807
— <i>govern Ireland</i> . DE VERE	3	854	— <i>Good Luck to the Friars of Old</i>	LEVER	5 1958
Howth and Killiney	6	2132	— <i>The Man for Galway</i>	LEVER	5 1975
— scenery around	7	2652	— <i>Larry McHale</i>	LEVER	5 2001
Hudden, Dudden, and Donald	3	xxi, 1147	— <i>The Pope He Leads a Happy Life</i>	LEVER	5 2002
Hugh O'Neill	4	1530	— <i>The Widow Malone</i>	LEVER	5 1999
— <i>Roe O'Donnell, Capture of</i>	CONNELLAN.	2 632	— <i>Barney O'Hea</i>	LOVER	6 2080
— <i>The Escape of</i>	CONNELLAN.	2 635	— <i>I'm Not Myself at All</i>	LOVER	6 2083
			— <i>The Low-Backed Car</i>	LOVER	6 2079
			— <i>Molly Carew</i>	LOVER	6 2076

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Humorous Poems.			Humorous Prose.		
— Rory O'More	LOVER	6 2084	— The Thrush and the Blackbird . . .	KICKHAM	5 1824
— The Whistlin' Thief	LOVER	6 2081	— The Quare Gander . .	LE FANU	5 1920
— Widow Machree . . .	LOVER	6 2078	— Dinner Party Broken Up	LEVER	5 1972
— A Prospect	LYSAGHT	6 2107	— Major Bob Mahon's Hospitality . . .	LEVER	5 1964
— Herself and Myself	MCCALL	6 2125	— Monks of the Screiv	LEVER	5 1953
— Groves of Blarney . .	MILLIKEN	6 2439	— My First Day in Trinity	LEVER	5 1986
— Orator Puff	MOORE	7 2541	— My Last Night in Trinity	LEVER	5 1990
— Humors of Donnybrook Fair	O'FLAHERTY	7 2713	— Othello at Drill . . .	LEVER	5 1979
— Friar of Orders Gray	O'KEEFFE	7 2778	— Barney O'Reirdon . .	LOVER	5 2008
— Curse of Doneraile .	O'KELLY	7 2779	— The Gridiron	LOVER	5 2063
— The V-A-S-E	ROCHE	8 2966	— King O'Toole and St. Kevin	LOVER	5 2046
— Kitty of Coleraine	SHANLY	8 3032	— New Potatoes . . .	LOVER	6 2071
— The Legend of Stiffenbach	WILLIAMS	9 3610	— Paddy the Piper . . .	LOVER	5 2055
— Brian O'Linn	ANONYMOUS	8 3273	— Fionn MacCumhail and the Princess . . .	MCCALL	6 2117
— Garrypoey	ANONYMOUS	8 3283	— Nathaniel P. Cramp	MCCARTHY	6 2134
— Lanigan's Ball . . .	ANONYMOUS	8 3293	— Love-Making in Ireland	MACDONAGH	6 2193
— Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye	ANONYMOUS	8 3290	— Jim Walsh's Tin Box	MACINTOSH	6 2233
Humorous and Satirical Prose.			— Macklin, Anecdotes of		6 2241
— Modern Mediavalism	BARRETT	1 120	— Why T'omas Dubh Walked	MACMANUS	6 2254
— Montmorenci and Cherubina	BARRETT	1 123	— O'Connell and Biddy Moriarty . . .	MADDEN	6 2281
— The Seven Baronnets	BARRINGTON	1 129	— Bob Burke's Duel . .	MAGINN	6 2303
— The Cow Charmer . .	BOYLE	1 264	— Daniel O'Rourke . .	MAGINN	6 2313
— The Rival Swains . .	BULLOCK	1 360	— Rogueries of Tom Moore	MAHONY	6 2337
— Burke, Wise and Witty Sayings of		1 396	— The Captain's Story	MAXWELL	6 2400
— Condy Cullen and the Gauger	CARLETON	2 541	— A Letter from Galway	MAXWELL	6 2412
— Biddy Brady's Banshee	CASEY	2 565	— Loan of a Congregation	MAXWELL	6 2411
— An Affair of Honor	CASTLE	2 576	— A Goody Company	MOORE	7 2468
— A Blast	CROTTY	2 758	— O'Rory Converses with the Quality	MORGAN	7 2549
— Curran's Witticisms, Some of		2 798	— O'Connell, Some Anecdotes of		7 2651
— Guide to Ignorance	DOWLING	3 881	— Paddy Fret, the Priest's Boy	O'DONNELL	7 2678
— On Dublin Castle . .	DOWLING	3 887	— Father O'Leary, Anecdotes of		7 2793
— Portlaw to Paradise	DOWNEY	3 891	— Her Majesty the King	ROCHE	8 2959
— King John and the Mayor	DOWNEY	2 900	— Sheridan, Bons Mots of		8 3119
— Raleigh in Munster	DOWNEY	3 909	— Lisheen Races, Second-Hand . . .	SOMERVILLE	8 3166
— An Icelandic Dinner	DUFFERIN	3 942	— Trinket's Colt . . .	SOMERVILLE	8 3182
— Originality of Irish Bulls Examined . . .	EDGEWORTH	3 1055	— Sterne, Some Bons Mots of		8 3227
— Darby Doyle's Voyage to Quebec	ETTINGSALL	3 114	— Widow Wadman's Eye	STERNE	8 3211
— How to Become a Poet	FAHY	3 1124	— Rackrenters on the Stump	SULLIVAN	9 3333
— First Lord Liffinant	FRENCH	3 1233	— Gulliver among the Giants	SWIFT	9 3354
— Advice to the Ladies	GOLDSMITH	4 1322	— Gulliver among the Pigmies . . .	SWIFT	9 3346
— Beau Tibbs	GOLDSMITH	4 1326	— 'Humors of Donegal' .	MACMANUS	6 2254
— Love of Freaks . . .	GOLDSMITH	4 1334	— of Donnybrook Fair .	O'FLAHERTY	7 2713
— Love of Quack Medicines	GOLDSMITH	4 1343	— Humphrey attacked by Lord Santry		7 2723
— 'We'll See About It'	HALL	4 1534			
— An Extraordinary Phenomenon	IRWIN	5 1669			
— Poet and Publisher	JOHNSTONE	5 1709			
— An Irish Thing in Prose	KEELING	5 1771			

	VOL. PAGE	I.	VOL. PAGE
Hunchback Quasimodo,		I am a friar of orders	
Hugo's description of.....	6 2343	gray.....	O'KEEFFE .. 7 2778
<i>Hunt, The</i>	LEVER .. 5 1995	— a wand'ring min-	
Hunting, Irish love of.....	8 xiii	— strel man.....	WALSH ... 9 3503
Hunting Song.....	4 1490	— desolate.....	SIGERSON .. 8 3137
— Tom Moody.....	CHERRY ... 2 588	— <i>God's Martin</i> ,	
<i>Huntsman, The Death</i>		(Irish Rann).....	HYDE10 3841
of the.....	GRIFFIN ... 4 1489	— the tender voice,	RUSSELL .. 8 2999
Hush! hear you how		— bind myself to day	
the night wind.....	STREET BAL-	to a strong vir-	
	LAD 8 3295	tue.....	STOKES ... 8 3244
Hutchinson, Hely, duel		— <i>do not love thee!</i>	NORTON ... 7 2589
with Doyle.....	1 143	— drink to the	
Huxley, Professor T. H.,		Graces, Law,	
on the origin of		Physic, Divinity, LEVER 5 1993	
life.....	4 1785	— found in Innisfail	
— on Bishop Berke-		the fair.....	MANGAN ... 6 2375
ley.....	1 1734	— <i>give my heart to</i>	
Huzza for McDonnell,		<i>thee</i>	O'GRADY ... 7 2760
Dunluce is our own.....	7 2856	— go to knit two	
<i>Hy-Brasail; The Isle of</i>		clans together.....	DE VERE .. 3 860
<i>the Brest</i> (see also		— grieve when I	
<i>I-Breasail</i>).....	4 1510	think.....	HOGAN ... 5 1593
HYDE, DOUGLAS (por-		— groan as I put out, TYNAN-	
trait).....	4 1603		HINKSON. 9 3458
— M. F. Egan on.....	5 vii	— <i>hate a castle on</i>	
— on antiquity of		<i>bog land built</i> ,	
Irish litera-		(Irish Rann).....	HYDE10 3839
ture.....	3 xvii	— <i>hate poor hounds</i>	
— early Irish lit-		<i>about a house</i> ,	
erature.....	2 vii	(Irish Rann).....	HYDE10 3839
— Kennedy's col-		— heard a distant	
lection of folk		clarion blare.....	ARMSTRONG. 1 25
tales.....	5 1789	— the dogs howl in	
— Eugene O'Curry.....	7 2663	the moonlight	
— J. O'Donovan and		night.....	ALLINGHAM. 1 21
<i>'The Annals</i>		— hope and pray	
<i>of the Four</i>		that none may	
<i>Masters</i>	7 2705	kill me'.....	HYDE10 3833
— Mrs. Clement		— <i>knew by the</i>	
Shorter's verse.....	8 3126	<i>smoke</i>	MOORE ... 7 2529
— Dr. Sigerson's		— know a lake.....	O'BRIEN ... 7 2602
poetry.....	8 3132	— a maiden; she is	
— The plays of.....	10 xiii	dark and fair, O'DONNELL. 7 2687	
— <i>The Twisting of</i>		— what will hap-	
<i>the Rope</i>	10 3989	pen, sweet.....	SULLIVAN... 9 3340
— Work of, for Cel-		— who won the	
tic literature.....	2 xviii	peace of God.....	STOKES ... 8 3261
— W. B. Yeats on		— left two lovers.....	M'GEE ... 7 2224
translations of.....	3 xlv	— love you, and I	
Hy-Many, Connacht.....	7 2762	love you.....	FURLONG .. 4 1242
— The Tribes and		— loved a love—a	
Customs of'.....	7 2705	royal love.....	LEAMY ... 5 1910
<i>Hymn Before Tarah, St.</i>		— made another gar-	
<i>Patrick's. From</i>		den, yea.....	O'SHAUGH-
the Irish.....	MANGAN ... 6 2360		NESSY ... 7 2844
— <i>Called St. Pat-</i>		— met an ould cal-	
<i>rick's Breast-</i>		<i>lach</i>	SKRINE ... 8 3152
<i>plate, The</i>	STOKES ... 8 3244	— <i>Mind not being</i>	
— <i>to Contentment,</i>		<i>drunk, but then</i> ,	
<i>From</i>	PARNELL .. 7 2876	(Irish Rann).....	HYDE10 3833
Hymns.		— placed the silver	
— <i>There is a Green</i>		in her palm.....	CAREY ... 2 573
<i>Hill Far Away</i>	ALEXANDER. 1 3	— said my pleasure.....	RUSSELL .. 8 3001
— <i>Litany</i>	MONSELL .. 7 2465	— sat within the val-	
— <i>Soon and Forever</i>	MONSELL .. 7 2466	ley green.....	JOYCE 5 1746
— <i>Sound the Loud</i>		— saw the Master of	
<i>Timbrel</i>	MOORE ... 7 2537	the Sun.....	DE VERE .. 3 858
— <i>This World is All</i>		— sell the best brandy	
<i>a Fleeting Show</i>	MOORE ... 7 2538	and sherry.....	MAGRATH .10 4016
— <i>Thou Art, O God</i>	MOORE ... 7 2538	— <i>shall not die for</i>	
Hynes, Mary, and Raf-		<i>love of thee</i>	GRAVES ... 4 1414
tery.....	9 3667	— <i>Die for Thee</i>	HYDE 4 1656
Hyperbole in Irish lit-		— sit beside my dar-	
erature.....	2 xiii	ling's grave.....	O'LEARY ... 7 2796
'Hypocrite, The'.....	BICKERSTAFF 1 182		

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
I tell you an ancient story	GWYNN	4 1523	Imaal, The crags of	6 2267	
— thank the goodness and the grace		4 1610	Image of beauty, when I	RUSSELL	8 3000
— walked in the lone some evening	ALLINGHAM.	1 14	Imageries of dreams revealed	JOHNSON	4 1699
— want no lectures from a learned master	GRIFFIN	4 1382	'Imagination and Art in Gaelic Literature'	ROLLESTON.	8 2968
— watched last night the rising moon	KENEALY	5 1788	— <i>Scientific Limit of the</i>	TYNDALL	9 3471
— wear a shamrock in my heart	GILBERT	4 1279	— <i>Scientific use of the</i>		1 xvii
— will arise and go now	YEATS	9 3707	Imaginative character of Irish wit		6 viii
— would I were on yonder hill	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3315	— element in the Irish character		4 1287
I-Breasil (see also Hy-Brasall)	MACMANUS.	6 2268	Imogen, Shakespeare's love of		3 875
Ibsen and the Irish drama		10 xx	'Impeachment of Warren Hastings'	BURKE	1 383
Iceland, Manners and customs in		3 943	<i>Imperatrix, Ave</i>	WILDE	9 3588
<i>Icelandic Dinner, An.</i>	DUFFERIN	3 942	Imports and exports, Irish		9 3364
Icllius, the Roman lover of Virginia		5 1850	Impressionism		9 3582
I'd rock my own sweet childie	GRAVES	4 1411	Imtheacht na Tromd haimbe, The		2 629
— wed you without herds		3 1181	In a quiet watered land	ROLLESTON	8 2979
'Ideals in Ireland'	RUSSELL	8 2989	— a slumber visional	SIGERSON	8 3134
'Ideas of Good and Evil'	YEATS	9 3654, 3661	— <i>Defense of Charles Gavan Duffy</i>	WHITESIDE.	9 3550
<i>Idler in France, The.</i>	BLESSINGTON	1 212	— Egypt's land, contagious to the Nile		9 3685
<i>Idolatry of the Irish.</i>	O'FLAHERTY.	7 2718	— <i>Exile, Australia.</i>	ORR	7 2837
If I had thought thou couldst have died	WOLFE	9 3634	— France they called them <i>Troubadours</i>	LOVER	5 2007
— I'm the Faery fool, Dalua	CHESSON	2 593	— Ireland 't is evening	ORR	7 2840
— sadly thinking, with spirits sinking	CURRAN	2 796	— Pulchram Lactiferam	MAHONY	6 2340
— you go over desert and mountain	O'SHAUGHNESSY	7 2845	— <i>Saint Patrick's Ward</i>	BLUNDELL	1 215
'— hope to teach, you must be a fool' (Irish Rann)	HYDE	10 3833	— <i>September</i>	TODHUNTER.	9 3406
— searched the county o' Carlow	M'CALL	6 2122	— Siberia's wastes	MANGAN	6 2368
— would like to see FAHY		3 1132	— the airy whirling wheel	ROLLESTON.	8 2976
'Ignorant Essays'	DOWLING	3 881	— <i>The Engine-Shed.</i>	WILKINS	9 3600
Ikerrin		3 859	— 'the Gates of the North'	O'GRADY	7 2746
Ilbrec, son of Manannan		4 1449	— the gloomy ocean bed	ROCHE	8 2964
Illicit distilling	1 46; 2 541; 4 1456		— the gold vale of Limerick	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3310
Illuminated MSS., Ancient Irish		2 xx	— the heart of a German forest	ROLLESTON.	8 2977
— ornaments and initials (color plate)	4 1620; 8 Front		— the heart of high blue hills	FURLONG	4 1241
I'm a bold undaunted Irishman	STREET BAL-LAD	8 3275	— the Kingdom of Kerry'	CROKER	2 660
— left all alone like a stone	GRAVES	4 1414	— the town of Athy one Jeremy Langan	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3293
— <i>Not Myself at All.</i>	LOVER	6 2083	— the Valley of Shanganagh	MARTLEY	6 2382
— sittin' on the stile Mary	DUFFERIN	3 933	— the wet dusk silver sweet	RUSSELL	8 3003
— up and down and round about	SWIFT	9 3389	— 'Thoughtland and Dreamland'	KEELING	5 1769
— very happy where I am	BOUCICAULT.	1 257	— yonder well there lurks a spell	MAHONY	2 680
			Inchegelagh		3 114
			Inchy		4 1650

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
<i>Income-Tax, Speech in</i>		<i>Invasion, The Danish</i>	9 viii
<i>Opposition to Pitt's</i>		<i>Invasions, caused dis-</i>	
<i>First</i>SHERIDAN ..	8 3072	person of MSS.....	7 2670
<i>Independence, Declara-</i>		of Ireland.....	9 vii
<i>tion of American</i>	4 1665	<i>Inver Bay, My</i>MACMANUS..	6 2264
<i>India. See Warren</i>		Sceine.....	4 1484
Hastings.....	1 385	<i>Iona, The Abbacy of</i>	4 1618
<i>Indian Chief, Capture</i>		<i>Iona's ruined cloisters</i>	6 2226
of an.....REID ..	8 2935	<i>Iota</i>See CAPTAN ..	2 429
horsemanship.....	8 2935	<i>Ireland</i>GWYNN ..	4 1532
Tale, An.....	4 1323	A Literary History	
<i>India's diadems</i>	7 2511	of'.....HYDE ..	4 1603
<i>Individual ownership</i>		1610, 1613, 1618	
of land.....	7 2866	A Sorrowful La-	
<i>Individuality of Irish</i>		ment for.....GREGORY ..	4 1459
literature.....	2 xvii	Ancient Legends	
<i>Indo-European family,</i>		of'.....WILDE ..	9 3557
Irish part of an.....	3 xvii	3561, 3566	
<i>Industries, Irish</i>	9 3362	and the Arts.....YEATS ..	9 3661
<i>Infanticide in ancient</i>		Annals of'.....O'DONOVAN ..	7 2706
Greece.....	6 2332	2708, 2709	
<i>Influence of Irish learn-</i>		Antiquity of.....	1 399
ing and art.....	4 1599	Cromwell in.....MURPHY ..	7 2567
the Irish Lan-		Fair Hills of.....FERGUSON ..	3 1185
guage, The'..O'BRIEN ..	7 2614	Food, Dress and	
INGRAM, JOHN KELLS.....	4 1659	Daily Life in An-	
<i>Inheritance</i>RUSSELL ..	8 3002	cient.....JOYCE ..	5 1735
<i>Inis Fail, the Isle of</i>		her own or the	
Destiny.....	2 443; 5 1708	world in a blaze.....	8 3067
<i>Inisfall</i>	5 1745	Historic and Pic-	
Aldfrid's Itinerary		turesque'.....JOHNSTON ..	5 1702
in.....	6 2375	How to Govern'..DE VERE ..	3 854
See Ode written on		in 1720, Essay on	
Leaving Ireland		the State of'..TONE ..	9 3415
and Ways of		in 1727, A Short	
War.....	5 1875	View of'.....SWIFT ..	9 3302
<i>Inisfallen</i>	5 1875	in 1798, The State	
Killarney (half-		of'.....TONE ..	9 3421
tone engraving).....	8 3020	in Penal Days,	
ruined abbey at.....	8 3020	Women in.....ATKINSON ..	1 28
The beauty of.....	5 1875	in Summer (half-	
<i>Inishmaan</i>	5 1884	tone engraving).....	5 1703
<i>Inismore, The Prince of</i> ..MORGAN ..	7 2543	in the New Cen-	
<i>Injustice of Disqualifi-</i>		tury'.....PLUNKETT ..	8 2908
cation of Catholics,		in the Past Gen-	
of the.....GRATTAN ..	4 1405	eration, Revela-	
<i>Innisboffin, Island of</i>	4 1266	tions of'.....MADDEN ..	6 2281
<i>Inniscarra</i>BUCKLEY ..	1 351	JOHN, ARCH-	
<i>Innisdoyle</i>	2 758	BISHOP (portrait).....	5 1662
<i>Innisfree, The Lake Isle</i>		Justice for'.....O'CONNELL ..	7 2641
of'.....YEATS ..	9 3707	Letters on the	
<i>Innishowen</i>DUFFY ..	3 961	State of'.....DOYLE ..	3 919
<i>Innistull</i>	2 632	Love-making in'..MACDONAGH ..	6 2193
<i>Inny (river), The</i>	2 573, 575	Meeting, A Young..MACCARTHY ..	6 2180
<i>Inscription</i>ALEXANDER ..	1 8	No Snakes in'....O'KEEFE ..	7 2771
<i>Inscriptions (Petrie's</i>		of His Day, The..FERGUSON ..	3 1170
Christian cited).....	9 3684	oh Ireland! cen-	
<i>Insularity of the Greeks</i>	6 2332	ter of my long-	
<i>Insurrection of Tyrone</i>		ings.....GWYNN ..	4 1532
and Desmond, The.....	7 2862	On the Policy for..MEAGHER ..	6 2415
<i>Intellectual achievement</i>		St. Patrick, Apos-	
and moral force.....	9 2468	tle of'.....TODD ..	9 3400
awakening caused		Sixty Years Ago..WALSH ..	9 3513
by The Nation.....	9 xi	Sketches in'....OTWAY ..	7 2848
<i>Intermarriage of Irish</i>		2853	
and English prohib-		The Cromwellian	
ited.....	9 ix	Settlement of'..PRENDER-	
<i>Interpretation of Lite-</i>		GAST ..	8 2913
rature, The.....DOWDEN ..	3 866	The Glory of'....MEAGHER ..	6 2420
Interview between Flon		The National Mu-	
Ma Cubhall and Can-		sic of'.....BURKE ..	2 400
nan'.....	9 3494	The Northmen in..STOKES ..	8 3238
<i>Interviews with Buona-</i>		The Pillar Towers	
parte.....TONE ..	9 3418	of'.....MACCARTHY ..	6 2130
<i>Into the Twilight</i>YEATS ..	9 3705	The Story of'....SULLIVAN ..	9 3323

	VOL.	PAGE
'Ireland, The Whole Works of Sir James Ware Concerning'	WARE	9 3544
— To	3546, 3547	
— 'Traces of the Elder Faiths of' ..	WILDE	9 3573
— 'Visible and Invisible'	WOOD-MARTIN	9 3640
N. B. The foregoing are the titles in which the word "Ireland" occurs: to index all references to Ireland would have taken too much space and is scarcely necessary.		
'Ireland's Cause in England's Parliament'	JOHNSTON	5 1702
— 'Influence on European Literature' ..	MC CARTHY	6 2161
— 'Part in English Achievement' ..	SIGERSON	4 vii
— 'Wrongs, Carlyle on'	SHEIL	8 3057
Iris Olkryn	See MILLIGAN.	
'Irish, A Plea for the Study of'	O'BRIEN	7 2614
— 'Antiquities, Hand book of'	WAKEMAN and COOKE.	9 3482
— 'As a Spoken Language'	HYDE	4 1603
— 'Astronomy'	HALPINE	4 1540
— 'Bar, The'	O'FLANAGAN.	7 2723
— Bear, An		2728
— Borough Franchise Bill, The		7 2794
— Bulls Examined, Originality of ..		6 2176
— 'Celts, Legendary Fictions of the' ..	EDGEWORTH.	3 1055
— 'Chiefs, The'	KENNEDY	5 1796
— Church, The	1799, 1801, 1803	
— Confederation, The ..	DUFFY	3 959
— contingent of Louis XV., The ..	MC CARTHY	6 2148
— Cry, The		6 2419
— Domsday Book, ..		7 2815
— Dress of the Ancient	WILSON	9 3617
— Ecclesiastical Remains, Ancient ..		7 2705
— Emigrant in America, Song of the ..	WALKER	9 3493
— Lament of the ..	PETRIE	8 2880
— Exile, The	FITZSIMON.	3 1206
— Fairy and Folk Tales	DUFFERIN	3 933
— 'Famine, A Scene in the'	MAC DERMOTT	6 2189
— Farmer in Contemplation, The (color plate) ..	WELSH	3 xvii
— Felon, The'	LEAMY	5 1899
— Fisheries Bill, The ..		
— Folk Tales'	HIGGINS	4 1573
— See Irish Fairy Tales.		
— Gentry and their Retainers	LALOR	5 1855
		5 1856
	LARMINIE	5 1866
	BARRINGTON.	1 138

	VOL.	PAGE
Irish Grandmother, The.	STREET BAL-LAD	8 3288
'— History, An Outline of'	MC CARTHY.	6 2174
— 'Eighty-Five Years of'		2179
— 'Lectures on Manuscript Materials of' ..	DAUNT	3 811
— House of Commons, October, 1783	O'CURRY	7 2670
— 'Ideas'	O'BRIEN	4 1400
— 'Idylls'	BARLOW	7 2617
— 'in America, The' ..	MAGUIRE	1 98
— 'in America, The' ..	O'BRIEN	6 2321
— 'in the War, The' ..	MAGUIRE	7 2617
— 'Intellect, The'	GILES	6 2321
— Land Bill of 1876 ..		4 1280
— Language of the Ancient	WARE	6 2177
— prohibited		9 3544
— 'Life, The Sunniness of'		9 ix
— Literature, Characteristics of		8 viii
— wrongly classed as English		2 xviii
— Continuity of ..		2 xviii
— England's indebtedness to		2 xviii
— Individuality of ..		2 xviii
— National spirit in		2 xviii
— Racial flavor of, (special article) ..	MC CARTHY.	1 vii
— Love Song, An ..	FURLONG	4 1242
— Lullaby	GRAVES	4 1411
— Manuscripts. (See Ancient Irish Manuscripts.)		
— 'Melodies,' Moore's		6 2337
— 'Ministrelsy, Hardiman's'		4 1251
— 'Misdeeds, English Misrule and' ..	DE VERE	3 854
— Mistake, An ..	READ	8 2918
— Molly O	FAHY	3 1133
— Molly O	STREET BAL-LAD	8 3288
— Municipal Franchise Bill, The ..		6 2176
— Privileges Bill ..		6 2176
— Music	PETRIE	1 401
— Musical Genius, An		8 2885
— Novels	O'DONOGHUE	7 2690
— Parliament, Independence of ..	EGAN	5 vii
— Speech in ..		9 x
— Patriot, The Ambition of the ..		3 1212, 1217
— Peasant to his Mistress, The ..	PHILLIPS	8 2892
— Justin McCarthy on Moore's ..	MOORE	7 2536
— People and the Irish Land ..		6 2148
— The'	BUTT	2 427
— not represented by the Irish Parliament ..		6 2162
— Prose'		10 3959
— question an American question ..		9 3329

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Irish railways, The bill for purchase of	6 2176	It was the fairy of the place	RUSSELL .. 8 3002
— <i>Rapparees, The</i>	DUFFY 3 957	— very early in the spring	STREET BAL- LAD 8 3278
— <i>Reaper's Harvest Hymn, The</i>	KEEGAN ... 5 1765	<i>Italian Gesticulation</i> ..	WISEMAN .. 9 3627
— Registration of Voters Bill, The	6 2176	Italy described in Gold- smith's <i>The Travel- ler</i>	4 1359
— Rights, Declara- tion of	GRATTAN .. 4 1387	It's a lonely road through bog-land ...	RUSSELL .. 8 2997
— Romanists and Rit- ualists, Disraeli alleges conspir- acy between	6 2158	— 'To mix-without- fault' (Irish Rann)	HYDE 10 3835
— scholars in Europe	9 3395	Its edges foamed with amethyst	RUSSELL .. 8 3004
— <i>School of Oratory, The</i>	TAYLOR ... 7 vii	Ivara	2 439
— Sketch Book, <i>Thackeray's</i> (quoted)	3 xxi	<i>Ivor, Lament for King</i> ..	STOKES ... 8 3260
— <i>Spinning Wheel, The</i>	GRAVES ... 4 1410		
— State Church, Gladstone on	6 2156	J.	
— Surnames of the Ancient	WARE 9 3546	J. J. W.	See JOHN WALSH.
— Idolatry of the ..	O'FLAHERTY. 7 2718	J. W.	See JOHN WALSH.
— <i>The Origin of the</i> ..	WARE 4 3547	J. K. L.	See DOYLE.
— <i>Thing in Prose, An</i> ..	KEELING ... 5 1771	'Jack Hinton'	LEVER. 5 1952, 1964
— in Rhyme, <i>An</i> ..	KEELING ... 5 1772	Jackets, Women's	9 3495
— Wit and Humor ...	O'DONOGHUE ... 6 vii	Jackson, Andrew, of the Ship Castledown	6 2114
— Wits and Wor- thles'	FITZPATRICK 3 1199	Jacob Omnium	See HIGGINS.
— LITERATURE, Ob- jects of, defined	1 xiv	Jacobinism	2 443
— See N. B. at end of Ireland, ante.		Jacobite cause, The	9 3445
Irish-Australians	7 2618	<i>Jacob's Stone</i> (half-tone engraving)	O'FLAHERTY. 7 2717
<i>Irishman, The</i>	ORR 7 2839	'Jail Journal, John Mitchell's'	MITCHEL .. 6 2444
<i>Irishman's Farewell to his Country</i>	STREET BAL- LAD 8 3287	James II., Curran on	2 780, 789
<i>Irishmen as Rulers, On</i> ..	DUFFERIN .. 3 938	— and Ireland	9 ix
— In Foreign Ser- vice, Eminent! ..	ONAHAN ... 7 2814	— Memoirs of (cited) ..	9 3324
Irreverent Milton! bold I deem	MULLANEY .. 7 2561	— Sarsfield's loyalty to	7 2817
Irony. See Humor.		JAMESON, MRS.	5 1678
— of Dean Swift	6 xli	<i>Jamie Freel and the Young Lady</i>	MACLINTOCK 6 2242
IRWIN, THOMAS CAUL- FIELD	5 1668	<i>Jane: A Sketch from Dublin Life</i>	COSTELLO .. 2 1640
Is he then gone?	BROOKE ... 1 288	— Grey, Execution of Lady	3 851
— It thus: O Shame, ..	SAVAGE ... 8 3024	<i>Janus</i>	RUSSELL .. 8 3000
— thy will that I should war and wane	WILDE 9 3592	Japhet, Ireland de- scended from	9 3548
— there one desires to hear	LARMINIE .. 5 1875	<i>Jarvey</i> (comic paper) ..	6 x
<i>Island Fisherman, An</i> ..	TYNAN- HINKSON. 9 3458	Jaunting-car (half-tone engraving)	2 788
— of Atlantis, <i>The</i> ..	CROLY 2 749	Jephson's anecdote of Faulkner	4 1262
— of Saints and Scholars	9 viii	Jeffers, Lady	6 2440
— Ireland the	1 xvii; 2 vii	Jefferson, J., as Bob Acres (portrait) ..	8 3088
Islandbridge	7 2694	<i>Jenny from Ballinasloe</i> ..	STREET BAL- LAD 8 3285
'Isle in the Water, An', HINKSON. 9 3444		Jeremy Diddler (char- acter in 'Raising the Wind')	5 1805
— of the Blest, <i>The</i> ..	GRIFFIN ... 4 1510	Jerrold, B., on 'Father Prout'	6 2336
It is far and it is far ..	MILLIGAN .. 6 2438	'Jessamy Bride, The' ..	MOORE 7 2468
— not beauty I de- mand	DARLEY ... 2 807	— (Mary Horneck)	4 1301
— not travel makes the man	FLECKNOE .. 3 1209	JESSOP, GEORGE H.	5 1688
— was long past the noon	SAVAGE-ARM- STRONG .. 8 3028	'Jesukin'	SIGERSON .. 8 3141
— on the Mount Cithæron	WILKINS .. 9 3604	<i>Jim Walsh's Tin Bow</i> ..	MACINTOSH. 6 2233
		Jocelyn, Robert	7 2724
		<i>John O'Dwyer of the Glen</i>	FURLONG .. 4 1247
		— of the Two Sheep ..	HYDE 4 1631
		<i>Johnneen</i>	SKRINE 8 3154

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
<i>Johnny, I Hardly Knew</i>		Kauffmann, Angelica,	
Ye	STREET BAL-	The Art of	7 2473
	LAD	KAVANAGH, ROSE	5 1752
JOHNSON, LIONEL	8 3230	<i>Keatsage, The</i>	8 2904
— and the Rhy-		KEARY, ANNIE	5 1755
mers' Club	5 1693	KEATING, GEOFFREY (bi-	
— on W. Alling-		ography)	10 4012
ham's verse	1 11	— P. S. Dineen on	10 3959
— on J. C. Man-		Keating's cave in Aher-	
gan	6 2351	low Glen	7 2615
— W. B. Yeats on	3 xiii	Keats, Celtic influence	
— Dr. S., and Mack-		on	9 3655
lin	6 2241	KEEGAN, JOHN	5 1762
— on E. Burke	1 369	KEELING, ELSA D'Es-	
— on Sir John Den-		TERRE	5 1769
ham	3 849	Keenan, Sir Patrick	4 1605
— on Ireland's		<i>Keening and Wake</i>	WOOD MAR-
learning	1 xvii	TIN	9 3640
— on the Earl of		— of the <i>Three Marys</i>	
Roscommon	8 2981	(folk song)	HYDE
— on 'The Tem-		KEIGHTLEY, SAMUEL	10 3789
pest'	2 407	— ROBERT	5 1774
— See <i>A Goodly Com-</i>		— M. F. Egan on	5 xiii
<i>pany and The</i>		Kelkar, Son of Uther	7 2759
<i>Haunch of Vent-</i>		Kells	5 1738
<i>son.</i>		— Book of	5 1737; 7 2671
Johnson's Dictionary	7 2479	— (color plate)	9 Front
Johnston, Anna. See MACMANUS.		— Crosses at	9 3485
— CHARLES	5 1702	Kelly, Eva Mary	See O'DOHERTY.
JOHNSTONE, CHARLES	5 1709	— HUGH	5 1781
Jonathan Freke		— D. J. O'Dono-	
Slingsby	See WALLER.	ghue on wit of	6 xiii
Jones, Mr. Bence, Boy-		— Goldsmith on	4 1381
cotting of	7 2613	— Margaret	9 3503
Jordan, Mrs.	5 1920	— the Fenian leader,	
Jordan's Banks	7 2517	Rescue of	7 2607
Josephus on the dis-		KELVIN, LORD (SIR WIL-	
persal after Babel	9 3548	LIAM THOMPSON)	5 1783
<i>Journal of a Lady of</i>		Kenealy, Dr., D. J.	
<i>Fashion</i>	BLESSING-	O'Donoghue on	
	TON	wit of	6 xiv
— to Stella, The	9 3378	— WILLIAM	5 1788
<i>Journey in Disguise</i> , A. BURTON	2 408	Kenmare, Rincunli's	
<i>Journeys End in Lovers</i>		journey from	1 32
<i>Meeting</i>	KICKHAM	KENNEDY, PATRICK	5 1789
'Jove's Poet'	See MOORE.	Kennedys, The	3 941
Joy! Joy! the day is		KENNEY, JAMES	5 1805
come at last	DUFFY	— D. J. O'Donoghue	
JOYCE, PATRICK WES-		on wit of	6 xiii
TON (portrait)	5 1713, 1730	Kensington and Rane-	
— ROBERT DWYER	5 1741	lagh Gardens	1 165
Judge's Bill, The	4 1395	<i>Keogh, Anecdotes of</i>	FITZPATRICK 3 1199
July the first of a		— Jemmy	1 145
morning clear	STREET BAL-	KERNAHAN, COULSON	
	LAD	(portrait)	5 1809
Junlus, the Letters of	8 3271	Kerry "a fit cradle for	
Jupiter's moons	3 1226	O'Connell"	4 1588
Jupiter's moons	1 38	— Ancient families	
Just after the war, in		of	4 1590
the year	LE FANU	— <i>Dance, The</i>	MOLLOY
<i>Justice for Ireland</i>	O'CONNELL	'In the Kingdom	
		of	CROKER
		Number of Irish	
		words used in	4 1607
		— The Knight of	4 1590
		Kerry's pride and Mun-	
		ster's glory	8 3066
		Key-Shield of the Mass.	10 3965
		KICKHAM, CHARLES JO-	
		SEPH	5 1855
		— and the 'Irish Peo-	
		ple'	O'LEARY
		— as a humorist	6 xv
		— D. J. O'Donoghue	
		on	5 xvii
		— M. F. Egan on	5 vii, xvi

K.

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Kickham, W. B. Yeats on	3	xi	King of Prussia, The, and feudal land tenure	7	2866
Kieran, St., and Clonmacnoise	9	3484	— the <i>Black Desert</i> . The. From fairy and folk lore	10	3713
Kilbride, Carlow to	3	1182	— the <i>Cats, Sean-chán the Bard and the</i>	9	3566
Kilcoe, The Glens of	4	1255	— <i>O'Toole and St. Kevin</i>	5	2046
Kilcrea	1	353	— <i>RICHARD ASHE</i>	5	1833
Kilcullen	5	1894, 1898	— <i>William</i>	3	967
Kildare, Bishop of	4	1600	Kingly Power, The	2	780
— Brigit at	8	3253	Kingstown	7	2651
— landlord, A	4	1574	<i>Kinkora</i> . From the Irish of Mac-Liag	6	2377
— The House of	7	2741	Kinnegad	5	1961
— <i>Pooka, The</i>	KENNEDY	5 1796	Kinsale Fisherman, A	5	2009
— The Curragh of	5	1802	— The battle of	7	2744
Kilkee	5	1740	— The landing of the Spaniards at	7	2740
Kilduff	2	647	Kinvara	3	1134
'Kilhwch and Olwen'	4	1598	Kinvarra (Kenn-Mara)	5	1729
<i>Kilkenny Exile's Christmas Song, The</i> . KENEALY ..	5	1788	KIRWAN, WALTER BLAKE	5	1842
— Man, The. See CAMPION			— as an Orator	3	1202
— Statute of	9	3391	— Eloquence of	1	127
— The 'holy well' near	5	1766	— Grattan's tribute to	7	xvii
Kill, Béalate	4	1623	— not a plagiarist	1	128
Killaan	2	689	— Mount	6	2413
Killala	4	1575	<i>Kish of Brogues, A</i>	1	264
— The Bishops of	6	2232	<i>Kitty Neal</i>	9	3500
— The French at	9	3697	— of <i>Coleraine</i>	8	3032
— The Scene of <i>Cathleen ní Hoolihan</i>	10	xxi	<i>Knife-Grinder, Friend of Humanity and the</i> . CANNING ..	2	467
Killaloe	6	2377	<i>Knight of the Sheep</i>	4	1466
Killarney. See Dermot Astore			— <i>Tricks, The</i>	10	3751
— Colleen Bawn Rock (half-tone engraving)	4	1494	<i>Knighting of Cuchulain</i> . O'GRADY ..	7	2756
— Echo at the lake of	3	1056	Knights of Tara	1	146
— The beauty of	5	1876	Knock-na-Flan	7	2754
— The Falls of (half-tone engraving)	5	1876	'Knocknagow'	5	1815
— The Lake of. See <i>Rent-day</i>			Knockthu, The Hill of	4	1255
— The Lakes of (color plate)	4	Front	KNOWLES, JAMES SHERIDAN (portrait)	5	1846
— Oisín at	5	1714	Kylemore	6	2391
— Mountain Cottage in (half-tone engraving)	4	1484	Knowledge, Injury of	3	882
— O'Connell at	7	2652			
Killenaule affair, The	7	2798	L.		
Killibegs	5	1575	L. N. F. See MRS. FITZSIMON.		
Killilee	6	2354	<i>La Cruche and Kitty of Coleraine</i>	8	3032
Killiney	6	2132	La Hogue, Sea fight off	7	2823
— Bay	4	1424	La Touche, the Banker	6	2106
— Hill	7	2651	<i>Ladies, Advice to the</i>	4	1322
Kilmartin	See JOHN WALSH.		— Irish, Dress of	9	3497
Kilrush	5	1958	<i>Lady Gay Spanker</i> (character in 'London Assurance')	1	252
Kiltown Abbey	6	2250	— <i>Jane Grey</i>	3	851
Kilwarden, Lord	2	797	— of <i>Fashion, Journal of a</i>	BLESSINGTON	1 193
Kilworth	2	681	— Teazole, Ada Rehan as	8	3105
— Mountains, The	7	2730	Laeg, Son of Rianganbra	4	1433
Kimbay Macfiontann	7	2757	Laegaire, King, and St. Patrick. (See also Laogair, or Laoghaire)	4	1601
King Alill's Death	8	3261	Laeghaire (Leary)	4	1616
— <i>Bagenal</i>	3	817	Laffan, May. See MRS. HARTLEY.	3	941
— Charles he is King James's son	2	442	Laffans, The		
— <i>John and the Mayor</i>	3	1900	La Gioconda (half-tone engraving)	3	877
— of <i>Denmark's Ride, The</i>	7	2587			
— <i>England proclaimed King of Ireland</i>	9	3390			
— <i>Ireland's Son, The</i> (see also <i>The Red Duck</i>)	2	590			

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Laigaire	4	1443	Land tenure, Frederick		
Lake Isle of Innisfree, The			William of Prussia	7	2866
— of the Dismal Swamp, The ..	YEATS	9 3707	Froude cited on	7	2866
Lakes of Killarney (color plate)	4	Front	John Bright on	7	2867
— or loughs of Ulster, The	6	2275	On	BUTT	2 422
'Lalla Rookh'	MOORE	7 2509	See also	5	1855; 7 2862
— Father Prout on	6	2342	Landen, The battle of	3	957; 7 2824
— Meagher on	6	2421	Landlords and Tenants	2	422
LALOR, JAMES FINTAN	5	1855	Landlordism	10	3919
Lambert, Nannie	See Mrs. POWER O'DONOGHUE.		LANE, DENNY	5	1863
Lambert, Old Lady (character in 'Mr. Mawworn')	1	182	Language, fossil poetry	9	3434
Lament, From the Irish of Owen Ward ..	6	2352	— Irish as a Spoken. HYDE	4	1603
— A. From the Irish CURRAN ..	2	768	— of the Ancient Irish	WARE	9 3544
— Claghagh's. From the Irish	D'ALTON	2 803	Langue d'oïl and langue d'oc, Irish older than	2	vii
— for Ireland, A Sor- rowful	GREGORY	4 1459	Languish, Lydia (character in 'The Rivals')	8	3078
— for King Ivor	STOKES	8 3260	Lanigan's Ball	8	3293
— O Dalcassians! the Eagle	HOGAN	4 1591	Laogar, King	7	2719
— of Maev Leith-Dherg, The. From the Irish	ROLLESTON.	8 2975	Laogar's daughters, converted by St. Patrick	7	2720
— of O'Gnive, The. From the Irish ..	CALLANAN	2 443	Laoghath's Daughters, Conversion of King (fairy and folk tale) ..	ANONYMOUS.	3 1162
— of the Irish Emigrant	DUFFERIN	3 933	Laol na mná móire	4	1609
— of the Irish Maiden, The ..	LANE	5 1865	Lapful of Nuts, The ..	FERGUSON	3 1183
— of the Mangaire Sugach. From the Irish	WALSH	9 3508	Larkin executed at Manchester	7	2608; 9 3339
— over the Ruins of the Abbey of Timoleague ..	FERGUSON	3 1177	Larks	TYNNAN-HINKSON.	9 3457
Lamentation of Hugh Reynolds, The	STREET BAL-LAD	8 3292	LARMINIE, WILLIAM	5	1866
Lancashire cotton mills	1	37	Larry M'Hale	LEVER	5 2001
Land Act, Irish	2	426	Last Desire, The	ROLLESTON.	8 2973
— of 1870, The	6	2178; 9 xl	— Cleeman, The ..	YEATS	9 3683
— The motion of 1875 for inquiry into the workings of the	6	2176	— Music, The ..	JOHNSON	5 1700
— Agents. See Castle Rackrent and The Gombeen Man.			— Rose of Summer, The	MOORE	7 2528
— Bill of 1876, the Irish	6	2177	— Speech of Robert Emmet	EMMET	3 1087
— Fairies described	3	xviii	'Latitudes, Letters from High'	DUFFERIN	3 942
— Improvement in Ireland	9	3365	Latnamard	3	958
— Individual ownership of	7	2866	Lauderdale, Lord, Sheridan on	8	3123, 3125
— League, The Irish National	9	xi	Lavalla, The Lake of ..	6	2230
— of Cokalgne, The	8	3134	Law ..		
— of St. Lawrence, From the' ..	EGAN	3 1080	Penal Laws, The ..	MCCARTHY.	6 2179
— ownership	5	1855	Nation's Right, A. MOLYNEUX ..	6	2460
— purchase scheme, Gladstone's ..	9	xi	Tried by his Peers. O'FLANAGAN ..	7	2723
— question, The. See An Eviction.			LAWLESS, EMILY	5	1877
— Parnell on the ..	6	2178	M. F. Egan on ..	5	viii
			Lawrence's Gate, Drogheda (half-tone engraving)	7	2568
			Lawrence's, Sir T., portrait of Lady Blessington	1	192
			Laws of coinage, The ..	9	3375
			Lay of Ossian and Patrick, A	GWYNN	4 1523
			— of the Famine, A. STREET BAL-LAD	8	3295
			— of Gudrun, The, and Ireland ..	4	viii
			Lazy Beauty and her Aunts, The	KENNEDY	5 1789
			LE FANU, JOSEPH SHERIDAN ..	5	1927
			— as a comic writer	6	xv
			— on landlordism	10	3919
			W. P. ..	5	1937, 1945
			Le Fevre, The Story of ..	8	3220
			'Leabhar Breac,' The ..	7	2615, 2663
			— na-h-Uidhre	7	2668

VOL. PAGE

VOL. PAGE

<i>Leabhar nah Uidhrc</i> , The (Book of the Dun Cow)	4	1600
LEADBEATER, MARY	5	1886
— Papers, The'	5	1886
LEAMY, EDMUND	5	1899
<i>Leanan Sidhe, To the</i>	1	258
Leannaun Shee, The, de- scribed	3	xx
Lear, The august sor- rowful	9	3660
Learning and Art, Irish	4	1599
— in Ancient Ireland	9	viii
Leaves from a Prison Diary'	3	832, 837
Lebanon	7	2517
'Lebor Breac'	8	3141
Lecain, The Book of (see also Lecan)	7	2663
Lecale	3	957
Lecan, The Book of (see also Lecain)	2	629
LECKY, WILLIAM E. H.	5	1912
— (portrait)	5	1916
— on Flood	3	1212
— Home Rule	6	2175
— William Smith	7	2619
— O'Brien	7	2624
'Lectures and Essays on Irish Subjects'	4	1280
Lee, The (river)	1	353; 2 718
.....	3	878; 6 2344
<i>Legend of Glendalough</i>	6	2046
— of <i>Stiffenbach, The</i>	9	3610
'Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts'	5	1796
.....	1799, 1801	1803
— Heroes	8	2990
Legends	9	3404
— ancient Irish, Ethical content of	8	2973
Legends and Myths.		
— From <i>Fionnuala</i>	1	25
— To the <i>Leanan</i> <i>Sidhe</i>	1	258
— Lord of <i>Dunker</i> <i>ron</i>	2	736
— Story of the Little Bird	2	734
— Cael and <i>Credhe</i>	4	1445
— Coming of Finn	4	1447
— Death of <i>Cuchu</i> <i>lain</i>	4	1431
— Only Son of <i>Aoife</i>	4	1426
— Lay of <i>Ossian and</i> <i>Patrick</i>	4	1523
— Battle of <i>Dunbolg</i>	4	1622
— Story of <i>Mac</i> <i>Dáthó's Pig and</i> <i>Hound</i>	4	1613
— Connla of the Golden Hair	5	1731
— Exploits of <i>Curoi</i>	5	1749
— <i>Fineen the Rover</i>	5	1743
— Naist Receives his Sword	5	1746
— Oisín in <i>Tirnanog</i>	5	1714
— Enchantment of <i>Georoidh Iarla</i>	5	1801
— Epilogue to <i>Fand</i>	5	1875
— <i>Fionnuala</i>	6	2437
— Battle of <i>Almhain</i>	7	2709
— Knighting of <i>Cucu</i> <i>lain</i>	7	2756
— Queen <i>Meave and</i> <i>her Hosts</i>	7	2746

Legends and Myths.

— King <i>Ailill's Death</i>	7	3261
— Strand of <i>Balor</i>	9	3404
— <i>Deirdré in the</i> <i>Woods</i>	9	3431
— Children of <i>Lir</i>	9	3460
— Saint Francis and the Wolf	9	3451
— The Priest's Soul	9	3561
— Old Age of Queen Maev	9	3697
— Wakeman on	9	3482
'Legends and Stories' and Traditions	6	2055, 2071
— Fairy	3	695, 736
— of Ireland	9	vii
— Ancient	9	3557
— Archbishop Mc- Hale on	6	2231
— of the Fairies, The	3	xx
— of the Pyramids	9	3534
— See also Folk and Fairy Tales.		
Leinster	3	956; 4 1249; 5 1722
— Aldfrid in	6	2376
— Fionn MacCumhail in	6	2117
— The battle of Alm- hain in	7	2709
— The Book of	4	1600, 1613
.....	5	1738, 2884
— described	2	xii
— See <i>The Battle of Dunbolg and</i> <i>The Story of MacDáthó's Pig</i> <i>and Hound</i> .		
Leith-Cuinn	6	2357
Leitrim	2	613
— Lord, Lord Car- lisle's story of	1	234, 241
Leix	3	859
Leland on the Catholic priests in war time	3	955
Lenane	1	243
Lenihan's History of Limerick (cited)	9	3326
Lens, Peter, and the 'Hell-fire Club'	5	1916
Leo		See CASEY.
Leonardo's "Monna Lisa"	3	877
Lepers healed by Brigit	8	3255
Leprecaun, or Fairy Shoemaker, The	1	20
— Description of the	3	xix
Leprechaun, The (see also Leprechaun or Leprehaun)	4	1287
Leprechaun, The	1	301
Leprechauns	4	1631
'Lesbia hath a beaming eye'	6	2340
— semper hinc et inde	7	2523
Lest it may more quar- rels breed	9	3388
Let Bacchus's Sons	8	3283
— schoolmasters puz- zle their brain	4	1349
— the farmer praise his grounds	8	3279

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Let them go by	DOWDEN	3 876	Limerick, Sarsfield at.....	4 1593; 5 1742	
— us go to the moun- tain	10	3789	— destroys sup- plies for selge	7 2820	
Leth-Chiism	7	2709	— Surrender of	3 957	
Letter from Galway, A MAXWELL ..	6	2412	— The Blacksmith of JOYCE	5 1741	
— the Place of his Birth	M'HALE	6 2227	— Irish Rapparees at.....	3 958	
Letterbrick, Famine and pestilence at	4	1573	— The Treaty of	3 957; 9 x	
Letterkenney	4 1512; 6 2249; 7 2605		— Treaty Stone at (half-tone en- graving)	3 957	
— Tone arrested at.....	7	2605	Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation.....	5 1665	
'Letters from High Latitudes'	DUFFERIN	3 942	Lindsay, Lord, on the building of the Pyra- mids	9 3533	
Levarcham	4	1439	Linen Manufacture, The	9 3423	
LEVER, CHARLES JAMES (portrait)	5	1948	— Trade in Dublin.....	5 1916	
— M. F. Egan on.....	5 vii, xii		Lines	GREENE	4 1424
— Genius and pur- pose of novels of.....	1 xii		— by Robert Emmet.....	3 1094	
Living Authors in Irish Literature	2 xx		— from the Centenary Ode to the Mem- ory of Moore ...	MACCARTHY. 6 2131	
Lewines	9	3418	— Written to Music. WOLFE	9 3634	
Lia Fail; or Jacob's Stone, The	O'FLAHERTY. 7 2717		'Lion of the Fold of Juda, The'	See M'HALE.	
— The	8 2970		Liquor of Life	D'ALTON .. 2 805	
Lia Macha	7 2757		Lir	8 2990	
Liber Hymnorum, The	7 2672		— The Children of.....	TYNAN- HINKSON. 9 3460	
Liberty in England	GOLDSMITH. 4 1331		Lisheen Races, Second- Hand	SOMERVILLE and ROSS. 8 3166	
— of the Irish	9 3418		Lismore	2 681	
— Press, The	CURRAN .. 2 778		— The Book of.....	7 2766; 8 3246	
— Press	DE VERE .. 3 852		Lissadill	6 2354	
— The Native Land of	IRELAND .. 5 1662		Litany	MONSELL .. 7 2465	
— the right of all men	6 2461		— of St. Aengus	8 2884	
License, The first grant- ed to comedians in England	6 2346		Literary Appreciations.		
'Life and Letters of F. W. Robertson' BROOKE ..	1 291		— Humor of Shakes- peare	DOWDEN ... 3 870	
— Literature	9 3579		— Shakespeare's Por- traiture of wo- man	DOWDEN ... 3 875	
— Art, and Nature.....	WILDE .. 9 3578		— Speech on Robert Burns	FERGUSON .. 3 1170	
— in Death	7 2652		— Country Folk	JOHNSON .. 5 1694	
— of Brigit	STOKES .. 8 3246		— Macaulay and Ba- con	MITCHEL .. 6 2444	
— of Canning'	BELL .. 1 165		— Emerson and New man	MULLANEY .. 7 2556	
— of C. S. Parnell' O'BRIEN ..	7 2607		— Shakespeare	WISEMAN .. 9 3628	
	2611		'Literary History of Ireland, A'	HYDE	4 1603
— of Owen Roe O'Neill, A'	TAYLOR 9 3340			1610, 1613, 1618	
— The Origin of.....	KELVIN 5 1784		— impulse of The Nation	9 xi	
Liffey, The	2 637; 5 1914		— Qualities of the Saga	HULL	4 1597
— Dublin Castle on the	3 887		— Revival, Modern.....	10 3711	
Lifford	6 2357		— The, Lady Greg- ory on	1 xvii	
Light o' the World.....	McCALL .. 6 2124		— Society of New York, The Irish.....	10 xxvi	
Light, Speed of	1 38		— Theater, The Irish.....	10 xiii	
'Like a fire kindled be- neath a lake' (Irish rann)	HYDE	10 3833	Literature.		
Like a Stone in the Street	GRAVES .. 4 1414		— Preternatural in Fiction	BURTON ... 1 404	
'Lily Lass'	MACCARTHY. 6 2180		— England in Shake- speare's Youth.....	DOWDEN ... 3 869	
Limerick	1 58		— Interpretation of Literature	DOWDEN ... 3 866	
— Bridge and Castle (half-tone en- graving)	5 1742		— Literary Qualities of the Saga	HULL	4 1597
— The defense of.....	9 ix		— Irish as a Spoken Language	HYDE	4 1603
— electors, Harry Deane Grady and.....	7 2728, 2732				
— Irish titles in	4 1590				
— Lenihan's history of (cited)	9 3326				
— The Mayor of.....	8 xvii				
— method of lighting streets in 1719.....	5 1916				

Literature.		VOL. PAGE	VOL. PAGE		
— <i>What is the Rem- nant?</i>	MAGEE	6 2292	Lombards, Irish version of the history of the.....	7 2672	
— <i>Plea for the Study of Irish</i>	O'BRIEN ...	7 2614	'London Assurance'...BOUCICAULT.	1 252	
— <i>Old Books of Erinn</i>	O'CURRY ...	7 2670	— <i>View of</i>	DENHAM ..	3 850
— <i>Gaelic Movement.</i>	PLUNKETT .	8 2908	— <i>London-derry</i>	7 2867	
— <i>On the 'Colloquy of the Ancients.'</i>	ROLLESTON.	8 2968	— (half-tone engrav- ing)	1 7	
— <i>Life, Art and Na- ture</i>	WILDE	9 3578	Lone and weary as I wandered	FERGUSON ..	3 1177
— <i>Celtic Element in Literature</i>	YEATS	9 3654	— <i>Is my waiting here</i>	TODHUNTER.	9 3408
— <i>and History</i>		9 vii	— <i>Lake, half lost amidst</i>	GREENE ...	4 1423
— <i>and Life</i>		9 3579	Lonely from my home I come	MANGAN ...	6 2371
— <i>of the Modern Irish Language.</i>	HYDE	10 3711	— <i>Long Deserted</i>	MULVANY ..	7 2562
— <i>The antiquity of Irish</i>		3 xvii	— <i>Dying, The</i>	DE VERE ..	3 863
— <i>Irish, from first to last</i>		1 xv	— <i>Long ago beyond the misty</i>	M'GEE	6 2223
— <i>Irish, of many blends</i>		4 x	— <i>Reddy</i>		1 145
— <i>The Celtic Ele- ment in</i>	YEATS	9 3654	— <i>Spoon, The</i>	KENNEDY ..	5 1803
— <i>Effect of National movement on</i>		1 xlii	— <i>they pine in dreary woe</i>	MANGAN ...	6 2380
— <i>Effect of Repeal movement on</i>		1 xlii	— <i>this night, the clouds delay</i> ..	SIGERSON...	8 3139
— <i>Effect of Union on</i>		1 xli	Longford		7 2668
— <i>Ireland's Influence on European</i>	SIGERSON ..	4 vii	Longing	TODHUNTER.	9 3408
— <i>Interpretation of.</i>	DOWDEN ...	3 833	Loe		4 1519
— <i>The Story of Early Gaelic</i> ...	HYDE	4 1622	— <i>Lookin' Back</i>	SKRINE ...	8 3155
— <i>Value of ancient Irish</i>		4 xi	— <i>Scaward</i>	FERGUSON..	3 1185
— <i>Young Ireland party and</i>		1 xlii	Looting		9 3636
Litigation, Love of		3 1000	— <i>Loquacious Barber, The</i>	GRIFFIN ...	4 1503
<i>Little Black Rose, The.</i>	DE VERE ..	3 858	Lord Beaconsfield ...	O'CONNOR ..	7 2660
— <i>Black Rose, The</i>		4 1247	Lord Edward. See Fitz- gerald.		
— <i>Britons</i>	CAFFYN ...	2 429	— <i>Lieutenant's Ad- venture, The</i> ...	BODKIN ...	1 232
— <i>child, I call thee.</i>	HYDE	4 1655	— <i>Verulam and the Echo</i>		3 1056
— <i>cowboy what have you heard</i>	ALLINGHAM.	1 20	— <i>of Dunkerron, The</i>	CROKER ...	2 736
— <i>Dominick</i>	EDGEWORTH.	3 1060	Lorne, Lord		3 939
— <i>Mary Cassidy</i> ...	FAHY ...	3 1135	Lost Saint, The	HYDE	4 1650
— <i>Woman in Red, A.</i>	DEENY ...	3 846	— <i>Tribune, The</i> ...	SIGERSON ..	8 3133
Lives of Irish saints... 7 2672			Louane		1 114
— <i>of the Mothers of the Irish Saints</i>		1 32	Loud roared the dread- ful thunder	CHERRY ...	2 586
— <i>of the Sheridans, The</i>	FITZGERALD.	3 1190	Lough, Bray	KAVANAGH ..	5 1753
Llandaff, Lord, duel with Lord Clonmell.		1 142	— <i>Bray</i>	O'GRADY ...	7 2760
Loan of a Congregation.	MAXWELL ..	7 2411	— <i>Columb</i>		4 1522
Local Government Act. 9 xi			— <i>Dan (half tone en- graving)</i>		4 1424
— <i>Self-Government v. Home Rule</i>		3 833	— <i>Dergh</i>		7 2552
Loch Finn		6 2271	— <i>Drummond</i>		4 1522
— <i>Glynn, Folk tale of</i>		4 1642	— <i>Erne</i>		4 1255; 6 2276
— <i>Ina</i>	O'BRIEN ...	7 2602	— <i>Foyle</i>		6 2277
— <i>Lena, Outlaw of.</i>	CALLANAN ..	2 441	— <i>Ine</i>		4 1255
— <i>Lein</i>		4 1448	— <i>Lein (Killarney)</i>		5 1714
— <i>Mask</i>		4 1625	— <i>na Mrack</i>		4 1521, 1522
— <i>Quinlan</i>		4 1595	— <i>Neagh</i>		3 1180; 5 1753
— <i>Swilly</i>		7 2605	— <i>Healing and pet- rifying powers of</i>		6 2277, 2280
— (see also Lough).			— <i>Outer</i>		6 2277
Lochan		5 1725	— <i>Sheelin</i>		6 2277
Lochinvar, An Irish... 5 1945			— <i>Swilly (half-tone engraving)</i>		2 633
Locke, JOHN		5 2003	— <i>one of the lead- ing lakes of Ulster</i>		6 2277
Locker-Lampson, F. 5 1809			See also Loch.		
Logic in Irish literature. 2 xlii			Loughlle		3 1136
Loma		3 861	Loughleagh (Lake of Healing)	ANONYMOUS.	3 1142
			Louis XV. and his Irish contingent.		7 2815

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Louis Philippe; few ex-			Ludlow on the massacre		
cutions under			at Drogheda	7	2568, 2573
his rule	2	679	Ludlow's 'Memoirs'	7	2568
See <i>The French</i>			Lugach	4	1525
<i>Revolution</i> .			Lugaird	4	1434, 1413
Louise, Princess	3	940	Luganure	5	2052
Louth	6	2275	Luggduff	5	2051
Louvain, Lynch's cell in	7	2615	Luggala	1	25
Collection, The	7	2673	Lugh, the long-handed	2	xl
Franciscan College			Lugnaquilla	6	2121
of, Collection of			'Luke Delmege'	SHEEHAN	8 3044
Irish MSS. in the	7	2673	Lumpkins, Tony (char-		
<i>Love Ballad</i> . From the			acter in 'She Stoops		
Irish			to Conquer')	4	1348
in a Village	MANGAN	6 2371	Lundy Foot	2	800
is the soul of a	BICKERSTAFF	1 185	Luttrell, Henry, the		
neat Irishman			Irish traitor	7	2821
not	NORTON	7 2589	D. J. O'Donoghue		
of Dubhlacha for			on wit of	6	xiv
Mongan, The			'Lying, the Decay of'	WILDE	9 3578
Fair Play, Irish			LYNCH, HANNAH	6	2088
<i>Frecks, The</i>	GOLDSMITH	4 1334	Law on Vinegar		
Nature in Irish			Hill	BANIM	1 76
sagas			Lynch's cell in Louvain	7	2615
<i>Quack Medi-</i>			Lyndhurst, Lord, and		
<i>cines, The</i>	GOLDSMITH	4 1343	Shell on "Irish		
<i>Songs of Connacht</i>	HYDE	10 3735	aliens	7	xxvii
The Contagion of	CORRE	2 605	LYSAGHT, EDWARD	7	2106
The Pity of	YEATS	9 3704	D. J. O'Donoghue		
will you come with			on wit of	6	xiv
me	MCCALL	6 2124	Lysaght's quips beyond		
<i>Lovely Mary Donnelly</i>	ALLINGHAM	1 12	recall	6	ix
Mary of the Shan-			Lytton, on Gulliver	9	3343
non Side			on Swift	9	3343
<i>Love-making in Ireland</i>	MACDONAGH	6 2193			
in Paddy-Land	KEELING	5 1772	M.		
<i>Lower and Birds, The</i>	ALLINGHAM	1 15	Maam, The Inn at	1	233
LOVER, SAMUEL (por-			Mabh, Mave (Meve and		
trait)			Meave become Mab in		
as a comic love			Shakespeare)	4	ix
poet			Mabinogion, The	9	3655
as a humorist			Macaulay and Bacon	MITCHEL	6 2444
the Irish arch-hu-			J. W. Croker	2	675
morist			on Burke	1	372
M. F. Egan on			Irish soldiers in		
on 'Bumpers'			French army	7	2815
Squire Jones			'Junius'	3	1227
Father Prout's			Macaulay's Lay of Ho-		
addition to			rattus and Ballad of		
The Groves of			Naseby, Mitchel on	6	2454
Blarney			Mac, meaning of	9	3544
W. H. Maxwell			MACALEESE, D. A.	6	2111
<i>Love's Despair</i> . From			McBURNAY, WILLIAM B.	6	2113
the Irish of Diar-			MCCALL, PATRICK J.	6	2117
mad O'Curran	SIGERSON	8 3137	version of Bryan		
Young Dream	MOORE	7 2521	O'Linn by	8	3273
<i>Low-Backed Car, The</i>	LOVER	5 2079	MCCANN, MICHAEL JO-		
Loyalty, Irish			SEPH	6	2126
Lua's lake			MACCARTHY, DENIS		
Luath Luachar			FLORENCE	6	2128
Lucan, Lord, at Bala-			poem to O'Con-		
klava (see also			nell by (cited)	6	2219
Patrick Sars-			JUSTIN	6	2133
field)			(photogravure por-		
after the Treaty			trait)	1	Front
of Limerick			Irish Literature by	1	vii
Patrick Sarsfield,			on G. Griffin	4	1465
Earl of	ONAHAN	7 2814	Lecky	5	1912
Lucas, Mrs. Seymour,			Shell	8	3055
Granny's Wonderful			JUSTIN HUNTLEY	5	2174
Chair (half-tone en-			Florence	4	1590
graving)			'More'	SADLER	8 3018
Luck of a Lowland			MacCaura, The Clan of	6	2128
Laddle, The	CROMMELIN	2 751	MacCain	2	804
			MacConglinne, Gleeman	9	3684

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
MacConglinne, The Vision of	6	vii	Macreddin	6	2125
MacCon-Mara, Donough	6	2378	MacRoch, Fergus	4	1600
— DUNCADH	10	3937, 3939	Macroom	1	354
MacCool, Finn; mac-Cumhail, Finn. See Finn MacCumhail.			MacRoy, Fergus, Captain of Queen Meave's guards	7	2746
MacCorse, The Tale of	2	xii	— Description of	7	2750
MACDAIRE, TEIGE (biography)	10	4023	MacSweeney of Fautat	2	633
— <i>From a Poem by</i> HYDE	4	1657	MacSycophant, Charles Egerton (character in 'How to Get on in the World')	6	2237
MacDáthó's Pig and Hound, Story of	4	1613	MADDEEN, DANIEL OWEN	6	2231
MACDERMOTT, MARTIN	6	2189	— on Grattan	4	1387
MACDONAGH, MICHAEL (portrait)	6	2193	— Mary A. See MRS. SADLER.		
— on <i>The Sunniness of Irish Life</i>	8	vii	— RICHARD ROBERT	6	2286
MacDonnell, Bishop, of Killala	6	2232	Maddyn or Madden, Daniel Owen	6	2281
— JOHN (biography)	10	4013	'Maelduin, The Voyage of'	4	1601
— (reference)	2	803	Mael-mic-Falibhe, Tenth Abbot of Hy	7	2710
MacEgan, Nehemias, Vellum book of	7	2709	Maev Leith-Dherg, The Lament of	8	2975
MACFALL, FRANCES E. (SARAH GRAND)	6	2206	Maev. See Meve.		
MACFIRBIS, DUALD (biography)	10	4014	— of Leinster, The Half Red	7	2748
— cited by Archbishop McHale	6	2231	— The great army of	4	1432
— The Genealogy of	7	2614	— and Cuchulain	4	1437
M'GEE, THOMAS D'ARCY	6	2217	Magee, on Irish Hotels	8	xxi
MacGillcuddy of the Reeks	4	1590	— WILLIAM K. (JOHN EGLINTON)	6	2292
McGinley, Mr., The plays of	10	xiv	Magennis, Miss See FORRESTER.	3	1222
MacGorman, Finn	4	1660	Maggy Ladir	4	1249
MacGrath's, W., On the Old Sod (color plate)	1	xvi	'Magh Leana, The Battle of'	7	2664
M'Guire, Conor	9	ix	Magh Life	4	1448
Macha, The Grey of	4	1435	MAGINN, WILLIAM (portrait)	6	2300
— Monga-Rue	7	2757	— as a parodist	6	xiv
— the Empress	9	3493	— M. F. Egan on	5	xv
— the Red-Haired	7	2749	— on Conviviality	6	x
MCHALE, ARCHBISHOP JOHN	7	2227	— spurious Irish songs	6	xii
MACINTOSH, SOPHIE	6	2233	Maglone, Barney See WILSON.		
Mackenna's Dream	STREET BAL-LAD	8 3296	Magog, son of Japhet	9	3549
— Popularity of	8	3270	MAGRATH, ANDREW (biography)	10	4015
McKernie, James See MCBURNEY.			— (reference) Lament of the Man-gaire Sugach	9	3508
MACKLIN, CHARLES	6	2236	Maguire, Hugh	2	639
— Anecdotes of	6	2241	— JOHN FRANCIS	6	2321
— the first considerable reviver of Shakespeare	5	1919	— J. H. McCarthy on	6	2154
MacLean, M., on W. Stokes as a Celticist	7	3243	— The Bard O'Hussey's Ode to the	6	2369
McLennan, William, M. F. Egan on	5	xiii	— Father Tom	8	3275
Mac-Llag, The poems of	6	2377	MAHAFFY, JOHN PENTLAND	6	2328
MACLINTOCK, LETITIA	6	2242	Mahon, Brian's Lament for King	4	1591
MacIlse, Meagher on	6	2420, 2422	MAHONY, FRANCIS SYLVESTER [FATHER PROUT] (portrait)	6	2336
MacLughaidh	2	629	Maid of Ologhroe, The	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3299
MacMahon, Marshal	3	941	Maiden City, The	TONNA	9 3428
MACMANUS, JAMES (SEUMAS)	6	2254	Mail	4	1252
— M. F. Egan on	5	xiii, xvii	Mailligh Mo Stoir (Molly Astore)	7	2734
— MRS. SEUMAS (ANNA JOHNSTON)	6	2267	Malne, Son of Maeve	4	1443
— T., and Young Ireland	9	xi	Mairgreád ni Chealleadh	9	3503
MacNessa, Conobar	7	2748	Major Bob Mahon's Hospitality	5	1964
— Conor	2	xii	Make thyself Known, Sibyl	3	877
M'NEVIN, THOMAS	6	2274			
Macpherson	6	2231			

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Malaprop, Mrs. (character in 'The Ri-vals')</i>	SHERIDAN..	5 3078	Manuscripts.		
<i>Malinmore</i>	5 1806		— National Library		
<i>Mallocc</i>	2 439		— of Paris	7 2673	
<i>Mallow, The Rakes of..</i> STREET BAL- LAD	9 3312		— See Ancient Irish Illuminated MSS.		
<i>'Malmorda; A Metrical Romance'</i>	CLARKE ...	2 596	Many years have burst upon	SAVAGE ...	8 3026
<i>Malone, A</i>	7 ix		Maove, the Magic	7 2593	
— EDMUND	6 2346		Map of Ireland, His- torical	9 3708	
<i>Malplaquet, Battle of</i>	9 3445		— of to-day	10 4030	
<i>Malvern Hill</i>	2423		Marco, Polo, Irish ver- sion of the Travels of	7 2672	
<i>'Man of the World, The'</i>	MACKLIN ...	11 2237	Marcus	5 1847	
— for <i>Galwey, The</i>	LEVER ...	5 1975	Marital relations	5 1923; 6 2204	
— is no mushroom growth	INGRAM ...	4 1660	Market Day (half-tone engraving)	8 2940	
— <i>Octipartite. From the Middle Irish</i>	STOKES ...	8 3262	Marlow (character in 'She Stoops to Con- quer')	4 1349	
<i>Man-a-nan M'Lir</i>	6 2223		Marot, Clement, Father Prout on	6 2338	
<i>Mananan, the sea-god. See Naisi Receives his Sword.</i>			<i>Marriage</i>	SKRINE ...	8 3152
Manchester Martyrs, The	7 2608; 9 3323, 3330		— between relations in ancient Greece	6 2332	
— Rescue, The	6 2153		— customs. See <i>Love Making in Ireland and Shane Fad'h's Wedding.</i>		
<i>Manmire Sugach, La- ment of the</i>	WALSH ...	9 3508	— Dean Swift on	8 3377	
MANGAN, JAMES CLAR- ENCE (portrait)	6 2350		— law in Scotland	2 754	
— The Woman of three Cows	10 3831		— of <i>Florence Mac- Carthy More</i>	8 3018	
— W. B. Yeats on	3 ix		— Three Weeks Af- ter'	MURPHY ...	7 2564
— See <i>The Dead An- tiquary</i>	6 2218		Marriages in Ireland	6 2193	
<i>Mangan's delight in riv- ers</i>	6 2455		Marrying season in Ire- land, The	6 2194	
<i>'Manifold Nature, Our'</i> MACFALL ..	6 2206		Marsh, Bishop, Library founded in Dublin by	5 1915	
<i>Manners and Customs in Ireland</i>	2 xx; 3 943		Marten Cats, Supersti- tions about	9 3680	
— of the Ancient Irish	2 629		Martin and 'Young Ire- land'	9 xi	
— of Ancient Erinn'	O'CURRY ...	7 2666	MARTIN ROSS (see also E. O. SOMER- VILLE and VIO- LET MARTIN)	8 3166	
— of Ireland in olden times	7 2771		— VIOLET. See MARTIN ROSS.		
— The Squire's running foot- man	7 2772		MARTLEY, JOHN	6 2382	
— See <i>Castle Rack- rent and Keen- ing and Wake;</i> also <i>Customs and Manners.</i>			MARTYN, EDWARD	6 2383	
— Morals (see also Customs and Manners)	1 286; 4 1417		— The plays of	10 xiii	
<i>Manning, Mr. See note to An Herotic Decep- tion.</i>			Martyrs, Fox's Book of	8 3060	
<i>'Manuscript Materials of Irish History, Lec- tures on'</i>	O'CURRY ...	7 2670	— The Manchester ..	7 2608; 9 3323, 3339	
Manuscripts.			<i>'Mary Aikenhead, Her Life, Her Work and Her Friends'</i> ATKINSON ..	1 28	
— Dispersion of, by invasions	7 2680		— and <i>St. Joseph</i> (folk song)	HYDE ...	10 3807
— Irish; collection in the Bodleian Library at Ox- ford	7 2673		— D'Este, Queen of James II.	2 768	
— British Museum	7 2672		— <i>Maguire</i>	FURLONG ...	4 1246
— Burgundian Li- brary, Brussels	7 2673		— Neil'	8 3271	
— Royal Irish Academy	7 2672		— of <i>The Nation.</i> See	DOWNING.	
			— Queen, and Ireland	9 ix	
			— Tudor'	DE VERE ...	3 851
			<i>Marys, The Keening of the Three (folk song)</i> HYDE ...	10 3789	
			<i>Mary's Well (religious folk tale)</i>	HYDE ...	10 3795
			<i>Maryboro'</i>	5 1939	
			<i>Masbrook, The woods of</i>	6 2230	
			<i>Masks, The, in Ireland</i>	9 3498	
			<i>Mason, Mr. Joseph</i> Monck	7 2673	

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Mass, Key-Shield of the.....	10	3965	Meave, the great queen,		
Massacre at Drogheda..BARRY	1	150	was pacing to		
MURPHY	7	2567	and fro	YEATS	9 3697
of 1641, The	3	954	The Old Age of		
Massagetæ, The	9	3549	Queen	YEATS	9 3697
Massarene, Lady, daughter			' Mecca, Personal Nar-		
of Harry Deane			rative of Pilgrimage		
Grady	7	2733	to'	BURTON	1 408
Massari, Dean of Fermo.....	1	32	Medge, Baron		1 142
Masters, Annals of the			'Medical Student, Mis-		
Four (see Four Mas-			adventures of a'	9	3607
ters, Annals).			Medieval Towns	4	1420
Matchmaker in Ireland,			Meehan, The Rev. C. P.....	1	32
The	6	2194	Meenavalla; Grouse-		
Materialism, J. S. Mill			shooting in	6	2256
on	9	3464	Meeting of Anarchists,		
Tyndall on	9	3464	A	BARRY	1 156
Mathematics, Irish pro-			the Waters, The..MOORE	7	2532
ficiency in	4	1280	(color plate)	7	Front
MATHEW, FRANK	6	2391	Memoirs. See Char-		
THEOBALD	6	2396	acter Sketches,		
Matthew, Saint (color			etc.		
plate)	9	Front	of James II.		
Matterhorn, Thoughts			(cited)	8	3324
on the	9	3478	John Cartaret		
Maturin, C., M. F. Egan			Pilkington		
on	5	vii	(cited)	7	2693
Mauren, acushla, why..BOYLE	1	277	Richard Lovell		
Maury's Song	9	8433	Edgeworth,		
Mave's Repentance	4	1265	Esq.	EDGEWORTH.	3 1073
Mawworm, Mr. (charac-			the Count de		
ter in 'The Hypo-			Grammont' ..	HAMILTON..	4 1542
crite')	1	182	the Countess of		
Max Müller on Nursery			Blessington' ..	MADDEN ...	6 2286
Tales	3	xxiii	Memorial by Wolfe Tone		
MAXWELL, WILLIAM			to French Govern-		
HAMILTON	6	2400	ment, Extract from a..TONE	9	3421
M. F. Egan on	5	xii	Memories	M'GEE	6 2224
May Love Song, A....MILLIGAN...	6	2438	Memory, A.....	MACALEESE.	6 2111
Mayflower	7	2834	Men's Dress in Ireland.		9 3498
Maynooth	7	2485	Merchant marine of Ire-		
Maynooth College (color			land, The	9	3362
plate)	3	Front	Mermaid, The	2	736
Mayo	6	2438	Memory of Earth, A ..	RUSSELL ..	8 3003
Duelling in	1	145	the Dead, The ..	INGRAM ...	5 1659
Famine and pesti-			Mend, son of Sword-		
lence in	4	1573	heel	4	1617
Lord, on the Irish			Merriment in Irish hu-		
Church	6	2155	mor	6	ix
government of			Merrion Square, O'Con-		
India by	3	941	nell's residence in.....	3 815; 8	3064
The County of.			Merrows, The	2 697; 3	xviii; 5 1878
From the IrishFox	4	1224	Mervin, Audley	7	ix
Viscounts, Ance-			Messiah, Handels, first		
tor of the	7	2858	produced in Dublin.		5 1918
Mazarin, Cardinal	4	1347	Meters in ancient Ire-		
Meade, L. T.....See Mrs.TOULMIN			land	2	xviii
SMITH.			Mève. See Maeve,		
MEAGHER, THOMAS			Meadhbh, Midhe.		
FRANCIS	6	2414	and Oilioll	4	1613
and 'Young Ire-			The white Bull of.....	2	xviii
land'	9	xi	Meyer, Professor Kuno.		4 1608
in the civil war.....	6 2324; 7	2833	Work of, for Celtic		
J. F. Maguire on	6	2324	literature	2	xviii
Meanings of Irish			Michael of Kildare, the		
names	9	3546	first Irish poet in		
Meath	7	2748, 2827, 2864	English	4	ix
King Ferghal and			Robartes Remem-		
the men of, at			bers Forgotten		
Almhain	7	2709	Beauty	YEATS	9 3708
(Midhe). Origin			Michelstown	5	1714
of the name	7	2667	Midhe (Meath). Origin		
of the Pastures'	2	613	of the name	7	2667
Parnell a member			Midr, the fairy chief.....	7	2668
for, in 1875	6	2177	Midnight Escapade, A..SMITH	8	3158
Meave, Queen, Descrip-			Funeral, A	8	845
tion of	7	2746			

VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE	
Mild as the rose its sweets will breathe	10 4013	Modern Literature of the Irish Language..	HYDE ... 10 3711
— Mabel Kelly. From the Irish of O'CAROLAN	FERGUSON.. 3 1187	— Medievalism	BARRETT ... 1 119
Miles O'Reilly, Private. See	HALPINE.	— political feuds	3 967
Milesians, The	9 vii, 3549	— Society, The Church and' ...	IRELAND ... 5 1662
Milesius	2 444	— Moira, Lord	O'Neill ... See SKRINE.
Milford	6 2244	— O'Neill	See SKRINE.
Military life in Ireland	6 2403	Molire	3 861
Mill, J. S., on Materialism	9 3464	Molière	3 873
Millbank Prison	3 839	Molling, Bishop of Ferns	7 2706, 2709
MILLIGAN, ALICE	6 2427	MOLLOY, JAMES LYMAN	6 2457
— The plays of	10 xiii	Molly Asthore	FERGUSON.. 3 1182
MILLIKEN, RICHARD ALFRED	6 2439	— Carew	LOVER ... 5 2076
— D. J. O'Donoghue on the wit of	6 xlv	— Muldoon'	STREET BAL-LAD ... 9 3300
Millmount, The	7 2568	MOLYNEUX, WILLIAM	6 2460
Milton	7 2561	— Irish literature be-gins before	2 vii
— Elijah-like	3 873	Moment, A	BROOKE ... 1 300
Miltown	7 2715	Monaghan, County	7 2696
'Ministry of all the Talents, The'	1 119	Monallen	6 2279
Minrowar, son of Ger-kin	7 2757	Monamolin	5 1804
Minstrel, A Wandering. LE FANU	5 1934	Monasterbolce, Cross at (half-tone engraving)	9 3486
— Boy, The	7 2535	Monasteries, Irish Fran-ciscan	1 32
'Minute Philosopher, Alciphron or the'	BERKELEY.. 1 175	Monastic establish-ments	8 2882
Miola (rivulet), The	6 2280	Monck, Lord	3 941
Mirabeau	7 2660	Money, Large sums of, sent home by the Irish in foreign lands	6 2197; 7 2618
Miracles of Brigit	8 3246	Mongan and Colum Cille	4 1600
Miraculous Creatures	9 3678	— 'Love of' Dubh-lacha for'	4 1608
Miriam's Song (Sound the Loud Timbrel)	MOORE ... 7 2537	Monks of the Screw	CURRAN ... 2 797
'Mirror of Justice, The'	9 3374	— LEVER	5 1952
— The Wonderful Chinese	4 1337	Monna Lisa, Leonardo's (half-tone engraving)	DOWDEN ... 3 877
'Misadventures of a Medical Student'	9 3607	'Monomla'	MCCARTHY.. 6 2172
Misconceptions of the Irish. See The Na-tive Irishman.		Monotony and the Lark	RUSSELL ... 8 3005
'Miss Erin'	BLUNDELL.. 1 225	Monroe Doctrine, The	2 464
Mistake of a Night, The	GOLDSMITH. 4 1348	— Dorothy, the fa-mous beauty	4 1377
Mr. Orator Puff had two tones	MOORE ... 7 2541	MONSELL, JAMES SAM-UEL BEWLEY	7 2465
Misther Denis's Return	BARLOW ... 1 114	Montana, Prospecting in	3 965
MITCHEL, JOHN	6 2443	Montorio, Tombs in the Church of	O'DONNELL. 7 2684
— and E. Walsh	9 3502	Moon Behind the Hill, The	KENEALY .. 5 1788
— and 'Young Ire-land'	9 xl	'Moonchug and Meena-chug'	4 1650
— cited by Meagher	6 2415	Mooney, Dr., of Trinity College	5 1986
— News of sentence of	6 2185	MOORE, FRANK FRANK-FORT (portrait)	7 2468
— on XIX. Century religion	6 2446, 2449	— GEORGE	7 2482
— See By Memory In-spired	8 3274	— M. F. Egan on	5 xv
'Mitchel's, John, Jail Journal'	MITCHEL ... 6 2444	— on 'The Heather Field'	6 2385
Mizen Head, The	8 2852	— Plays of	10 xiii
Mo Craobhuin Ono	WALSH ... 9 3505	— Norman, on Sir S. Ferguson	11 1168
Modern Egerta, A	CAMPBELL.. 2 448	— The Burial of Sir John	WOLFE ... 9 3633
— Gaelic writers (see also Vol. 10)	2 xviii	— THOMAS (portrait)	7 2505
— Irish	10 4025	— (reference)	8 3071
— Drama	10 xlii	— Anecdote of O'Curry and	7 2663
— Poetry, Yeats on	3 vii	— Holmes, O. W., on	7 2505
— Stories	10 3875	— in college	9 3523

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Moore, <i>Lines from the Centenary Ode to the Memory of</i>	6 2131	Mountmorris, Lord, duel with Francis Hitchinson	1 143
— Meagher on	6 2424	Mourne	6 2354
— on Christianity in Ireland	9 3400	<i>Mourning Bride, Extracts from the</i>	2 615
— on Conviviality	6 xi	Moville, Donegal	6 2248
— on Emmet's character	3 1087	Moyallo	5 1743, 1745
— on Sheridan	3 1197	Moyle, The (river)	6 2534
— on the parting of Byron and the Blessingtons	6 2289	Moy-Mell, the plain of everlasting pleasure	5 1714, 1732
— <i>Rogueries of</i>	6 2337	'Moytura'	5 1876
— the Spanish type in Ireland	4 1589	Moyvore, The Rath of	4 1255
— W. B. Yeats on	3 viii	Muckish mountain, The	6 2251
Moral and Intellectual Differences between the Sexes	5 1920	Muckruss Abbey, Ruins of	8 3020
— force and intellectual achievement	9 3468	Mulredach	9 3487
Morals, American	1 836	Mulrue	4 1447
— of Irish people	1 34	Mulrhemme, Cuchulain of'	4 1426
Moran, Michael, the last Gleeman	9 3683	Mulberry Garden, The	1 166
More, MacCarthy	4 1500; 9 ix	Mulholland, Rosa. See LADY GILBERT.	
Morfydd, To	5 1698	Mulla	6 2276
MORGAN, LADY	7 2542	Mullach-brack	6 2356
— Description of	7 2543	Mullaghmast	5 1801
— M. F. Egan on	5 vii, xv	MULLANEY, PATRICK FRANCIS	7 2558
— inherently Irish	1 xi	Mullen, The Sorrowful Lamentation of Callaghan, Greally, and	9 3316
— Dress of	9 3495	Mullinger	6 2438
'Morgante the Lesser'. MARTYN	6 2383	MULVANY, CHARLES PELHAM	7 2562
Morley, Professor, on antiquity of Gaelic Literature	4 vii	Munachar and Manachar	4 1647
— on Steele and Addison	8 3198	Municipal Corporation Bill, The Irish	6 2176
Morna	7 2526	— Franchise Bill, The Irish	6 2176
Morning on the Irish Coast (half-tone engraving)	5 2003	— Privileges Bill, The Irish	6 2176
Mornington, Lord, a Monk of the Screw	2 797	Munremar	4 1616
— Musical academy presided over by	5 1919	Munster, Aldrif in	6 2376
Mortgage, Foreclosure	8 3230	— Bards, The	7 2615
Morty Oge	2 445	— <i>Cashel of</i>	3 1181
Morris, William, on Art and Society	9 3662	— 'Pacata Hibernia,' A record of	7 2740
Moses at the Fair	4 1305	— <i>Raleigh in</i>	3 909
— (character in Sheridan's 'School for Scandal')	8 3109	— The Dean of Fermo on hospitality in	1 32
— <i>The Burial of</i>	1 1	— The women of	1 30, 32
Mother, Boy who was long on his	10 3765	— <i>War-Song, The</i>	9 3607
— "is that the passing bell?"	5 1767	— William of	See KENEALY.
Mount Eccles	7 2701	— Women, Dress of	1 33
— Gabriel	7 2851	Murchad, son of the King of Leinster	7 2711
— Saint Jerome	6 2420	Murmurs of Love	7 2676
Mountain Cottage in Killarney (half-tone engraving)	4 1484	MURPHY, ARTHUR	7 2564
— <i>Fern, The</i>	4 1255	— DENIS	7 2567
— <i>Theology</i>	4 1455	— Father, See Mac-kenna's Dream	7 2574
Mountains of the Setting Sun	2 417	— JAMES	7 2574
Mountjoy, Lord	7 2740	Murphy's Supper, The	1 103
— The Wood of	1 3	Musgrave, Sir Richard	1 129
		Music has charms to soothe	2 615
		Music in Ireland	
		— <i>Irish Music</i>	8 2885
		— <i>The Irish Intellect</i>	4 1288
		— <i>An Irish Musical Genius</i>	7 2690
		— <i>Lines Written to</i>	9 3634
		— <i>National</i>	1 400
		— <i>The Last</i>	5 1700

	VOL.	PAGE		N.	VOL.	PAGE
Musical glasses, The.....			Naas Jall	5	1887, 1894	
— <i>Genius, An Irish</i>	O'DONOGHUE	7 2690	<i>Naisi Receives his</i>			
Muskerry		1 353	— <i>Sword</i>	JOYCE	5 1746	
— Lady, a daughter			— <i>Nameless One, The</i>	MANGAN	6 2365	
of Harry Deane			— <i>Story, The</i>	LARMINIE	5 1871	
Grady	7	2733	Names of places, Mean-			
— <i>Mustor of the North</i>	DUFFY	3 954	ing of		6 2228	
Mutiny Act, The	4	1391	(Naais speaks) O to see			
<i>My Ambition</i>	LYSAGHT	6 2109	once more	TRENCH	9 3431	
— beautiful, my beau-			<i>Napoleon</i>	PHILLIPS	8 2888	
tiful!	NORTON	7 2584	— <i>An Historical</i>			
— <i>Boyhood Days</i>	EDGEWORTH	3 1073	Character of'.....	PHILLIPS	8 2888	
— 'Brown Girl Sweet'		8 3270	— and Baron Denon.....		1 214	
— <i>Buried Rifle, To</i>	MCCARTHY..	6 2172	Narraghmore		5 1888	
— country, wounded.....	WILDE	9 3573	— 'Narrative of the War			
— 'dear Vic,' see he.....	BARRY	1 151	with China'	WOLSELEY	9 3636	
— eyes are filmed	MANGAN	6 2367	<i>Nathaniel P. Cramp</i>	MCCARTHY..	6 2134	
— <i>First Day in Trin-</i>			<i>Nation Once Again, A</i>	DAVIS	3 827	
ity	LEVER	5 1986	— <i>The, Founding of</i>		3 950	
— 'girl, I fear your			— Spirit of the'.....		3 x	
sense is not great			<i>National Characteristics</i>			
at all' (Irish			as Molding Pub-			
rann)	HYDE	10 3835	lic Opinion	BRYCE	1 331	
— Grand Recreation.....		10 4016	— Dramatic Society.....		10 xlii	
— Grave	DAVIS	3 827	— genius		8 2990	
— 'grief on the sea'.....	HYDE	10 3763	— Independence, Plun-			
— heart is far from			ket on		8 2901	
Liffey's tide	WALSH	9 3505	— Land League		9 xi	
— heart is heavy in			— League, The		9 xi	
my breast	FITZSIMON..	3 1206	— Library of Paris,			
— <i>Inver Bay</i>	MACMANUS..	6 2264	Collection of			
— Land	DAVIS	3 831	Irish MSS. in the.....		7 2673	
— <i>Last Night in Trin-</i>			— literature, A.....		1 x	
ity	LEVER	5 1990	— movement in Ire-			
— 'Life is like the			land, The		3 834	
summer rose',	WILDE	9 3597	— Music of Ireland.....	BURKE	1 400	
— little one's going			— Poet of Ireland,			
to sea	MOLLOY	6 2459	The'	See MOORE.		
— Lords of Strogue.....	WINGFIELD.	9 3620	— spirit in Irish lit-			
— love, still I think.....	REYNOLDS	8 2939	erature		2 xviii	
— love to fight the			— literature now an			
Saxon goes	O'DONNELL	7 2686	accomplished fact.....		1 xiv	
— <i>Mother Dear</i>	LOVER	5 2087	— extinguished by			
— name is Hugh Rey-			Act of Union.....		1 xi	
nolds	STREET BAL-		— temperament in			
— Patrick Sheehan.....	LAD	8 3292	Irish literature.....		1 x	
— It is Nell	STREET BAL-	5 1831	— movement, Effect			
— Old Home	LAD	9 3306	of, on literature.....		2 xiii	
— <i>Owen</i>	O'LEARY	7 2797	— Poets. See Mod-			
— Bawn's hair is	DOWNING	3 916	ern Irish Poetry.			
of thread of			<i>Nationality</i>	INGRAM	5 1661	
gold spun	FERGUSON	3 1179	— and Imperialism.....	RUSSELL	8 2969	
— 'prison chamber'.....	ROSSA	8 2985	— Irish, now recog-			
— spirit's on the			nized		1 xvii	
mountains	WOLFE	9 3635	<i>Natton's History, A</i>	BURKE	1 398	
— thoughts, alas, are			— <i>Right, A</i>	MOLYNEUX	6 2460	
without strength.....	GREGORY	4 1460	<i>Native Irishman, The</i>	STREET BAL-		
— time how happy			LAD		9 3304	
once	BICKERSTAFF	1 186	— literature of Ire-	IRELAND	5 1662	
Mystery, Celtic love of.....		8 2974	land original		2 vii	
Mysticism in the new			Nativity, Chapel of the.....		9 3537	
movement		5 vii	Natural scenery		2 439	
Mythological Cycle, The.....		2 xi	— Theology, Paley's.....		5 1787	
Mythology		4 1426	Naturalization Bill, The.....		4 1392	
1431, 1445, 1447, 1455,		1459	Nature, Joy in		1 174	
— of the Norsemen.....		8 3241	— <i>Life, Art and</i>	WILDE	9 3578	
Myths and Legends.			— in Myth		9 3657	
See Legends, and Folk Lore.			— Myths. See <i>The Celtic Ele-</i>			
— Need for study		1 vii	ment in Literature.			
— Wakeman on.....		9 3482	— Love of, in Irish			
— in Nature		9 3657	sagas		2 xv	
— Nature. See <i>The Celtic Ele-</i>			<i>Nature</i> (out-door life).			
ment in Literature.			— <i>The Young Fisher</i>	GWYNN	6 2454	
			— <i>Rhapsody on Riv-</i>			
			ers, A	MITCHEL	6 2454	

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Nature.			Nile, The	7	2512
— <i>Vicar of Cape Clear</i> OTWAY	7	2848	Nine Hostages, Nial of		
— <i>Ennishower</i> , WINGFIELD	9	3620	the	1	402; 2 444
Navan	5	1738	'Ninety-eight'	9	3688
Navigations	2	xii	— Lord Camden and	8	2930
Navy, Irishmen in the			— The events of	6	2229
British	9	3422	'No doubt sure,' 'My		
Neagh, The	6	2112	<i>self believes,</i>		
— Lough .. 3 1180; 5 1753; 6 2276,		2280	<i>'Thinks I!'</i>		
Near Castleblayney lived			— (Irish rann) ... HYDE	10	3835
Dan Delaney	8	3270	— popery cry, The	8	3059
Ned Geraghty's Luck ... BROUGHAM ..	1	301	— rising column		
Needy Knife-grinder ... CANNING ..	2	467	marks this spot. EMMET ...	3	1094
'Neighbors'	2	758	— Snakes in Ireland O'KEEFFE ...	7	2771
Neil O'Carree	4	1638	Noble Lord, A	MURPHY	7 2574
Neill, Meaning of name	9	3546	— Extracts from a		
Nell Flaherty's Drake. STREET BAL-			Letter to a ... BURKE	1	379
LAD	9	3306	Nolle Prosequi, A	7	2793
— D. J. O'Donoghue			Nora Creina	MOORE	6 2340
on	6	xi			7 2523
Nemedians, The	2	xi; 9 vii	Norbury, Lord, and Cur-		
Nephin (mountain)	6	2229, 2231	ran	2	798
Nero	2	740, 746	— at the Trial of		
Netterville, Nicholas,			Robert Emmet	3	1093
Viscount	7	2728	— duel with Fitzger-		
— Father Robert,			ald	1	143
slain at Drogheda	7	2572	Norman work in Round		
'Never Despair' (fac-			Towers	9	3492
simile of verses)	7	2623	Norman-Irish, The	9	3391
'New Antigone, The' ... BARRY	1	156	Norse Sagas and Gaelic		
'Ireland,' by A. M.			Tales	8	2973
Sullivan	7	2619	— Invaders drown		
— Irish, The	9	3391	Irish books	2	viii
— Misfortunes	GOLDSMITH	4 1309	North, The Muster of		
— Potatoes	LOVER	5 2071	the	DUFFY	3 954
— Town Glens	7	2551	Northern Blackwater ... KAVANAGH ..	5	1752
Newbery, John, Gold-			Northernmen in Ireland. STOKES ...	8	3238
smith on	4	1299	NORTON, CAROLINE		
Newcastle, Duke of,			(LADY STIRLING-MAX-		
Sterne's reply to	8	3227	WELL)	7	2583
Newman, Cardinal	7	2556	Not a drum was heard,		
Newport	7	2857	not a funeral		
— A Glimpse of his			note	WOLFE	9 3633
Country-House near. BERKELEY ..	1	175	— a Star from the		
Newry	3	954	Flag Shall Fade. HALPIN ...	4	1539
— Election, Speech at CURRAN ...	2	788	— far from old Kin-		
Newspaper, The first			vara	FAHY	3 1134
Irish (facsimile)	4	1258	— for the lucky war-		
Niagara	6	2132	riors	GWYNN	4 1529
" — Dr. Johnson the,			— hers your vast im-		
of the New			perial mart	LAWLESS	5 1884
World"	7	2472	Nothing Venture, Noth-		
Nial of the Nine Hos-			ing Have	HAMILTON	4 1542
tages	1	402; 2 444; 9 3546	Novel in The Figaro,		
Niall	6	2356	The	O'MEARA	7 2805
Niam	2	593	Novels, Irish	EGAN	5 vii
— of the Golden			Burlesque	1	119, 123
Hair	5	1715	'Novum Organum,' Ba-		
Nibelungen, Lied, The	4	1598	con's	6	2448, 2453
and Ireland	4	viii	Now all away to Tir		
Irish older than	2	vii	na n'Og	CHESSON	2 590
Nicknames and So-			— are you men	PARNELL	7 2871
briquets	9	3547	— in the lonely hour. JOYCE ...	5	1747
'Night before Larry was			— let me alone,		
stretched, The. STREET BAL-			though I know		
LAD	9	3308	you won't	LOVER	5 2080
— D. J. O'Dono-			— Memory, false		
ghue on	6	xi	spendthrift		
— closed around	MOORE	7 2536	Memory	O'GRADY	7 2760
— in Fortmanus Vil-			— when the giant in		
lage, A	SIGERSON	9 3145	us	RUSSELL	8 3000
— Piece on Death,			NUGENT, GERALD (biog-		
From a	PARNELL	7 2874	raphy)	10	4016
Nígra, Constantine, on			— Translation from		
Celtic rhymes	2	xix	the Irish of	3	930

VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE	
Nugent, Lord, Canning	1 171	O'BRIEN, CHARLOTTE	7 2591
on	4 1395	GRACE	7 2591
Nullum Tempus Bill	2 xl	FITZ JAMES	7 2591
Number of Irish ancient	2 xl	Manus, discovers	9 3325
MSS. extant	5 1848	Sarsfield's plow	7 2608
Numitorius	3 xxiii	Michael, executed	7 2604
Nursery Tales, Max	3 xxiii	at Manchester	9 3643
Müller on	3 xxiv	R. BARRY	9 3414
Sir W. Scott on	3 xxiv	on keening	7 2604
Charles Welsh on	3 xxiv	Smith	9 3414
		on Wolfe Tone	7 2604
		and Young Ire-	9 xl
		land	9 xl
		defended by J.	9 3550
		Whiteside	6 2274
		on T. McNevin	7 2614
		WILLIAM	7 2619
		WILLIAM SMITH	7 2614
		(portrait)	7 2798
		and the Kille-	10 3529
		naule affair	
		(reference)	
		D. J. O'Dono-	6 xiii
		ghue on art of	
		O'Byrne. See Macken-	
		na's Dream	
		O'Byrnes of Wicklow	9 3397
		O'Burke, Father, on	3 822
		Davis' poems	10 3807
		O'Callahy, M. (now	
		Caldwell)	
		O'CAROLAN, TURLOUGH	10 4017
		(biography)	3 xviii
		and fairy music	
		Translations from	
		the Irish of:	
		Grace Nugent	3 1186
		Mild Mabel	3 1187
		Kelly	4 1244
		Bridget Cruise	4 1246
		Mary Maguire	4 1252
		Peggy Browne	
		Why, Liquor of	
		Life	3 805
		Ocean, The, in Irish sa-	2 xvi
		gas	4 1539
		Och! a rare ould flag.	3 935
		girls dear, did you	
		ever hear	5 2076
		hone! and what	
		will I do?	8 3157
		when we lived in	
		ould Glenann	
		O'CLERY, M. (biogra-	10 4018
		phy)	
		Louvain collection	7 2673
		of manuscripts	
		made by	
		See A Plea for the	
		Study of Irish.	
		See O'Donovan.	
		O'Connell, Chancellor,	
		duel with the	1 143
		Orange Chieftain	7 2624
		DANIEL	7 2629
		(portrait)	
		and Biddy Mori-	6 2281
		arty	
		and Catholic	9 x
		Emancipation	
		and the move-	1 xii
		ment for Re-	
		peal	7 2651
		Anecdotes of	8 3268
		Ballads on	7 xxv
		Bulwer on	7 xxv
		Dickens on	7 xxv

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
O'CONNELL, D., Erin's			O'DONOGHUE, D. J., on		
Lament for	8	3269	Carleton	2	472; 5 xvii
defended by J.			A. B. Code	2	607
Whiteside	9	3550	William Dren-		
Genius of, de-			nan's verse	3	924
scribed	7	xxvi	Kirkham	5	xvii
in prison	3	811; 6	William Kenealy	5	1788
Liberation of	3	814	Lover's humor	5	2008
Monument, The			Mrs. Power	7	2703
(half-tone en-			of the Glens	4	1590
graving)	7	2645	O'DONOVAN, JOHN	7	2705
on the corn laws	7	2633	on T. C. Irwin	5	1668
on death of Da-			Work of, for Cel-		
vis	2	823	tic literature	2	xviii
on home market	7	2647	The Dead Anti-		
on T. D'Arcy			quary	6	2218
M'Gee	6	2217	O'Driscoll drove with a		
on C. Phillips	8	2888	song	9	3701
on property tax	7	2632	O'Dugan, Maurice	3	1188
Origin of	4	1588	O'Farrell	9	ix
Shell's Pen-and-			O'Duibhne, Diarmuid	2	629
ink Sketch of	8	3064	O'FARRELLY, Miss Ag-		
talent of, for vi-			NES	10	3967
tuperative lan-			(biography)	10	4026
guage	6	2281	O'Flynn, Lawrence	10	3713
John, in prison	3	812; 6	Father	4	1412
O'CONNOR, F.	10	3713	O'er the wild gannet's		
Matthew, on			bath	2	809
Faulkner	4	1262	Of all trades that flour-		
Rev. Charles, com-			ished of old	5	1958
piler of the			Drinking	3	1209
Stowe Catalogue	7	2673	old, when Scarron		
Captain Teige	7	2570	his companions		
THOMAS POWER			invited	4	1380
(portrait)	7	2655	priests we can offer		
O'Corra, The Voyage of			GRAVES	4	1412
the Sons of	5	1724	O'FLAHERTY, CHARLES	7	2713
O'Culsin, S., Plays of	10	xv	Prince of Conne-		
O'CURNAIN, D. (biogra-			mara	7	2857
phy)	10	4019	RODERICK	7	2716
O'CURRY, EUGENE	7	2663	O'Flaherty's cabin in		
on ancient Irish			Connemara	7	2615
MSS.	2	xi	O'FLANAGAN, JAMES		
extent of an-			RODERICK	7	2723
cient MSS.	2	xliii	Of have we trod the		
Work of, for Celtic			vales of Castaly		
literature	2	xviii	WILDE	9	3594
O'Daly, Aengus, satirist	6	vii	in the stilly night'		
Ode on his Ship	1	280	MOORE	7	2527
Written on Leav-			Ogam stones (see also		
ing Ireland. From			Ogham)	4	3545; 7
the Irish	3	930	2668		
O'DOHERTY, MRS. KE-			O'Garas banished from		
VIN Izod (EVA			Galway	8	2917
MARY KELLY)	7	2675	Ogham explained and		
Sir Cahir	6	2430	illustrated	2	x
'O'Donnell, a National			O'Gillarna, Martin Rua	10	3751
Tale	7	2549	OGLE, GEORGE	7	2734
O'Donnell. See A Song of Defeat			a Monk of the		
and Tombs in the Church of			Screw	2	797
Montorio.	7	2549	duel with Barney		
Abou	6	2126	Coyle	1	143
(reference)	8	3270	O'Gorman, Secretary,		
Capture of Hugh			duel with Thomas		
Roe	2	632	Wallace	1	143
Hugh Ruadh. See			O'Grady of Kilbally-		
Roisin Dubh.	9	ix	owen	4	1590
Red Hugh	7	2743	STANDISH	7	2737
in the West	7	2678	on H. Grattan	4	1384
JOHN FRANCIS	7	2678	(portrait)	7	2737
Manus, grandfa-			Sir Horace Plun-		
ther of Hugh			kett on	8	2911
Roe	2	635	STANDISH HAYES	7	2762
O'Donnells banished			Work of, for Cel-		
from Galway, The.	8	2917	tic literature	2	xviii
O'DONOGHUE, DAVID J.	7	2690	O'Gnive, Lament of	2	443
on Banin's verse	1	45	'Ogygia',	7	2717
			William O'Brien on	7	2615
			Oh, dark, sweetest girl.	4	1252
			Dermot Astore!		
			between waking.	2	658

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Oh! drimlin donn dills!	WALSH	9 3511	O'Heffernan, the blind.....	7	vii
— fairer than the lily			O'Hussey's Ode to The		
— tall	FAHY	3 1133	Bard Maguire	MANGAN	6 2369
— farewell, Ireland, I			Oilloll		4 1613
— am going	STREET BAL-		Oisín (see also Ossian,		
— God, it is a dread-	LAD	8 3287	Usheen)	2	xli
— ful night'	KEEGAN	5 1764	— and Finn	4	1453
— Green and fresh'	TYNAN-		— Cause of popular-		
— HINKSON.	9 3461		— lity of	9	3660
— If there be an Ely-			— in Tirnanoge; or		
— sium on earth	MOORE	6 2342	— the Last of the		
— in the quiet haven,			Fena	JOYCE	5 1714
— safe for aye	ALEXANDER.	1 8	— Macpherson's		
— Larry M'Hale he			— poems of	7	2673
— had little to fear.	LOVER	5 2001	— See Niam and On		
— love is the soul.	CODE	2 607	— the 'Colloquy of		
— lovely Mary Don-			— the Ancients'	8	2917
— nelly	ALLINGHAM.	1 12	O'Kanes banished from		
— many a day have			— Galway	8	2917
— I made	CALLANAN	2 441	O'Kearney	10	3789
— many and many a			O'KELLY, PATRICK	7	2779
— time	GRAVES	4 1415	O'KENNEDY, RICHARD.	7	2782
— my dark Rosaleen.	MANGAN	6 2363	O'KEEFFE, JOHN	7	2770
— my fair Pasheen.	FERGUSON	3 1184	— and Sir Walter		
— my sweet little			— Scott	7	2691
— rose	FURLONG	4 1247	Old Age of Queen		
— Paddy dear, and			— Maeve, The	YEATS	9 3697
— did ye hear	STREET BAL-		— Books of Erin	7	2670
— LAD	9 3320		— Celtic Romances	JOYCE	5 1724, 1731
— Paudrig Crohoore			— Custom, An	GRIFFIN	4 1481
— was the broth of			— Lady Ann	CROKER	2 660
— a boy	LE FANU	5 1942	— " — of Thread-		
— rise up, Willy			— needle Street,		
— Rellily	STREET BAL-		— The"	8	3076
— LAD	9 3321		— Pedhar Carthy		
— that my love and I.	FURLONG	4 1246	— from Clonmore.	MCCALL	6 2122
— the clang of the			— " — White," anec-		
— wooden shoon	MOLLOY	6 2458	— dotes of	8	xviii
— the fern, the fern.	GEOGHEGAN.	4 1255	O'LEARY, ARTHUR	7	2789
— the French are on			— Dr.	2	797
— the sea	STREET BAL-		— ELLEN	7	2796
— LAD	9 3313		— W. B. Yeats on	3	xi
— the marriage'	DAVIS	3 825	— JOHN	7	2798
— the rain, the			— on Kickham	5	1815
— weary	MANGAN	6 2373	— JOSEPH	7	2803
— then tell me,			— as a humorist	6	xv
— Shawn O'Fer-			— PATRICK	10	3953
— rall'	CASEY	2 572	— (biography)	10	4028
— there was a poor			— FATHER PETER (bi-		
— man	STREET BAL-		— ography)	10	4028
— LAD	8 3281		— (reference)	10	3941
— thou Atlantic,			Oilkryn, Iris	See MILLIGAN.	
— dark and deep	CROLY	2 749	Ollamb, described	2	xli
— 'tis little Mary			Ollambs, Costumes of	3	xxiv
— Cassidy's	FAHY	3 1135	O'Longan on ancient		
— to have lived like			— Irish MSS.	2	xi
— an Irish Chief	DUFFY	3 959	— "Olwen" in The Mabi-		
— turn thee to me	FURLONG	4 1244	— nogion	9	3656
— 'twas Dermot			O'Mahon, Counsellor,		
— O'Nowlan McEligg.	O'FLAHERTY.	7 2713	— duel with Henry		
— What a Plague is			— Deane Grady	1	143
— Love'	TYNAN-		O'MAHONY OF MAHONY,		
— HINKSON.	9 3439		— F. S. (FATHER PROUT)	6	2336
— what was love			— O'Maille, Breanhaun		
— made for	MOORE	3 1087	— Crone	7	2856
— who could desire			O'Malley, Grace	7	2856
— to see better			O'MEARA, KATHLEEN		
— sporting	10	3919	— (GRACE RAMSAT)	7	2805
— who is that poor			O'MEEHAN, FATHER	10	3829
— foreigner	STREET BAL-		Omnium, Jacob. See HIGGINS		
— LAD	8 3288		O'More, Roger	9	ix
— yes, 'tis true, the			O'More's Fair Daughter.	FURLONG	4 1252
— debt is due	HOGAN	4 1592	On Carrigdhoun the		
O'HAGAN, JOHN	7 2767		— heath	LANE	5 1865
O'Hara, Kane, D. J.			— Catholic Rights	O'CONNELL.	7 2629
— Donoghue on wit of	6	xiii	— Conciliation with		
			— America	BURKE	1 876

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
On Euripides' plays we debated	ARMSTRONG.	1 24	O'Neills banished from Galway	8 2917	
— <i>Great Sugarloaf</i>	GREENE ...	4 1424	<i>Only Son of Aoife, The</i>	GREGORY ..	4 1426
— <i>Irishmen as Ru- lers</i>	DUFFERIN .	3 938	Oracles, Ancient Irish		7 2717
— <i>Land Tenure</i>	BUTT	2 422	Orange lilies, A story of		3 970
— <i>Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays</i>		6 2277	— <i>The</i>	EGAN	3 1080
— <i>a Colleen Bawn</i>	STREET BAL- LAD	9 3310	— <i>Societies</i>		9 3520
— <i>'the Colloquy of the Ancients'</i>	ROLLESTON.	8 2968	Orangeism.		
— <i>Commercial Treaty with France</i>	FLOOD	3 1219	— <i>King William</i>		3 967
— <i>Death of Dr. Swift</i>	SWIFT	9 3380	— <i>Protestant Boys</i>		9 3311
— <i>deck of Patrick Lynch's boat</i>	FOX	3 1224	— <i>The Orange Lilies</i>		3 1080
— <i>fourteenth day, being Tuesday</i>		4 1484	— <i>The Orangeman's Submission</i>		9 3430
— <i>ocean that hol- lows</i>	GRIFFIN ...	4 1510	— <i>Willy Reilly</i>		9 3321
— <i>Old Sod (color plate)</i>		1 xvi	<i>Orangeman's Submis- sion, The</i>	TONNA	9 3430
— <i>Policy for Ire- land</i>	MEAGHER ..	6 2415	Orator, Canning as		1 170
— <i>Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America</i>	BERKELEY .	1 180	— <i>Dean Kirwan as</i>		1 127
— <i>Travel</i>	FLECKNOE .	3 1209	— <i>Dr. Alexander as</i>		1 8
— <i>Wind</i>	MARTYN ...	6 2383	— <i>Father Keogh as</i>		3 1202
ONAHAN, WILLIAM J.	See JOHNSTONE.	7 2814	— <i>Flood as</i>		3 1210
One blessing on my na- tive Isle	CURRAN ...	2 767	— <i>Flood the first real</i>		7 x
— <i>day the Baron Stiffenbach</i>	WILLIAMS .	9 3610	— <i>Fox as</i>		3 1191
— <i>Forgotten, The</i>	SHORTER ..	8 3128	— <i>Gladstone the greatest in the Commons</i>		7 2657
— <i>Law for All</i>		1 384	— <i>Grattan, hero and</i>		4 1384
— <i>morn a Perl at the gate</i>	MOORE	7 2509	— <i>Isaac Butt as</i>		2 421
— <i>morning by the streamlet</i>	O'BRIEN ...	7 2592	— <i>Meagher as</i>		6 2414
— <i>ranging for rec- reation</i>		8 3269	— <i>O'Connell as</i>		7 2624
— <i>walking out I o'ertook</i>	ALLINGHAM.	1 16	— <i>Pitt as</i>		3 1191
— <i>night of late I chanced to stray</i>	STREET BAL- LAD	8 3296	— <i>Puff</i>	MOORE	7 2541
— <i>touch there is of magic white</i>	ALEXANDER.	1 9	— <i>Sheridan as</i>	FITZGERALD.	3 1190
— <i>winter's day, long, long ago</i>	KEEGAN ...	5 1762	Orators, Great attribute of		7 viii
O'NEACHTAN, J. (biog- raphy)		10 4019	— <i>in Irish Parlia- ment (portraits)</i>		7 viii
— <i>John, Translations from Irish of</i>		2 768	Oratory.		
— <i>A Lament</i>		4 1249	— <i>Pulpit, Bar, and Parliament a r y</i>		
'O'Neill, A Life of Owen Roe'	TAYLOR ...	9 3390	— <i>Eloquence</i>	BARRINGTON.	1 127
— <i>Hugh</i>		8 3018	— <i>Chatham and Townshend</i>	BURKE	1 391
— <i>and his men, A vision of</i>		1 354	— <i>Extracts from the Impeachment of Warren Hastings</i>	BURKE	1 383
— <i>Flight of</i>		6 2353	— <i>On American Tax- ation</i>	BURKE	1 873
— <i>The rebellion of</i>		9 ix	— <i>On Conciliation with America</i>	BURKE	1 376
— <i>Submission of</i>		9 3392	— <i>Disarming of Ul- ster</i>	CURRAN ...	2 780
— <i>of Ulster</i>	See SKRINE.	10 3851	— <i>Farewell to the Irish Parliament</i>	CURRAN ...	2 783
— <i>Moirra</i>		9 ix	— <i>Liberty of the Press</i>	CURRAN ...	2 778
— <i>Owen Roe</i>		9 ix	— <i>On Catholic Eman- cipation</i>	CURRAN ...	2 774
— <i>Sir Phelim</i>		3 928	— <i>Speech at Newry Election</i>	CURRAN ...	2 788
— <i>or O'Neill</i>		957; 4 249, 1530; 7 2686	— <i>Last Speech</i>	EMMET ...	3 1087
			— <i>Speech on Robert Burns</i>	FERGUSON..	3 1170
			— <i>Defense of the Vol- unteers</i>	FLOOD	3 1217
			— <i>On a Commercial Treaty with France</i>	FLOOD	3 1219
			— <i>Reply to Grattan's Invective</i>	FLOOD	3 1212
			— <i>Declaration of Irish Rights</i>	GRATTAN ..	4 1387
			— <i>Of the Injustice of Disqualification of Catholics</i>	GRATTAN ..	4 1405

VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE	
Oratory.		ORR, JAMES 7 2839	
— <i>Philippic against Flood</i> GRATTAN ..	4 1400	— <i>The Wake of William</i> DRENNAN ..	3 925
— <i>Glory of Ireland</i> MEAGHER ..	6 2420	Orrery, Lord, Swift and Faulkner	4 1263
— <i>On the Policy for Ireland</i> MEAGHER ..	6 2415	O'Ryan was a man of might HALPINE ..	4 1540
— <i>Speech from the Dock</i> MEAGHER ..	6 2424	Osborne, Anecdote of Sir William	2 425
— <i>Justice for Ireland</i> O'CONNELL ..	7 2641	Oscar, Keen, light-footed	7 2766
— <i>On Catholic Rights</i> O'CONNELL ..	7 2629	— <i>Strength of</i>	5 1723
— <i>Common Citizen Soldier</i> O'REILLY ..	7 2825	— <i>with edged blade fighting</i>	4 1525
— <i>Address Before the House, Washington</i> PARNELL ..	7 2861	Osgar (Oscur), grandson of Ossia	4 1455; 8 2753
— <i>Ambition of the Irish Patriot</i> PHILLIPS ..	8 2892	O'SHAUGHNESSY, ARTHUR	7 2842
— <i>Eulogy of Washington</i> PHILLIPS ..	8 2891	O'SHEA, P. J.	10 3843
— <i>The Union</i> PLUNKET ..	8 2896	— (biography)	10 4029
— <i>First Step toward Home Rule</i> REDMOND ..	8 2926	Ossian (see also Olsin)	8 2990
— <i>Ireland's Part in English Achievement</i> SHEIL	8 3057	— (biography)	10 4020
— <i>Speech in Opposition to Pitt's First Income Tax</i> SHERIDAN ..	8 3072	— <i>and Patrick, Lay of</i>	
— <i>In Defense of Charles Gavan Duffy</i> WHITESIDE ..	9 3550	— <i>of</i> GWYNN ..	4 1523
— <i>A century of. See The Irish School of Oratory.</i>		— <i>and St. Patrick</i>	2 xvi; 4 1601
— <i>in America, Bryce on</i>	1 337	— <i>The Burthen of</i> O'GRADY ..	7 2752
— <i>Irish, pitched in a high key</i>	7 vii	— <i>See MACALEESE and The Celts.</i>	
— <i>Masters in</i>	7 xxviii	Ossianic lays, The	4 1606
— <i>The Irish School of</i> TAYLOR ..	7 vii	— <i>manuscripts in the Trinity College collection</i>	7 2672
O'Reilly, See Mackenna's Dream	8 3297	— <i>or Finn Cycle</i>	2 629
— (Father) on naming children	4 1610	— <i>poems, The</i>	6 2231
— JOHN BOYLE (portrait)	7 2825	— <i>prose romances</i>	8 2968
— <i>His Life, Poems, and Speeches</i>	7 2825	Ossian's prose among the Irish people	4 1609
— <i>on Fanny Parnell's Land League songs</i>	7 2870	Ossin, Ossian, or Olsin	5 1705
— <i>Private Miles. See HALPINE.</i>		O'Sullivan Bear, Dirge of CALLANAN ..	2 445
— <i>Myles, F. M. Egan on</i>	5 viii	— <i>Gaelic</i>	3 vii
Orford, Lord, on an Irish bull	3 1058	— <i>Red</i>	3 vii
Oriel, Dubhdun, King of	4 1623	— <i>Rev. S. on the Burial of Sir John Moore</i>	9 3632
Oriental bull, An	3 1056	Othello at Drill LEVER	5 1979
— <i>folk lore and Irish life</i>	1 408	O'Trigger, Sir Lucius (character in 'The Rivals')	8 3082, 3088
— <i>Origin of Life, The</i> KELVIN ..	5 1784	O'Tundher	9 3515
— <i>O'Connell</i> HOEY ..	4 1588	OTWAY, CÆSAR	7 2848
— <i>the Irish, The</i> WARE ..	9 3547	'Ould Master, The' BARLOW ..	1 114
Originality of ancient Irish literature	1 viii	— <i>Plaid Shawl, The</i> FAHY ..	3 1134
— <i>Irish Bulls Examined, The</i> EDGEWORTH ..	3 1055	— (color plate)	10 Front
Ormond, M. F. Egan on	5 xi	Our Exiles SULLIVAN ..	9 3328
Ormonde on the massacre at Drogheda	7 2567, 2573	— <i>long dispute must close</i> CROLY	2 1747
Ormsby, Sir Charles; a story of the butcher	1 144	— <i>Manifold Nature, Stories from Life</i> MACFALL ..	6 2206
'Oro, O darling Fair!' SIGERSON ..	8 3142	— <i>own Times, History of</i> MCCARTHY ..	6 2148
O'Rourke, Daniel MAGINN ..	6 2313	— <i>Road</i> MACMANUS ..	6 2273
O'Ryan Converses with the Quality MORGAN ..	7 2549	— <i>Thrones Decay</i> RUSSELL ..	8 3001
ORR, ANDREW	7 2837	— <i>Ourselfs Alone</i> O'HAGAN ..	7 2767
		— <i>Out of Order</i>	7 2793
		— <i>upon the sand-dunes</i> TYNAN-HINKSON ..	9 3460
		Outer, Lough	6 2277
		Outlaw of Loch Lene, The CALLANAN ..	2 441
		— <i>Outline of Irish History, An</i> MCCARTHY ..	6 2174, 2179
		Outside Car (half-tone engraving)	2 788

	VOL.	PAGE
Outworn heart, in a time outworn	YEATS	9 3705
Over here in England..	SKRINE ...	8 3154
— moving water and surges white ...	MILLIGAN ..	6 2435
— the carnage rose prophetic a Voice		7 2827
Oveton, Father Richard, slain at Drogheda		7 2573
<i>Owen Bawn</i>		3 1179
— King of Munster		2 444
— Mór, King of Fern- mag		4 1616
— Roe (see also <i>A Glance at Ire- land's History</i>)		3 959
— O'Neill, Life of	TAYLOR ..	9 3390
Ow nabwee, The		5 1865
Ox Mountains, The		6 2229

P.

<i>Pacata Hibernia</i>	O'GRADY ..	7 2740
— Author of		7 2744
Paddy, agra, run down to the bog	STREET BAL- LAD	8 3285
— Blake and the echo		3 1056
— <i>Corcoran's Wife</i>	CARLETON ..	2 562
— <i>Fret, the Priest's Boy</i>	O'DONNELL ..	7 2678
— <i>MacCarthy</i>	HOGAN ..	4 1594
— <i>the Piper</i>	LOVER ..	5 2055
Pagan Irish, Esthetic sensitivity of the		2 xviii
Pain's 'Age of Reason' condemned		9 3521
Painting, Expression of female beauty by		5 1924
Pale, The		4 1255
— English of the		9 3391
— The English		10 3867
Paler and thinner the morning	M'GEE ..	6 2222
Palestine		7 2517
Paley's 'Natural Theol- ogy'		5 1787
Palliser, Archbishop		5 1915
Palmerston, Lord		3 941
Pamphlet, Power of the		7 ix
<i>Pamphleteer, Swift as a</i>	BOYLE ..	1 260
		9 3344
Pantheon, The early Irish		2 xi
<i>Paradise and the Peri</i>	MOORE ..	7 2509
Paralon, or Migdonia		4 1484
Parents and children, Affection between		6 2196
<i>Parliament, Farewell to the Irish</i>	CURRAN ..	2 783
— <i>How Ireland Lost her</i>	MCCARTHY ..	6 2161
— Irish Houses of (half-tone en- graving)		2 786
— of Ireland closed		6 2170
— The rights of		6 2464
'Parliamentary Reform, Speech on'		2 465
— speaking, Canning on		1 170
PARNELL, CHARLES STEWART (portrait)		7 2860

	VOL.	PAGE
PARNELL, C. S., Address of, before the House, Washing- ton, Feb. 2, 1879		7 2861
— and the Land Lea- gue	9	xi
— National League	9	xi
— J. H. McCarthy on	6	2177
— Life of Charles Stewart'	O'BRIEN ...	7 2607
		2611
— on the Manchester martyrs	7	2608
— Service of, to Eng- lish legislation	6	2178
— went into Politics, Why	O'BRIEN ...	7 2607
— <i>Epitaph on Doctor</i>	GOLDSMITH ..	4 1383
— FANNY		7 2870
— W. B. Yeats on		3 xii
— Sir John, and Ire- land's inde- pendence		6 2170
— Chancellor of the Exchequer	1	135
— THOMAS	7	2874
— English poet	6	2177
— W. B. Yeats on	3	vii
Parodist, Maginn the best	6	xiv
Parsons as a Monk of the Screw	5	1957
Parthalomans, The	9	vii
Partholan	2	xi
Parties in Ireland in 1798	9	3426
— The Chiefs of'	MADDEN ...	6 2284
<i>Partners in Crime</i>	GRIFFIN ...	4 1494
'Party Fight and Fu- neral'	CARLETON ..	2 559
<i>Passing of the Gael, The</i>	MACMANUS ..	6 2267
Pasteur, Pouchet, and" Bastian		5 1784
Pastha, The, described		3 xx
<i>Pastheen Fion. From the Irish</i>	FERGUSON ..	3 1184
<i>Pat</i> (comic paper)		6 x
Pater, Walter, on George Moore		7 2483
Pathos in Irish humor	6	viii
Patience of the Irish peasant	3	855
Patrician Bards, The	2	xviii
<i>Patrick, A Lay of Os- sian and</i>	GWYNN ...	4 1523
— and Ossian		7 2753
— See also <i>Saint Patrick</i> . — <i>Sheehan</i>	KICKHAM ..	5 1831
<i>Patriot, The Ambition of the Irish</i>	PHILLIPS ...	7 2892
Patriotic Songs, Songs of War, etc.		
— <i>Siege of Derry</i>	ALEXANDER ..	1 3
— "He said that he was not our brother"	BANIM	1 58
— <i>The Sword</i>	BARRY	1 149
— <i>The Saxon Shilling</i>	BUGGY	1 358
— <i>Gougane Barra</i>	CALLANAN ..	2 439
— "O say my brown drimin"	CALLANAN ..	2 442
— <i>Rising of the Moon</i>	CASEY	2 572
— <i>Green little Sham- rock of Ireland</i>	CHERRY ...	2 587

Patriotic and War Songs.	VOL.	PAGE
The Fighting Race.	CLARKE	2 598
Wearing of the Green	CURRAN	2 767
Fontenoy	DAVIS	3 823
My Grave	DAVIS	3 827
My Land	DAVIS	3 831
A Nation once again	DAVIS	3 827
The West's Asleep.	DAVIS	3 828
A Cushla Gal mo Chree	DOHENY	3 864
Brigade at Fontenoy	DOWLING	3 878
Erin	DRENNAN	3 924
Wake of W. Orr.	DRENNAN	3 925
Battle of Beal-Atha-Buidh	DRENNAN	3 928
Ode on Leaving Ireland	DRUMMOND	3 930
Innishowen	DUFFY	3 961
Irish Chiefs	DUFFY	3 959
Irish Rapparees.	DUFFY	3 957
Muster of the North	DUFFY	3 954
Lines on Arbor Hill	EMMET	3 1094
Fair Hills of Ireland	FERGUSON	3 1185
Song of the Irish Emigrant	FITZSIMON	3 1206
County of Mayo.	FOX	3 1224
Roisin Dubh	FURLONG	4 1247
Sorrowful Lament for Ireland	GREGORY	4 1459
Ireland	GWYNN	4 1532
Song of Defeat	GWYNN	4 1529
"Not a star from the flag shall fade"	HALPINE	4 1539
Sarsfield Testimonial	HOGAN	4 1592
Memory of the Dead	INGRAM	5 1659
Ways of War	JOHNSON	5 1699
Blacksmith of Limerick	JOYCE	5 1741
Crossing the Blackwater	JOYCE	5 1744
Fincen, the Rover.	JOYCE	5 1743
Irish Reaper's Harvest Hymn.	KEEGAN	5 1765
Rory of the Hill.	KICKHAM	5 1829
Royal Love	LEAMY	5 1910
Exiles Return	LOCKE	5 2003
War-Ships of Peace	LOVER	6 2085
The Croppy Boy.	MCBURNEY	6 2115
Good Ship Castle Down	MCBURNEY	6 2113
O'Donnell Aboo	MCCANN	6 2126
Pillar Towers of Ireland	MACCARTHY	6 2130
To my Buried Rifle	MACCARTHY	6 2172
The fair hills of Erin	MCCONMARA	10 3937
The Irish Exile.	MACDERMOTT	6 2189
Am I Remembered?	M'GEE	6 2225
The Celts	M'GEE	6 2223
Dead Antiquary.	M'GEE	6 2218
O'Donovan	M'GEE	6 2218
Death of the Homeward Bound	M'GEE	6 2222

Patriotic and War Songs.	VOL.	PAGE
Salutation of the Celts	M'GEE	6 2226
To Duffy in Prison	M'GEE	6 2220
My Inver Bay.	MACMANUS	6 2264
Passing of the Gael	MACMANUS	6 2267
Shiela-ni-Gara	MACMANUS	6 2271
Dark Rosaleen	MANGAN	6 2363
Fair Hills of Eiré.	MANGAN	6 2378
Kathleen-Ny-Houlahan	MANGAN	6 2380
Kinkora	MANGAN	6 2377
Lament	MANGAN	6 2352
Buried Forests of Erin	MILLIGAN	6 2437
After the Battle.	MOORE	7 2536
'Fairest put on achille'	MOORE	7 2529
'Go where glory waits thee'	MOORE	7 2530
Irish Peasant to his Mistress	MOORE	7 2536
Meeting of the Waters	MOORE	7 2532
The Minstrel Boy.	MOORE	7 2535
'O the sight en-trancing'	MOORE	7 2531
'Rich and rare were the gems she wore'	MOORE	7 2532
Song of Pionnuala	MOORE	7 2534
The harp that once	MOORE	7 2535
'When he who adores thee'	MOORE	7 2534
Loch Ina	O'BRIEN	7 2602
Tipperary	O'DOHERTY	7 2675
Spinning Song	O'DONNELL	7 2686
Tombs in the Church of Montorio	O'DONNELL	7 2684
'I give my heart to thee'	O'GRADY	7 2760
Dear Land	O'HAGAN	7 2768
Ourselves Alone.	O'HAGAN	7 2767
To God and Ireland True	O'LEARY	7 2796
At Fredericksburg, Dec. 13, 1862	O'REILLY	7 2831
Ensign Epps, the Color-Bearer	O'REILLY	7 2830
From 'Wendell Phillips'	O'REILLY	7 2836
Mayflower	O'REILLY	7 2834
In Exile: Australia	ORR	7 2837
The Irishman	ORR	7 2839
Song of an Exile.	ORR	7 2840
Erin, my Queen.	PARNELL	7 2873
Hold the Harvest.	PARNELL	7 2871
Post-Mortem	PARNELL	7 2870
Fight of the Arm-strong Privateer.	ROCHE	8 2961
Edward Duffy	ROSSA	8 2983
Shane's Head	Savage	8 3024
The Lost Tribune.	SIGERSON	8 3133
Corrymeela	SKRINE	8 3154
Lament for King Ivor	STOKES	8 3260
The Boyne Water.	STREET BAL-LAD	8 3271
MacKenna's Dream	STREET BAL-LAD	8 3296
By Memory Inspired	STREET BAL-LAD	8 3274

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Patriotic and War Songs.		<i>People, Amusements of.</i> O'BRIEN ...	7 2620
— <i>Protestant Boys.</i> STREET BAL-		<i>'Perhaps'</i> ... WYNNE ...	9 3649
LAD ...	9 3311	<i>Persecution by Protest-</i>	
— <i>Shan Van Vocht.</i> STREET BAL-		<i>ants and Roman Cath-</i>	
LAD ...	9 3313	<i>olics alike</i> ...	7 2790
— <i>Wearin' o' the</i>		<i>'Personal Narrative of</i>	
<i>Green</i> ... STREET BAL-		<i>a Pilgrimage to</i>	
LAD ...	9 3320	<i>El Medinah and</i>	
— <i>Dear old Ireland.</i> SULLIVAN ...	9 3341	<i>Mecca'</i> ... BURTON ...	2 408
— <i>God save Ireland.</i> SULLIVAN ...	9 3339	<i>'Sketches'</i> ... BARRINGTON ...	1 127
— <i>Fairy Gold</i> ... TODHUNTER ...	9 3411	129, 138, 141	
— <i>Longing</i> ... TODHUNTER ...	9 3408	<i>Personification of Ire-</i>	
— <i>The Maiden City.</i> TONNA ...	9 3428	<i>land</i> ...	1 viii
— <i>Orangeman's Sub-</i>		<i>Pery, E. S., Speaker of</i>	
<i>mission</i> ... TONNA ...	9 3430	<i>Irish House of Par-</i>	
— <i>'Oh, green and</i>		<i>liament</i> ...	7 ix
<i>fresh</i> ... TYNAN-		<i>Petre, Lord, and Father</i>	
HINKSON ...	9 3461	<i>O'Leary</i> ...	7 2793
— <i>The Exodus</i> ... WILDE ...	9 3570	PETRIE, GEORGE ...	8 2879
— <i>To Ireland</i> ... WILDE ...	9 3573	— <i>on the Round Tow-</i>	
— <i>Farewell to Amer-</i>		<i>ers</i> ...	9 3489
<i>ica</i> ... WILDE ...	9 3599	<i>Petrie's 'Christian De-</i>	
— <i>Munster War-Song.</i> WILLIAMS ...	9 3607	<i>scriptions' (cited)</i> ...	9 3484
Patriotism.		<i>Petticoats, Ancient Irish</i> ...	9 3495
— <i>Archbishop Ireland</i>		<i>Phantom Ship, The</i> ... MILLIGAN ...	6 2435
<i>on</i> ...	5 1662	<i>Phaudrig Crohoore</i> ... LE FANU ...	5 1942
— <i>of the Irish</i> ...	2 442	<i>Philandering</i> ... BOYLE ...	1 277
— <i>See Nationality and Imperialism.</i>		<i>Philippio Against Flood.</i> GRATTAN ...	4 1400
<i>Patterson, Chief Justice</i>		<i>Phillips, Bishop, of Kil-</i>	
<i>C. P., duels with gen-</i>		<i>lala</i> ...	6 2232
<i>tlemen</i> ...	1 143	PHILLIPS, CHARLES ...	8 2888
PAYNE, PERCY SOMERS ...	7 2878	— <i>Sir Thomas, pri-</i>	
Pearce, Sir Edward ...	5 1914	<i>ate collector of</i>	
<i>Pearl of the White</i>		<i>Irish MSS.</i> ...	7 2673
<i>Breast</i> ... PETRIE ...	8 2886	<i>'Philo-Junius.' See Sir</i>	
<i>'Peasant Lore from</i>		<i>Philip Francis.</i>	
<i>Gaelic Ireland'</i> DEENY ...	3 845	Philology.	
846, 847		— <i>Poetry of Words.</i> TRENCH ...	9 3434
— <i>to his Mistress,</i>		— <i>Language of the</i>	
<i>The Irish</i> ... MOORE ...	7 2536	<i>Ancient Irish</i> ... WARE ...	9 3544
— <i>Superstitions of</i>		— <i>Place names in</i>	
<i>the Irish</i> ...	6 2149	<i>Ireland</i> ...	6 2228
— <i>English and Irish,</i>		— <i>Surnames of the</i>	
<i>compared</i> ...	5 1835	<i>Ancient Irish</i> ... WARE ...	9 3546
Peasantry and landlords ...	1 138	<i>Philosopher, Emerson,</i>	
— <i>Character of the</i>		<i>The</i> ...	7 2556
<i>Irish</i> ...	1 138; 3 854; 6 2193	<i>'Philosophical Survey</i>	
— <i>Conditions of the</i> ...	9 3426	<i>of the South of Ire-</i>	
— <i>Dress of the</i> ...	9 3495	<i>land, A'</i> ...	7 2695
Peck, H. T., on George		Philosophy.	
Moore ...	7 2483	— <i>Extracts from 'The</i>	
Pedersen, Dr., on the		<i>Querist'</i> ... BERKELEY ...	1 177
<i>Irish vocabulary</i> ...	4 1607	— <i>Glimpse of his</i>	
Peel, Sir R., Challenge		<i>Country House.</i> BERKELEY ...	1 175
<i>of, to O'Connell.</i> ...	7 2625	— <i>True Pleasures</i> ... BERKELEY ...	1 174
— <i>on E. Burke</i> ...	1 x	— <i>Thoughts on Vari-</i>	
<i>'Peep O'Day, The'</i> ... BANIM ...	1 46	<i>ous Subjects</i> ... SWIFT ...	9 3377
Peggy Browne. From		— <i>Twelve Articles.</i> ... SWIFT ...	9 3388
<i>the Irish</i> ... FURLONG ...	4 1252	Phoenix Park ...	1 146
Pelagic style of archi-		Phooka's Tower, The ...	6 2313
<i>ecture</i> ...	8 2881	<i>Phosphor, The Planet</i>	
<i>'Pen and Ink Sketch of</i>		<i>Venus, Hesperus and</i> CLARKE ...	2 601
<i>Daniel O'Connell'</i> ... SHEIL ...	8 3064	<i>Picture of Ulster</i> ... MCNEVIN ...	6 2274
<i>Penal Days, Women in</i>		<i>Pig Fair (half-tone en-</i>	
<i>Ireland in</i> ... ATKINSON ...	1 28	<i>graving)</i> ...	7 2484
— <i>Laws</i> ... MCCARTHY ...	6 2179	<i>'Pilgrimage to El Me-</i>	
— <i>(reference)</i> ...	7 2615	<i>dinah and Mecca, Per-</i>	
— <i>Injustice of the</i> ...	5 1838	<i>sonal Narrative of a'</i> BURTON ...	1 408
— <i>of 1695-97</i> ...	9 x	<i>Pilgrimages in olden</i>	
— <i>servitude, The hor-</i>		<i>times</i> ...	1 32
<i>rors of</i> ...	3 839	<i>Pilgrims</i> ... ARMSTRONG ...	1 26
<i>'Penny numbers,' The</i>		<i>Pilkington, John Cart-</i>	
<i>evils of</i> ...	2 640	<i>ret</i> ...	7 2693
<i>Pensions for veterans of</i>		<i>Pillar Towers of Ire-</i>	
<i>the civil war</i> ...	7 2829	<i>land, The</i> ... MCCARTHY ...	6 2130
<i>Pentonville Prison</i> ...	3 839	<i>Pillars of Hercules.</i> ...	2 749
		<i>Pinchbeck Heroes, The</i>	
		<i>Worship of</i> ... GOLDSMITH ...	4 1338

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Plozzl, Signor	6	2471	Poets of Young Ire-		
Piper, A Blind Irish			land, W. B. Yeats on.....	3	viii
(half-tone engraving)	5	1762	Pole, Wellesley, a		
Pitch-capping	9	3447	Monk of the Screw	5	1957
Pitt, William	6	2284	Polemical ballads, On	8	3268
— and Sheridan	3	1194	Policy for Ireland, On		
— on Grattan's ora-			the	MEAGHER..	6 2415
tory	7	xv	Political humor	6	ix
— Sheridan's retort			— satire. See Rack-		
on	8	3122	renters on the		
Pitt's First Income Tax			Stamp.		
Bill, Speech in Oppo-			Politics and Gov-		
sition to	SHERIDAN ..	8 3072	ernment.		
Pity of Love, The	YEATS	9 3704	— Swift as a Pam-		
Place of Rest, The	RUSSELL ..	8 2997	phleteer	BOYLE	1 260
— names in Ireland	6	2228	— England and Ire-		
Placidia	5	1925	land	BYRCE	1 346
Plague in Ireland, The			— O'ha th am and		
Famine and the	1	58	Townshend	BURKE	1 391
Planet Venus, Hesperus			— Extracts from a		
and Phosphor, The	CLARKE ...	2 601	Letter to a Noble		
Plato	2	603	Lord	BURKE	1 379
Plato's 'Timeus'	2	749	— Extracts from the		
Players in London dur-			Impeachment of		
ing the reign of			Warren Hastings	BURKE	1 383
Henry VII.	6	2347	— On American Tas-		
Plea for Liberty of Con-			ation	BURKE	1 373
science	O'LEARY ..	7 2789	— On Conciliation		
— the Study of			with America	BURKE	1 376
Irish, A	O'BRIEN ...	7 2614	— On Land Tenure	BUTT	2 422
'Pleasant Ned Lysaght'		6 2106	— On the English		
Pleasing, The Art of	STEELE ...	8 3206	Constitution	CANNING ...	2 465
Plebeian bards, The	3	xviii	— Disarming of Ul-		
ster	6	2398	ster	CURRAN ...	2 780
Pledge, Signing the	2	612	— Farewell to the		
Plover, The	COLUM ...	2 612	Irish Parliament	CURRAN ...	2 783
PLUNKET, WILLIAM			— Liberty of the		
CONYNGHAM	8	2894	Press	CURRAN ...	2 778
— A master of ora-			— On Catholic Eman-		
tory	7	xxviii	cipation	CURRAN ...	2 773
— and the Irish na-			— Speech at Newry		
tional Parlia-			Election	CURRAN ...	2 788
ment	6	2171	— How the Anglo-		
— as a Monk of the			Irish Problem		
Screw	5	1957	Could be Solved	DAVITT ...	3 832
— Bulwer on	7	xxv	— How to Govern		
— Oratory of, de-			Ireland	DE VERE... 3	854
scribed	7	xxv	— On Irishmen as		
PLUNKETT, SIR HORACE			Rulers	DUFFERIN.. 3	938
(portrait)	8	2908	— On a Commercial		
Pocket boroughs, Irish			Treaty with		
Parliament elected by	6	2162	France	FLOOD	3 1219
Pockrich, Richard, in-			— Reply to Grattan's		
ventor of the musical			Invective	FLOOD	3 1212
glasses	7	2690	— To the Duke of		
'Poems'	YEATS	9 3704	Grafton	FRANCIS ... 3	1228
Poet and Publisher	JOHNSTONE. 5	1709	— Duty of Criticism		
— How to Become a FAHY	3	1124	in a Democracy	GODKIN ...	4 1290
Poetry. (All poems are indexed			— Liberty in Eng-		
under their titles and first			land	GOLDSMITH. 4	1331
lines.)			— Declaration of		
— Irish, E. Spenser			Irish Rights	GRATTAN ... 4	1388
on	4	ix	— Of the Injustice of		
— Modern Irish,			Disqualification		
Yeats on	3	vii	of Catholics	GRATTAN ... 4	1405
— of Words, The	TRENCH ... 9	3434	— Philippic against		
Poet's Corner in West-			Flood	GRATTAN ... 4	1400
minster Abbey	4	1319	— Native Land of		
'Poets and Dreamers', GREGORY	4	1455	Liberty	IRELAND ...	5 1662
— In Ancient Ireland	2	xviii	— Politics at Dinner	KING	5 1833
— of the Agrarian			Faith of a Felon	LALOR	5 1855
movement	3	xii	— Beginnings of		
— Fenian move-			Home Rule	MCCARTHY.. 6	2174
ment	3	xi	— How Ireland Lost		
— Nation. See			Her Parliament	MCCARTHY.. 6	2161
Modern Irish			— The Irish Church	MCCARTHY.. 6	2148
Literature.					

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Politics and Government.			Poyning's Act passed in 1495	9	ix
— <i>Penal Laws, The</i> ..MACCARTHY..	6	2179	— Law.....	3	1210, 1213; 4 1395
— <i>On the Policy for Ireland</i>MEAGHER ..	6	2415	— 1401, 1403; 6 2161; 9 3390		
— <i>A Nation's Right</i> ..MOLYNEUX..	6	2460	— Repealed.....	9	x
— <i>Colonial Slavery, 1831</i>O'CONNELL..	7	2650	<i>Practical Illustration, A</i> ..SHAW ..	8	3035
— <i>Justice for Ireland</i>O'CONNELL..	7	2641	— joking.....	8	xvi
— <i>On Catholic Rights</i> ..O'CONNELL..	7	2629	Prejudices, Swift on.....	9	3377
— <i>Gladstone and the Great Home Rule Debate</i>O'CONNOR ..	7	2656	— Racial.....	8	2995
— <i>Address Before the House, Washington</i>PARNELL ..	7	2861	Premium, Mr. (character in 'School for Scandal').....	8	3105
— <i>The Union</i>LUNKET ..	8	2896	PRENDERGAST, JOHN		
— <i>First Step toward Home Rule</i>REDMOND..	8	2926	PATRICK.....	8	2913
— <i>Nationality and Imperialism</i>RUSSELL ..	8	2989	Prentice boys, The.....	9	3428
— <i>Ireland's Part in English Achievement</i>SHEIL ..	8	3057	Preponderance of Protestant power.....	9	3423
— <i>Speech in Opposition to Pitt's First Income-Tax</i> ..SHERIDAN..	8	3072	Presentation at the Vice-regal court, Dublin.....	1	246; 6 2203
— <i>Our Exiles</i>SULLIVAN..	9	3328	<i>Press, Liberty of the</i> ..DE VERE... 3 852		
— <i>Brass Half-pence</i> ..SWIFT ..	9	3369	— <i>The Liberty of the</i> ..CURRAN ..	2	778
— <i>Short View of Ireland</i>SWIFT ..	9	3362	<i>Præternatural in Fiction</i> ..BURTON ..	1	404
— <i>Essay on the State of Ireland in 1720</i>TONE ..	9	3415	Prevalence of Irish humor.....	6	x
— <i>State of Ireland in 1798, The</i>TONE ..	9	3421	Priest, Love of Irish forBANIM ..	1	56
— <i>Some College Recollections</i>WALSH ..	9	3513	<i>Priest's Brother, The</i> ..SHORTER ..	8	3130
Politics at DinnerKING ..	5	1833	— <i>Soul, The</i>WILDE ..	4	3561
— <i>Bryce on American</i>	1	338	Priests at Drogheda, Murder of the.....	7	2572
Pollruane	7	2763	Primitive Irish, Antiquity of the.....	2	viii
<i>Pooka, The, described (see also Phooka)</i>	3	xix	<i>Prince of Dublin Printers, The</i>GILBERT ..	4	1258
<i>Pope, A., on Sir John Denham</i>	3	849	— <i>of Inismore, The</i> ..MORGAN ..	7	2543
— <i>on the Earl of Roscommon</i>	8	2981	<i>Princess Talleyrand as a Critic, The</i>BLESSINGTON	1	212
<i>Poppa, The Empress</i>	2	740	'Principles of Government'.....O'BRIEN ..	7	2620
<i>Popular Superstitions. See The Celtic Element in Literature: Superstitions; Fairy and Folk tales, etc.</i>			<i>Printers, The Prince of Dublin</i>GILBERT ..	4	1258
Population of Ireland, Decrease in	9	3416	<i>Prison Code, The</i>	6	2178
Portland, Duke of, on the Union	8	2897	— <i>Diary, Leaves from a</i>DAVITT. 3 832, 837		
<i>Portlaw to Paradise, From</i>DOWNEY ..	3	891	— <i>To Duffy in</i>M'GEE ..	6	2220
Portmore	3	928	Private Miles O'Reilly. See HALPINE.		
Portsalon	6	2432	'Problems of Modern Democracy'.....GODKIN ..	4	1290
Portstewart	4	1518	Procession of peers at Lord Santry's trial.....	7	2725
<i>Position of Women in the United States</i> ..BRYCE ..	1	343	Proclamation, a, concerning Shane the Proud.....	10	3843
Positiveness, Swift on	9	3377	Procrastination, Evils of.....	4	1535
Posterity, Sir Boyle Roche on	1	135	Progress, Human	1	175
<i>Post-Mortem</i>PARNELL ..	7	2870	Proleke Stone, The (half-tone engraving)	7	2666
Pot of Broth, The	10	xiv	<i>Promised Wife, To my</i> ..WALSH ..	9	3510
Post Office, The, in 1830 (half-tone engraving)	6	2107	Progresses (migrations)	2	xii
Potato failure of 1846	4	1572	Property tax, O'Connell on the	7	2633
"Potatoes and point"	4	1504	Prophecy regarding Jacob's Stone, The	7	2717
"Poten Punch"BODKIN ..	1	232	Prosecutions, Evils of State	9	3552
Poulanass	5	2052	<i>Prospect, A</i>	6	2107
Poul-a-Phooka (half-tone engraving)	5	1796	Prospecting in Montana	3	965
			Protection to American Industry	4	1296
			Protestant BoysSTREET BAL-LAD ..	9	3311
			— <i>Garrison in Ireland, The</i>	6	2153, 2156
			— power in Ireland	9	3423
			— The great orators in Irish Parliaments were	7	viii

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Proud of you, fond of you	DOWNING	3 916	Racing, Irish love of	8	xiii
Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding. McCANN ...	6	2126	Rackett Lady (character in 'Three Weeks After Marriage')	7	2504
PROUT, Father. See MAHONY.			— Sir Charles (character in 'Three Weeks After Marriage')	7	2564
— Famous Blarney Stone stanza of, in <i>The Groves of Blarney</i>	6	2441	Rackrent, <i>Castle</i>	EDGEWORTH.	3 995
— on 'Lalla Rookh'	6	2342	— Family, <i>Continuation of the Memoirs of the Memoirs of the</i>	EDGEWORTH.	3 1014
— Moore's 'National Melody'	6	2342, 2345	<i>Rackrenters on the Stump</i>	SULLIVAN	9 3333
— T. C. Croker	2	680	Rafferty, Anthony	10	3917, 3923
— Reliques of Father	MAHONY	6 2337	— (biography)	10	4022
Proverbs, Early Irish, Joyous	6	vii	— and Mary Hynes	9	3667
— See Irish Ranns	10	3833	— and the Bush	9	3671
Prussia, The King of, cited on land tenure	7	2866	— <i>How long has it been said</i>	10	3917
Psalter of Rosbrine	7	2853	— <i>The Cuis Da plé</i>	10	3917
Psalters of Tara and Cashel, The	7	2664	Rafferty's poems among the people	4	1609
Psychological method of studying literature	3	868	— poetry	9	3671
Public opinion, Effect of French Revolution on	9	3424	— <i>Repentance</i>	HYDE	10 3911
Puca, The, becomes Puck in Shakespeare	4	ix	Raglan, Lord, at Balaklava	8	3012
Pue's Occurrences (a Dublin newspaper)	5	1919	Railroad Story, A. See <i>In the Engine-Shed</i> .		
Puff, Orator	7	2541	Raise the Cromlech high	ROLLESTON.	8 2975
Pugin's 'Revival of Christian Architecture' (quoted)	8	3238	'Raising the Wind'	KENNEY	5 1805
Pulpit, Bar, and Parliamentary Eloquence. BARRINGTON.	1	127	Rakes of Mallow, The. STREET BALAD	9	3312
Purdon, Epitaph on Edward	GOLDSMITH.	4 1383	Raleigh in Munster	DOWNY	8 909
Put your head, darling. FERGUSON.	3	1183	Rambling Reminiscences	MILLIGAN.	6 2427
Pyramids, The	WARBURTON.	9 3529	Ramelton	4 1512; 6	2252
Pythagoras	2	602	Ramillie cock-hat, The	8	3496
Q.					
Quare Gander, The. LE FANU.	5	1928	Ramsay, Grace. See O'MEARA.		
Quand je suis mort, je veux qu'on m'enterre. MAROT	6	2338	Randle, Dr., Bishop of Derry, cited on Lord Santry's Trial	7	2726
Quarrelsome Irishmen. O'KEEFFE	7	2773	Ranelagh Gardens	1	165
Quarterly Review, The, founded by John Wilson	CROKER	2 675	Ranns, Irish	10	3833
Quebec, Darby Doyle's Voyage to	ETTINGSALL.	3 1114	Raphoe, Donegal	6	2251
Queen and Cromwell, The	WILLS	9 3012	Rapparee, The, among the hill fern	3	1255
Queen's County Witch, A (fairy and folk tale)	ANONYMOUS.	3 1150	Rapparees, The Irish. DUFFY	3	957
Queensdown (half-tone engraving)	2	427	Raps	9	3369
Querist, Extracts from The	BERKELEY.	1 177	Rath Maolain (Rathmullen)	2	633
Querns or hand-mills	5	1736	— of Croghan, The	3	1162
Quiet Irish Talk, A. KEELING	5	1769	— Cruane	7	2752
Quin, Matthew and Mary	8	2915	Rathdowney	3	1150
Quotation, A Pointed	7	2652	Rathdrum, Beautiful scenery between Arklow and	7	2532
R.					
Rabelais	3	873	Rathmore	2	573
Race prejudices	8	2995	Rathmullen	6	2431
Racial flavor in Irish literature	2	xviii	— Hugh Roe at	2	633
			Ray, T. M., and Repeal	9	x
			— in Prison	6	2128
			Ray's 'Social Condition of Europe'	2	423
			READ, CHARLES ANDERSON	8	2918
			— out the names	CLARKE	2 598
			Reaper's Harvest Hymn, The Irish	KEEGAN	5 1765
			Reason for Accepting the Doctrine of Purgatory (anecdote)	7	2793
			Rebel chaunt, A	6	2113
			Rebellion of 1798	9	x
			'Recollections of Fenians and Fenianism'. O'LEARY	7	2798

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Recollections of John O'Keeffe, The'	O'KEEFFE	7 2771	Repeal movement, The, effect of, on literature	1	xll
Recruiting Song, Tipperary	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3318	— of the Union	O'CONNELL	6 2644
Red Bog, Bog Cotton on the	O'BRIEN	7 2591	Repealers in Prison and Out	DAUNT	3 811
— Branch Cycle, The	2 xl; 2 804		Remember, Denis, all I bade you say	FORRESTER	3 1222
— — — — —	7 2748, 2749		Representative, The Duties of a	BURKE	1 391
— — — — — Knights, The	5 1741; 7 2593		Rest	PAYNE	7 2878
— — — — — House of the	4 1430		Retaliation, Extracts from	GOLDSMITH	4 1380
— — — — — Duck, The (folk song). { Gaelic by HYDE	10 3779		Retentive Memory (anecdote of O'Connell)	7 2654	
— — — — — English by WELSH	10 3749		'Revelations of Ireland in the Past Generation'	MADDEN	6 2281
— — — — — Man's Wife, The (folk song)	HYDE	10 3749	Revenue, Irish, decrease in	9 3416	
— — — — — Pony, The	LARMINIE	5 1866	Revolution of 1798. — Lynch Law on Vinegar Hill	BANIM	1 76
REDMOND, JOHN EDWARD (portrait)	8 2926		— Rising of the Moon	CASEY	2 572
Reform and Emancipation	8 3058		— Lines on the Burying Ground of Arbor Hill	EMMET	3 1094
' — — — — — Speech on Parliamentary'	CANNING	2 465	— Memory of the Dead	INGRAM	5 1659
Reformation, The	9 ix		— Scenes in the Insurrection of 1798. LEADBEATER	5 1886	
— — — — — Carlyle on the	3 951		— Shamus O'Brien. LE FANU	5 1937	
Registration of Voters Bill, The Irish	6 2176		— How Ireland Lost her Parliament. MCCARTHY	6 2161	
Rehan, Ada, as Lady Teazle (portrait)	8 3105		— The Irish Church. MCCARTHY	6 2148	
REID, MAYNE	7 2932		— Noble Lord, A.	MURPHY	7 2574
Reign of Terror, The	2 678		— Capture of Wolfe, Tone	O'BRIEN	7 2604
Related Souls	WILDE	9 3572	— Story of Father Anthony O'Toole. TYNAN-HINKSON	9 3444	
' Relation of Amboyne, The'	6 2573		— The American	6 2153	
Relatives, Auctioning Off One's	SHERIDAN	8 3105	— The French	1 136	
Relics of Brigit	8 3260		Revolutionary Tribunal	2 678	
Religion in America	1 336		Revue Celtique	4 1459	
— — — — — Swift on	9 3377		Rewriting of destroyed MSS. begun	2 ix	
Religious Belief in Ireland, Carlyle on	3 952		REYNOLDS, GEORGE NUGENT	8 2939	
— — — — — Legend. See The Story of the Little Bird.			— Sir Joshua, and John O'Keeffe	7 2777	
— — — — — oppression, Father O'Leary on	7 2789		— Goldsmith on	4 1380, 1382	
— — — — — sects in Ireland, proportions of the	9 3422		— Portrait of O. Goldsmith	4 1298	
— — — — — Songs of Connacht. HYDE	10 3795		— of Sheridan	8 3020	
— — — — — 3813, 3823, 3829, 3917			— of Sterne by	8 3210	
' Reliques of Father Prout'	MAHONY	7 2337	— See A Goodly Company.		
' Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift'	BOYLE	1 260	Rhapsody on Rivers, A. MITCHEL	6 2454	
Remedies, Vulgar	2 759		Rhetoric in Irish literature	2 xlll	
Reminiscences. See Character Sketches.			Rhyme, Celts taught Europe to	2 ix	
Remnant? What is the	MAGEE	6 2292	Rhymers' Club, The	5 1693; 9 3403	
Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow	4 1357		Rhine, The	7 2586	
Renaissance in art and letters, The	9 xl		RHYS, GRACE	8 2940	
— — — — — M. F. Egan on the Irish	5 vll		Rich and rare were the gems she wore. MOORE	7 2532	
— — — — — The new Irish	2 xxi		— (reference)	8 3270	
Rent-Day (fair) and folk tales	ANONYMOUS	3 1160	Richard II. in Ireland (color plate)	8 Front	
Rents, Lalor on	5 1857		RIDDELL, MRS. J. H.	8 2949	
Reparteers of Curran	6 ix		Riddles by Dean Swift	9 3389	
Repeal, The agitation for	9 x		Ridge, Counselor John	4 1380	
— — — — — Association, The	6 2416		Ridgeway	See TAYLOR.	
— — — — — Dictionary, John O'Connell's	2 812				

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Rifle, To My Buried</i>	MCCARTHY.	6 2172	<i>Rón Cerr</i>		4 1622
High Shemus he has			<i>Rope, Twisting of the</i>	HYDE	10 3989
gone to France	DUFFY	3 957	<i>Rory of the Hill</i>	KICKHAM	5 1829
Right of Free Speech		9 3551	— (reference)		8 3270
'Rights of Man, The'	8 3269,	3270	— <i>O'More</i>	LOVER	6 2084
— of Parliament, The		6 2464	— Dirge of	DE VERE	3 859
<i>Ringleted Youth of my</i>			Rosbrine, The Psalter		
Love (folk song)	HYDE	10 3735	— of		7 2853
Rinucini, Archbishop of			— place where insur-		
Fermo		1 32	— rections were		
'Rise and Fall of the			— planned		7 2852
Irish Franciscan			Roscommon		4 1607
Monasteries'	MEEHAN	1 32	— EARL OF		8 2981
— up and come for			— W. B. Yeats on		3 vii
the dawn		10 3917	— Duelling in		1 145
<i>Rising of the Moon</i>	CASEY	2 572	Rose o' the World, she		
<i>Rival Swains, The</i>	BULLOCK	1 360	— came	CHESSON	2 592
'Rivals, The'	4 1499		— of Ardee, The		8 3270
	SHERIDAN	8 3078	— of the World, The	YEATS	9 3706
		3088	Ross, Martin. See MARTIN ROSS.		
River of billows, to			— Red-Haired		4 1444
— whose mighty	DE VERE	3 852	— The Siege of		6 2115
— Roe, The	8 3270		ROSSA, J. O'DONOVAN		8 2983
Roads in Ireland		5 1739	Rosstrevor		6 2454
<i>Robertson, Frederick</i>			Roubillac in Dublin		5 1919
— William	BROOKE	1 291	<i>Round of Visits, A</i>	O'KENNEDY	7 2782
— Life and Letters			— Table of Stories	GILBERT	4 1265
of	BROOKE	1 291	— 'Towers, The'	PETRIE	8 2880
Robespierre, Revolt			— described in de-		
against		2 677	— tall		9 3491
'Robinson Crusoe;'			— Petrie on		9 3489, 3490
Princess Talley-			— of Ireland,		
rand's amusing			— Forts, Crosses		
blunder		1 213	— and	WAKEMAN	
— W., M. F. Egan				and COOKE.	9 3482
on		5 viii	'Rover, The'	CANNING	2 466
Roche, Lady		7 2733	Rowan, A. H.		2 778; 9 3513
— Sir Boyle		1 134	— Curran's defense		
— JAMES JEFFREY			of		7 xxiii
(portrait)		8 2959	Royal Fairy Tales, The		3 xx
<i>Rocky Mountains, First</i>			— Irish Academy,		
<i>Sight of the</i>	BUTLER	2 415	— Collection of		
Rogers, Michael		10 3807	— manuscripts in		7 2672
<i>Rogueries of Tom</i>			— Love, A	LEAMY	5 1910
Moore, The	MAHONY	6 2337	'Ruadh.' See MACALEESE.		
Roe, Owen (see also A			Ruadhan of Lorrha		7 2763
Glance at Ireland's			Rückert, <i>Gone in the</i>		
History)		3 959	— Wind not a transla-		
<i>Roisin Dubh. From the</i>			— tion from German		6 2350
Irish	FURLONG	4 1247	Ruff, The, worn in Ire-		
Roland, Song of		9 3657	— land		9 3498
— the Brave, Irish			<i>Ruined Chapel, The</i>	ALLINGHAM	1 22
version of the			— Race, A	SIGERSON	8 3145
history of		7 2672	Rules of S. Robert		4 1419
Roll forth, my song	MANGAN	6 2365	Rushes that grow by		
ROLLESTON, THOMAS W.			— the black water	TRENCH	9 3433
HAZEN (por-			Russell, Baron		1 381
trait)		8 2068	— GEORGE W. ('A		
— and the Rhymers'			— E.") (portrait)		8 2986
Club		5 1693	— Love Songs of		8 3659
— on George Darley		2 807	— "A. E." on the		
— the poetry of			— poems of W.		
G. F. Savage			— Larmine		5 1866
Armstrong		8 3027	— St and ish		
'Rollad, The'		3 1193	— O'Grady		7 2787
Roman invasion had lit-			— W. B. Yeats'		
tle effect on Ireland		9 viii	— poetry		9 3651
Romance. See Fic-			— Plays of		10 xlii
tion; Myths and Le-			— W. B. Yeats on		3 xliii
gends; Fairy and			— Lord, and the		
Folk Tales.			— movement to dis-		
'Romances, Old Cel-			— establish the		
tic'	JOYCE	5 1724, 1731	— Irish Church		6 2159
Romanesque, The Irish			— MATTHEW		8 3005
style		8 3238	— SIR WILLIAM		
<i>Rome, The Firing of</i>	CROLY	2 739	— HOWARD		8 3008

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Russian Air	7	2537	St. Mathew (color plate)	9	Front
Rutland, The Duke of	1	133	St. Molaga, The Black Book of	7	2664
Ryan, Crowe	1	145	St. Molaise's Church	8	2881
S.					
<i>Sack of the Summer Palace</i>	WOLSELEY...	9 3636	St. Moling, The Evangelistarium of	7	2671
Sabbata Pango (inscription on an old bell)	6	2343	St. Ninian, Life of (quoted)	8	2884
Sacramento, The	6	2132	St. Patrick. See also <i>Irish Astronomy</i>	4	1541
Sacred subjects, Treatment of, by Irish wits	6	xv	— and Brigit	8	3249
<i>Sacrifice</i>	RUSSELL	8 2998	— and Ossian	7	2753
SADLER, MRS. J.	8	3017	— Apostle of Ireland. TODD	9	3400
<i>Saga, Literary Qualities of the</i>	HULL	4 1597	— Cross of St. Columba and, at Kells.	9	3485
— literature, its extent	2	xli	— in the 'Colloquy of the Ancients'	8	2968
— its style	2	xlii	— Introduced Christianity	9	viii
— MS. of a Lost	4	1608	— Ireland converted from idolatry by	7	2718
Sagas, Minute description in	2	xv	— Legend of	4	1457
— Norse and Gaelic tales in	8	2973	— Pagan festivals adopted by	4	1600
— The Irish described	2	xi	— The Order of	3 797; 5	1956
Sail bravely on, thou gallant bark	SULLIVAN...	9 3331	St. Patrick's Breastplate, The Hymn Called	8	3244
St. Aengus, the Culdee, Litany of	8	2884	— Day, 1866, Address delivered in the People's Theater, Virginia City, on	MEACHER	6 2420
St. Augustine, Mother of	5	1925	— Hymn before Tara, trans. by	MANGAN	6 2360
St. Basil, Mother of	5	1925	— Success	TODD	9 3400
St. Brendan, Church of	8	2881	— Ward, In	BLUNDELL	1 215
St. Buihce, The Speckled Book of the Monastery of	7	2664	St. Peter (folk story). HYDE	10	3813
St. Chrysostom, Mother of	5	1925	St. Pulcheria	5	1925
St. Claran (see also St. Kieran)	4	1600	St. Ricemarch, Saltair of	7	2671
St. Columba and Christianity	9	viii	'St. Ronan's Well, John O'Keeffe mentioned by character in	7	2691
St. Columba and St. Patrick, Cross of, at Kells	9	3485	St. Ruth (see also <i>Mac-kenna's Dream</i>)	8	3297
St. Cornin, Fada (meaning of)	9	3546	St. Stephen's Green, Dublin	5	1914
St. Cuthbert, Bishop of Landisfarne	8	2882	Sainte-Beuve method inaugurated by Goethe	6	2296
St. Fechin, Church of	8	2881	Saints and Scholars, Ireland the	1	xvii
St. Flinbar, Shrine of	4	1255	— The Isle of	9	viii
St. Francis and the Wolf	TYNAN-HINKSON.	9 3451	'Saints, Lives of the Mothers of the Irish'	1	32
St. Gall, Monastery of	4	viii	<i>Saladin, The History of my Horse</i>	BROWNE	1 323
St. Gregory, Mother of	5	1925	Salamanca, Irish soldiers at	8	3063
St. Helena	5	1925	'Salathiel the Immortal'	CROLY	2 739
St. Isadore, College of, Irish manuscript in the	7	2673	<i>Salley Gardens, Down by the</i>	YEATS	9 3705
St. James of Compostella	1	32	'Sally Cavanaugh'	KICKHAM	5 1824
St. John, Bayle, on 'The Arabian Nights'	1	406	Salmon Fishing in Ireland	4	1519
St. John's Well	5	1766	Saltair of Cashel, The (Bodleian Library)	7	2673
St. Kieran (see also Claran)	8	2979	— of St. Ricemarch.	7	2671
St. Kevin, King O'Toole and	5	2046	— of Tara, The	4	1611
'St. Lawrence, From the Land of'	EGAN	3 1080	<i>Salutation to the Celts</i> . M'GEE	6	2226
— The (river)	7	2540	Samhain	4	1611
'St. Mary of Egypt'	9	3684			

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Samhain, Article on			Sceoluing	2	629
— Irish Drama in	5	xxvi	Scheid, The	4	1357
— Time	4	1451	Schiehallion	9	3432
Sanders and the insur-			Schiller and Goethe at		
rection of Tyrone and			— Weimer	6	2297
Desmond	7	2852	'School for Scandal,		
Sanson and Fouquier	2	677	— The	9	3099
Santry, Lord, Trial of	6	1917; 7	—		3105
Sarsfield, Patrick, Earl			— life in England	2	616
— of Lucan	7	2814	— in Ireland		
— Patrick (Lord Lu-			— English Acad-		
can)	3	957; 9	emy, The	1	60
— at Sedgmoor	8	2816	Schools, Irish in the	10	3713
— Death of	7	2824	Science. See Astronomy.		
— on the battle of			— Scientific Limit of		
the Boyne (cited)	7	2819	— the Imagination	9	3471
— Statue, The (half-			— The Claims of Sci-		
tone engraving)	4	1592	ence	9	3463
— Testimonial, The	4	1592	— The Origin of Life	5	1784
— See Blacksmith of			Scientific use of the im-		
Limerick, The	5	1742	agination, The	1	xvii
— See Mackenna's			Scotland, Marriage law		
Dream	8	3297	— in	2	754
— See Song of De-			Scott, Burke on	1	397
feat, A	4	1530	— and Maria Edge-		
Sarsfield's Ride	9	3323	— worth	3	994; 5
Satire. See also Humor.			— C. Johnstone	5	1709
— A Prospect	6	2107	— Sir Walter, on		
— Cease to do Evil			— Faulkner	4	1260
— Learn to do			— on Hamilton's		
Well	6	2128	Memoirs of		
— On Wind	6	2383	— Grammont	4	1542
— Sheelagh on her			— on nursery tales	3	xxiii
Proposals of			Scriblerus Club, The	7	2874
Marriage	8	2906	Scully	2	445
— Rackrenters on the			Sculpture.		
Stump	9	3333	— Celt in	9	3487
— On the death of			— Expression of male		
D. Swift	9	3880	— beauty by	5	1924
— on English insti-			Scythians, The	9	3549
tutions	9	3355	Sea, Burial at	1	10
Satirists, Early Irish	6	vii	'Seadhna'	10	3941
— Political	6	ix	Seadhna's Three Wishes	10	3941
Savage, A	7	2835	Seanchan the Bard and		
— JOHN	9	3024	the King of the Cats	5	3566
— A R M S T R O N G,			Seanchus Mor, The (an-		
GEORGE FRANCIS	9	3027	cient laws of Ire-		
— F., on William			land)	7	2705
Wilkins	9	3600	Sear Dubh (the hound)	2	629
— Marmon, The art			Sedgmoor, Sarsfield at	7	2816
of	6	xv	Seed-Time	2	609
Saved by a Straw	7	2653	Seek not the tree of		
Saurin the Huguenot	1	128	— silkiest bark	3	862
Saxon churches in Ire-			Seest thou how just the		
land	8	2880	— hand	2	615
— Shilling, The	1	358	Self-government, Irish		
Scalp, The	8	3030	— capacity for	1	349
— ARMSTRONG			— help	1	179
'— Hunters, The'	8	2932	— Denying		
Scandal Class Meets,			nance, A	4	1549
The	8	3099	Selfish Giant, The	9	3584
— The School for	8	3099	Senach, Bishop	7	2763
		3105	September, In	9	3406
Scandinavia, Ireland's			Set in the stormy		
association with	4	1599	— Northern sea	9	3588
Scandinavian Vikings			Seven Baronets, The	1	129
in Ireland	8	3239	'Seventy Years of Irish		
Scathach	4	1426	Life'	5	1927
Scene from 'Catiline'	2	747	—		1945
Scene in the Famine	5	1755	Sexton and the Land		
— in the Irish Fam-			— League	9	xi
ine, A	4	1573	Sgueluidhe Gaothlach		
— in the South of			From the Irish of the	4	1625, 1631
Ireland, A	2	427	— See selections from	10	3713
Scenery, Irish	9	3622	—		3737, 3751, 3765
Scenes in the Insurrec-			Shadwell's Plays	5	1920
tion of 1798	5	1886	Shakespeare	9	3628

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
'Shakespeare, A Critical Study'	DOWDEN	3 870	<i>Sheep and Lambs</i>	TYNAN-HINKSON.	9 3454
— and Burns Kickham's favorite authors	7 2802		SHEIL, RICHARD LALOR	8 3055	
— the musical glasses	7 2690		— and Lyndhurst on Irish 'Aliens'	7 xxvii	
— Celtic influence on	9 3656		— Lord Beaconsfield on	7 xxvii	
— Goldsmith's opinion of	7 2691		— Bulwer on	7 xxvi	
— Irish influence on work of	4 vii		— Gladstone on	7 xxvii	
Shakespeare's favorite characters	3 875		— Oratory of, described	7 xxvi	
— <i>Portraiture of Women</i>	3 875		Sheoques, described	3 xviii	
— <i>Youth, England in</i>	3 869		Shepherds, I have lost my love	7 2735	
Shall and Will, Confusion of	7 1062		SHERIDAN, RICHARD BRINSLEY (portraiture)	8 3068	
— mine eyes behold thy glory	7 2870		— A master of oratory	7 xxviii	
— they bury me in the deep	3 827		— as a wit	6 viii	
— we, the storm-tossed	8 2966		— as <i>Orator</i>	3 1190	
Sham funeral, A	3 1044		— <i>Bons mots of</i> family, Heredity in the	8 3068	
'Shamrock'	See WILLIAMS.		— D. J. O'Donoghue on the wit of	6 xiii	
— <i>The of Ireland, The Green Little</i>	3 1085		— Meagher on	6 2421	
— <i>Shamrocks</i>	2 587		— Irish literature begins before	2 vii	
— 'A Bunch of'	3 1279		— Parliamentary eloquence of	1 129	
— <i>Shamus O'Brien</i>	2 565		— (reference)	5 1920	
— <i>Shan Van Vocht, The</i>	5 1937		— Speech on Hastings	1 129	
— <i>LAD</i>	9 3313		— <i>Thomas</i>	7 2774	
— <i>The</i>	6 2427		Sheridans, Lives of the	3 1190	
— (reference)	8 2371; 10 xxi		— <i>Shiela-ni-Gara</i>	6 2271	
— <i>The, a Story of 1798</i>	7 2574		Shillelah, The	2 496	
— <i>Shandon, The Bells of</i>	6 2343		— <i>The Sprig of</i>	2 607	
— <i>Shandon's Bells</i>	5 2004		Shipping, Irish	9 3362	
— <i>Shandy, Mr. and Mrs.</i>	8 3210		Shoes, Gentlemen's	9 3298	
— <i>Shane Fadn's Wedding</i>	2 512		Short Story, M. F. Egan on the	5 11	
— <i>the Proud</i>	10 3843		— <i>View of Ireland, 1727, A</i>	9 3362	
— <i>Shane's Head</i>	8 3024		SHORTER, MRS. CLEMENT (DORA SIGERSON)	8 3126	
— <i>Shanganagh, The Valley of</i>	6 2382		— W. B. Yeats on	3 xiii	
— <i>Shanly, Charles Dawson</i>	8 3032		Show me a right	4 1410	
— <i>Shannon, The</i>	3 852		Shrovetide the marrying season	6 2194	
— <i>Cradle of the</i>	6 2275		Shule Aroon	9 3315	
— <i>in Van Dieman's land</i>	6 2454		— <i>LAD</i>	6 2368	
— <i>Palace of Kin-Kora on the</i>	6 2377		Siberia	8 321	
— <i>Shaun-na-Sagart, the priest-hunter</i>	10 3795		Siddons, Mrs., Sheridan on	8 2996	
— <i>Shaw, GEORGE BERNARD</i>	6 2177		— <i>Sidhe, A Call of the</i>	9 3707	
— <i>William</i>	6 2177		— <i>The Hosting of the</i>	1 3	
— <i>She is a rich and rare land</i>	3 831		— <i>Steege of Derry, The</i>	2 xli	
— <i>far from the Land</i>	7 2533		Sieges		
— <i>my love</i>	4 1413		SIGERSON, DORA. See MRS. CLEMENT SHORTER.		
— <i>Stoops to Conquer</i>	4 1348		— <i>GEORGE</i>	8 3132; 10 3937	
— <i>walks as she were moving</i>	9 2978		— <i>The Blackbird of Derrycarn</i>	2 xvi	
— <i>Sheares, J. and H., and '98</i>	9 x		— <i>on J. J. Callanan</i>	2 439	
— <i>The brothers</i>	8 3275		— <i>Gerald Griffin</i>	4 1466	
— <i>SHEEHAN, P. A.</i>	8 3044		— <i>Ireland's Influence on European Literature</i>	4 vii	
— <i>M. F. Egan on</i>	5 vii		— <i>W. B. Yeats on</i>	3 xlv	
— <i>Sheelagh on her Proposals of Marriage</i>	8 2906		— <i>MRS. HESTER</i>	8 3145	
— <i>Sheelin, Lough</i>	6 2277				

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
<i>Sign of the Cross For Ever, The</i> (folk song) HYDE	10	3829	Sneer (character in Sheridan's 'The Critic')	8	3114
Silent as thou, whose inner life	5	1673	Sneerwell Lady (character in 'The School for Scandal')	8	3099
— O Moyle, be the roar	7	2534	So, my Kathleen, you're going	3	934
Silk of the Cows	2	442	Sobriquets or nicknames	9	3547
'Silva Gadhalica, The' O'GRADY ..	7	2762	Sociability of Irish Celt	2	vii
— (reference)	8	2968	Sociable Fairies, The	3	xviii
'Silver Cross, The'	5	1774	Social conditions in Ireland	2	426; 4 1417; 9 3367
— Question, E. L. Godkin on the	4	1293	— Heredity	5	1060
Silvester	5	1725	— life, described in 'IRISH LITERATURE'	2	xix
'Since we should part' GRAVES ..	4	1413	— in America	1	343
'Single Speech' Hamilton	7	ix	— Ancient Ireland	5	1735
<i>Sir Preful Plagiary's Play</i>	8	3114	— Dublin	5	1918
— Roger and the Widow	8	3198	— Ireland	1	32, 193, 246
Sirius	See E. MARTYN.		— See also <i>Keening and Wake</i>	9	3640
<i>Skeleton at the Feast</i> ROCHE ..	8	2965	Society of United Irishmen	6	2162
Skerret, Bishop, of Kilauala	6	2232	— originally a peaceful, constitutional association	6	2164
Sketch of Mr. Gladstone O'CONNOR ..	7	2658	— The Church and Modern'	5	1662
'Sketches in Ireland' OTWAY	7	2848	<i>Soggarth Aroon</i>	1	56
— of the Irish Bar SHEIL	8	3064	Soldiers, Irish, in the British Army	8	3062
SKERNE, MRS. W. (MOIRA O'NEILL)	8	3152	Solitary Fairies	3	xix
— W. B. Yeats on	3	xiii	Solomon! where is thy throne?	6	2359
— M. F. Egan on	5	viii	<i>Some anecdotes of Father O'Leary</i>	7	2793
Skull, The bay of	7	2852	— of O'Connell	7	2651
— To a	11	1673	— College Recollections	9	3513
<i>Slane, The Star of</i> STREET BAL-LAD	9	3317	— Experiences of an Irish Resident Magistrate'	8	3166
— Yellow Book of	2	xii	and ROSS,	8	3182
Slaughters	2	xii	— laws there are too sacred	3	852
Slewmargy	6	2376	— 'murmur'	9	3438
Sliabh, Bregagh	2	638	— Wise and Witty Sayings of Burke	1	396
'Sliabh Cullinan' See also J. O'HAGAN	7	2767	SOMERVILLE, E. GE., and VIOLET MARTIN ..	See MARTIN ROSS.	
— Dallain (mountain)	7	2668	Song.		
Sliav, Ruadh	4	1242	— Had I a heart	8	3118
Sliav-na-man	6	1829	— Has summer come without the Rose	7	2844
Slieve Bladhma	4	1447	— How happy is the sailor's life	1	180
— Cullan (half-tone engraving)	7	2767	— I'm very happy where I am	1	257
— Donnard	6	2275	— I made another garden	7	2844
— Echtge	4	1456	— My time how happy. From 'Thomas and Sally'	1	186
— Bloom	7	2675	— O'er the wild gan-net's bath	2	809
Slievearn	7	2766	— One morning by the streamlet	7	2592
Slievenamon	7	2752	— Seek Not the Tree. DE VERE ..	3	862
— An Adventure in	1	46	— The Silent Bird	4	1279
— Kickham at	7	2800			
Slieve-nan-Or	4	1455			
Slieve Piol (Red Mountain)	2	636			
Sligo	6	2357			
— Dwelling in	1	145			
— in Election Time. See <i>An Irish Mistake</i> .					
SLINGSBY, I. F. See J. F. WALLER.					
Slop ('Dr. Slop')	8	3210			
Slow cause of my fear	10	4020			
Smerwick Harbor, Ruins at	8	2883			
Smith, G. Barnett, on William Carleton	2	472			
SMITH, MRS. TOULMIN (L. T. MEADE)	8	3158			
— Sidney	6	2151			
'Snake's Pass, The'	8	3228			
<i>Snakes in Ireland, No.</i> O'KEEFFE ..	7	2771			

Song.	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
— There was a jolly miller	BICKERSTAFF	1 185	<i>Speech in Opposition to Pitt's First Income Tax</i>	SHERIDAN ..	8 3072
— When I was young	DE VERE ..	3 859	Speed on, speed on, good master!	SHANLY ..	8 3032
— Whene'er with haggard eyes I view			<i>Spell-Struck, The</i>	ROLLESTON.	8 2978
From 'The Rover'	CANNING ..	2 466	Spencer, H., on Fairy Lore		3 xxiii
— Ireland the land of		8 3266	Spenser, Edmund, an enemy of Ireland		6 2150
— of an Exile	ORR ..	7 2840	— In the palace of Desmond		6 2276
— Defeat, A	GWYNN ..	4 1529	— on Irish scenery		1 ix
— Fionnuala, The	MOORE ..	7 2534	— Ireland		4 ix
— Glen Dun, The	SKRINE ..	8 3156	Spenser's 'View of the State of Ireland'		9 3397
— Glenann, A	SKRINE ..	8 3157	— (cited)		4 1248
— Maelduin	ROLLESTON.	8 2980	Speranza	See WILDE.	
— the Irish Emigrant in America, The	FITZSIMON.	3 1206	Spes	See CAMPION.	
— Tony Lumpkins'	GOLDSMITH.	4 1349	<i>Spinner's Song</i>	SIGERSON ..	8 3143
— Songs of Con-nachts'	HYDE	10 3833	<i>Spinning Song, A</i>	O'DONNELL.	7 2685
— Love poem in		9 3658	'Splendide Mendax'	GWYNN ..	4 1512
— of Ireland		6 2231	<i>Splendors of Tara, The</i>	HYDE	4 1610
— Spurious Irish		6 xii	'Spirit of the Nation, The'		3 x
— Street, and Ballads, and Anonymous Verse	HAND	8 3265	'Sports of the West, Wild'	MAXWELL ..	6 2411
<i>Sonnet Written in Col-lege</i>	WOLFE ..	9 3635	Spottiswood, Sir Henry		6 2276
'Soon and Forever'	MONSELL ..	7 2466	<i>Sprig of Shillelagh, The</i>	CODE ..	2 607
Sorrow	DE VERE ..	3 860	'Sprig of Shillelagh, The' (quoted)		6 2193
<i>Sorrowful Lament for Ireland, A. From the Irish</i>	GREGORY ..	4 1459	<i>Spring Time</i>	GREENE ..	4 1425
— Lamentation of Callaghan, The	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3316	Squirrels, Superstitious about		9 3680
Soul, Butterfly symbol of the		9 3565	Stafford, Thomas		7 2744
— Cages, The	CROKER ..	2 695	STANIHURST, RICHARD (biography)		10 4023
'Sound the loud tim-brel'	MOORE ..	7 2537	Stanley, Lord		6 2157
Sources of Grattan's allusions		7 xxi	— O'Connell on		7 2642
— Irish humor		6 ix	Stanley's amendment, Lord		6 2160
— wealth		1 178	'Star of Slane, The'		8 3270
South African Bill, The		6 2178	<i>Star of Slane, The</i>	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3317
— Sweet Singer of the	See WALSH.		'Star Spangled Banner, The'		9 3331
'Southern, The'	See DOWLING.		'Starry Heavens, The'	BALL	1 36, 41
— Gall, The'	See LOCKE.		<i>Stars, The Distances of the</i>	BALL	1 36
<i>Sower and his Seed, The</i>	LECKY ..	5 1926	— What They are Made of	BALL	1 41
Sowth, The, described		3 xx	State Church in Ireland, The		6 2160
Spaeman, The		3 xxi	— of Ireland in 1720, Essay on the	TONE ..	9 3415
Spanish bull, A		3 1058	— 1798, The	TONE ..	9 3421
— type in Ireland		4 1589	— prosecutions, Evils of		9 3552
Spanker, Adolphus (character in 'London Assurance')		1 256	Statute of Kilkenny		9 3391
— Lady Gay (character in 'London Assurance')		1 252	Stearn, Bishop		5 1915
Spartan mothers		6 2333	STEELE, SIR RICHARD (portrait)		8 3196
Species, Evolution of		5 1786	— D. J. O'Donoghue on humor of		6 xiii
Spectroscope, The		1 42	— Thomas, in prison		6 2128
Spectrum analysis		1 41	— and Repeal		9 x
Special articles de-scribed		2 21	'Stella, The Journal to'	SWIFT ..	9 3378
Speckled Book of St. Buithe's Monastery		7 2664	— To	SWIFT ..	9 3387
'Spectator, The'	STEELE ..	8 3198	Stephen, Leslie, on 'Junius'		3 1226
<i>Speech at Newry Elec-tion</i>	CURRAN ..	2 788	Stephens' article on 'Felon-setting'		7 2799
— from the Dock	MEAGHER ..	6 2424	Stern granite gate of Wicklow	SAVAGE-ARM-STRONG ..	8 3030
			<i>Sterne, Lawrence</i> (por-trait)		8 3210

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Sterne, Dowden on	3	873	'Stripes and Stars, The'	6	2115
— D. J. O'Donoghue			'Stroque, My Lords of' WINGFIELD.	9	3620
— on the humor of	6	xiii	Strongbow's Monument		
— <i>Some Bons Mots</i>			(half-tone engraving)	9	xiii
— of	8	3227	'Study of Words, The' TRENCH	9	3434
Stiffenbach, <i>The Legend</i>			Style, Celtic, M. Arnold		
of	WILLIAMS	9 3610	— on	2	xvi
Stillorgan, Harry Deane			— of 'IRISH LITERA-		
Stokes, Margaret	7	2733	— TURE' logical	2	xiii
Stirling-Maxwell, Sir			— Saga literature	2	xiii
William, on M. J.			Subjection, <i>A Century</i>		
Higgins	4	1572	of	TAYLOR	9 3390
Stoker, Bram	8	3228	Sublimian Bridge, The	3	827
Stokes, Margaret	8	3228	'Suetonius, The Mod-		
— on Round Towers	9	3490	ern'	See FITZPATRICK.	
— Dr. WHITLEY	8	3243; 9	Suffolk Fencibles, The	5	1886
— Note on	6	2366	Sugach, <i>Lament of the</i>		
— on The Calendar			Mangaire, for the		
of Aengus	8	3141	Irish	WALSH	9 3508
— Work of, for Celtic			Sugar Loaf Mountain		
literature	2	xviii	(half-tone en-		
Stolen Sheep, The	BANIM	1 85	graving)	3	2767
Stone, F., portrait of			— On Great	4	1424
Lady Duferin	3	932	Sullidh (Lough Swilly)	2	633
Story, God bless you! I			Suir, The	6	2354, 2379
have none to tell,			Sullen, Mrs. (character		
sir!	CANNING	2 468	in 'The Beaux'		
— of <i>Childs Charity</i> BROWNE	1	314	Stratagem'	3	1165
— Early Gaelic			SULLIVAN, ALEXANDER		
Literature,			MARTIN	9	3323
The'	HYDE	4 1622	— on E. M. P. Down-		
— Father Anthony			ing's verse	3	916
O'Toole, The	TYNAN-		— Eva Mary Kelly	7	2675
HINKSON	9	3444	— Smith O'Brien	7	2619
— Genevieve, The. JAMESON	5	1679	— The Dublin com-		
— Grana Waile	OTWAY	7 2856	memoration of		
— Ireland, The'	SULLIVAN	9 3323	the Manchester		
— Le Fevre, The	STERNE	8 3220	martyrs	7	2609
— MacDathó's Pig			— TIMOTHY DANIEL	9	3333
and Hound	HYDE	4 1613	— and the Land		
— The Little Bird	CROKER	2 734	League	9	xi
— Yorick, The	STERNE	8 3213	— W. B. Yeats on	3	xii
— tellers, Profes-			Summer, Ireland in		
sional			(half-tone en-		
— telling, Irish, de-			graving)	5	1703
scribed	2	xlv	— Sweet	TYNAN-	
— Irish gift of	2	xlv	HINKSON	9	3457
— in Ireland a pro-			Sun God, The	DE VERE	3 858
fession	3	xvii	Sunburst, The Irish	9	3603
Stowe collection of Irish			Sunnniness of Irish Life,		
manuscripts	7	2673	The	MACDONAGH	8 vii
Strabane	3	972	Sunset and silence; a		
Strange Indeed	DEENY	3 847	man	COLUM	2 612
Stramore	6	2279	Superstition about the		
Street Arabs, Three			angel's footprint	7	2852
— Dublin	HARTLEY	4 1568	— Byron on	6	2290
— ballad on Sir Kit			— Irish	4	1287
Rackrent	3	1012	— about animals	9	3678
— Ballads (see also			Superstitions. See		
Street Songs)	8	3265	also Folk Lore		
— change of taste			and Fairy Tales.		
in	8	3270	— Banshee, The	ALLINGHAM.	1 17
— See Wearing of			— Fairy Greyhound	ANONYMOUS.	3 1154
the Green, The	2	767	— Loughleagh	ANONYMOUS.	3 1142
— Scene in Dublin			— A Queen's Country		
(half-tone en-			Witch	ANONYMOUS.	3 1150
graving)	6	2107	— Rent-Day	ANONYMOUS.	3 1160
— Songs and Ballads,			— Will-o'-the-Wisp	ANONYMOUS.	3 1136
and Anony-			— The Cow Charmer. BOYLE	1	264
mous Verse	8 3271; 9	3299	— The Curse	CARLETON	2 559
— Article on	HAND	8 3265	— Fate of Frank		
— See Phaudrig			M'Kenna	CARLETON	2 553
Crohoore and			— Biddy Brady's Ban-		
S h a m u s			shee	CASEY	2 565
O'Brien.			— Brewery of Egg-		
Strength in Elasticity,			Shells	CROKER	2 731
Irish	3	850			

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Superstitions.			Swift, J., Popularity of	1	262
— <i>Confessions of Tom Bourke</i>	CROKER	2 681	— <i>W. B. Yeats on</i>	3	vii
— <i>Fairies or No Fairies</i>	CROKER	2 720	Swilly, Lough 2 633; 4 1518; 6 2126, 2427		
— <i>Flory Cantillon's Funeral</i>	CROKER	2 724	— <i>a leading Ulster lake</i>	6	2277
— <i>The Haunted Cellar</i>	CROKER	2 707	Switzerland, described in Goldsmith's 'The Traveller'	4	1361
— <i>The Soul Cages</i>	CROKER	2 695	Sword, The	BARRY	1 149
— <i>Teigue of the Lee</i>	CROKER	2 714	— <i>of Tethra, The</i>	LARMINIE	5 1876
— <i>A Blast</i>	CROTTY	2 758	'Sylvia'	DARLEY	2 809
— <i>Little Woman in Red</i>	DEENY	3 846	Symbolism	RUSSELL	8 3000
— <i>A Midnight Funeral</i>	DEENY	3 845	Synge, Mr. The plays of	10	xxv
— <i>The Changeling</i>	LAWLESS	5 1877	Synonyms, Copiousness of, in Irish literature	2	xiii
— <i>The Black Lamb</i>	WILDE	9 3569	Syria	8	2517
— <i>The Demon Cat</i>	WILDE	9 3557			
— <i>The Horned Women</i>	WILDE	9 3558	T.		
— <i>The Priest's Soul</i>	WILDE	9 3561	Taaffe, Father Peter, slain at Drogheda	7	2572
— <i>Celtic Element in Literature, The</i>	YEATS	9 3654	Taclmac, Trén	7	2753
— <i>The Devil</i>	YEATS	9 3673	'Tain Bo Cuailgne, The'	2 629; 4 1600	
— <i>Village Sports</i>	YEATS	9 3673	Take a blessing from my heart	MANGAN	6 2378
Superstitions of the Irish peasant		6 2149	— <i>my heart's blessing</i>	10	3937
— <i>Lady Wilde on</i>		3 xxiii	Talbot, Richard, later Duke of Tyrconnell	7	2573
Supreme Summer	O'SHAUGHNESSY	7 2843	'Tale of a Town, The'	10	xviii
Sure, he's five months	SKRINE	8 3154	Story of the play of	10	xviii
— <i>this is blessed Erin</i>	SKRINE	8 3156	'Tales of Trinity College'	5	1986, 1990
Surely a Voice hath called her	GREENE	4 1424	Talk by the Blackwater	DOWNING	3 916
Surface, Charles (character in 'The School for Scandal')		8 3105	Tallaght	7	2673
— Joseph (character in 'The School for Scandal')		8 3099	Talleyrand	9	3420
— Sir Oliver (character in 'The School for Scandal')		8 3105	— <i>as a Critic, The Princess</i>	BLESSINGTON	1 212
Surnames of the Ancient Irish	WARE	9 3546	Tamney	6	2244
Swarm of Bees in June is Worth a Silver Spoon, A	HAMILTON	4 1549	Tandy, James Napper	1 143; 9 3513	
Swedenborg, The Irish, "A. E." so called		8 2988	Tanistry, The case of	9	3394
Sweet Auburn! loveliest village	GOLDSMITH	4 1367	— <i>The laws of</i>	7	2857
— Chloe	LYSAGHT	6 2109	Tara, Antiquity of	6	2228
— <i>is a voice in the land of gold</i>	SIGERSON	8 3144	— <i>Conn made King at</i>	5	1732
— <i>Land of Song! thy harp doth hang</i>	LOVER	6 2086	— <i>Desertion of</i>	4	1613
— <i>'Melodious Bard.' See MOORE.</i>			— <i>Five great highways from</i>	5	1739
— <i>'Singer of the South'</i>	See WALSH.		— <i>Halls of</i>	7	2535
SWIFT, JONATHAN		9 3340	— <i>Hill of</i>	6	2354
— <i>(portrait)</i>		9 3343	— <i>Knights of</i>	1	146
— <i>and Faulkner</i>		4 1258	— <i>Seven Kings of</i>	8	2979
— <i>as a Pamphleteer</i>	BOYLE	1 260	— <i>The Cursing of</i>	O'GRADY	7 2762
— <i>Dean, on Irish</i>		6 xii	— <i>The far shining</i>	7	2747
— <i>Influence of, on Irish Parliament</i>		7 ix	— <i>The Fes of</i>	5	1738
— <i>Irish literature begins before</i>		2 vii	— <i>The Splendors of</i>	HYDE	4 1610
— <i>on curates</i>		7 2638	— <i>The tongue of</i>	7	2617
— <i>dress</i>		9 3497	— <i>The westward road from</i>	7	2752
— <i>the Death of Dr. Swift</i>		9 3380	Tarah, St. Patrick's Hymn before	6	2360
— <i>the State of Ireland cited</i>		9 3415	— <i>"Tarry thou till I come." See 'Salathiel the Immortal.'</i>		
			— <i>yet, late lingerer</i>	RUSSELL	8 2996
			Tasmania	6	2454
			Taxation in Galway	8	2914
			— <i>Methods of</i>	8	3092
			— <i>Speech on American</i>	BURKE	1 373
			TAYLOR, JOHN F.	9	3390
			Te Martyrum Candi-		
			datus	JOHNSON	5 1701
			Teach Míodchuarta	4	1611
			Teamair, Eochaidh at.	7	2667

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Teamhair at Samhain		The dying tree no pang	
time	4 1451	sustains	DE VERE... 3 863
Teamor's Ancient Fame	1 281	'— end of a ship is	
Tears, <i>The Fountain of</i> . O'SHAUGH-		drowning' (Irish	
NESSY ...	7 2845	rann)	HYDE 10 3837
Teazle, Lady (character		— fountains drink	
in 'The School		caves subterren.	FLECKNOE . 3 1209
for Scandal')	8 3100	— girl I love is	
— Miss Farren as.	8 3122	comely	CALLANAN . 2 440
— Sir Peter (charac-		— gloom of the sea-	
ter in 'The		fronting cliffs ..	DOWDEN ... 3 876
School for Scan-		'— Groves of Blar-	
dal')	8 3102	ney'	MILLIKEN . 6 2430
Technical Instruction,		'— harp that once	
Department of	8 2908	through Tara's	
Teetotalism	6 2398	halls'	MOORE 7 2535
'Teigue of the Lee' ..	2 720	— host is riding from	
Tell me, my friends,		Knocknarea	YEATS 9 3707
why are we met here?		— kindly words that	
STREET BAL-		rise	O'REILLY .. 7 2833
LADS	9 3311	— Little Black Rose	
Teltown (Tailltenn) on		shall be red.	DE VERE .. 3 858
the Blackwater	5 1738	— long, long wished	
Temora, The maids of.	4 1591	for hour	DOHENY ... 3 864
Temperance.		'— lord of Dunker-	
— Apostle of Temper-		ron'	CROKER ... 2 736
ance in Dublin,		'— lying man has	
The	MATHEW .. 6 2397	promised' (Irish	
'— Irish Cry, The' ..	9 3617	rann)	HYDE 10 3841
'— Temperance, The		'— man who only	
Apostle of'	See MATHEW.	took' (Irish	
Templeoge, near Dublin.	7 2728	rann)	HYDE 10 3841
Tennyson, Lord, on Mrs.		— Minstrel-Boy to the	
Alexander's verse	1 1	war has gone.	MOORE 7 2535
— on 'Joyce's Celtic		— Muse, disgusted at	
Legends'	5 1713	an age	BERKELEY . 1 80
— The Charge of the		— old priest Peter	
Light Brigade	8 3014	Gilligan	YEATS 9 3702
Tenure, Isaac Butt on		— pillar towers of	
fixity of	2 425	Ireland	6 2130
— Lator on fixity of.	5 1860	'— Pope he leads a	
— of land, The	7 2862	happy life'	LEVER 5 2002
— Parnell and fixity		'— satisfied man for	
of	6 2179	the hungry one	
— Terence's Farewell ..	3 934	never feels'	
Tethra, The Sword of.	5 1876	(Irish rann).	HYDE 10 3837
Th anám an Dhlá—But		— savage loves his	
there it is	LOCKE 5 2003	native shore ...	ORR 7 2839
Thackeray, Irish char-		— sea moans on the	
acters of, M. F.		strand	TODHUNTER. 9 3404
Egan on	5 viii	— silent bird is hid	
— on Goldsmith	4 1301	in the bough.	GILBERT ... 4 1279
— and G. P. O.	8 xvi	— silent heart which	
— J. Higgins	4 1572, 1573	grief	PARNELL .. 7 2876
— in Ireland	8 xx	— room, the heavy	
— on Irish Chap-		creeping shade	WILDE 9 3593
books	3 xvi	— Southern	See DOWLING.
— Dean Swift	9 3343	— Stars are watching	O'DOHERTY. 7 2676
<i>Thankfulness of Der-</i>		— sun on Ivera	CALLANAN . 2 445
<i>mot, The</i>	O'LEARY ... 10 3953	— sunny South is	
Thanks, my lord, for		glowing	ORR 7 2837
your venison	GOLDSMITH. 4 1371	— tears are ever in	
"That Popular Poet of		my wasted eye.	D'ALTON .. 2 803
Green Erin." See	MOORE.	'— time I've lost in	
That rake up near the		woolng'	MOORE 7 2522
rafters	KICKHAM .. 5 1829	— top of the morn'n	COLEMAN ... 2 609
The actor's dead, and		— tuneful tumult of	
memory alone ..	BUNNER on	that bird	2 xvi
— best of all ways.	BROUGHAM. 1 301	— wild bee reels from	
— blue lake of Deven-	MOORE 6 2338	bough to bough.	WILDE 9 3593
ish	MACMANUS.. 6 2269	— winter fleeteth like	
— braes they are		a dream	GREENE ... 4 1425
— aflame	MACMANUS.. 6 2263	— work that should	
— brown wind of Con-		to-day	O'HAGAN .. 7 2767
naught	MACMANUS.. 6 2272	— world is growing	
— desire of my hero		darker	ROSSA 8 2983
who feared no foe.	2 xv	'— young May moon'	MOORE 7 2526

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Theater in Blackfriars,		Thirty-six Command-	
The	6 2348	ments, The, of Duel-	
Whitefriars, The.....	6 2348, 2349	ing	1 148
The Irish Literary.....	10 xiii	This morning there were	
Irish Literary. SeeMILLIGAN.		dazzling drifts of	
The Irish National. See MARTYN.		daisies	WYNNE ... 9 3649
<i>Their Last Race</i>	MATHEW .. 6 2391	— wolf for many a	
Themes of Irish humor.....	6 x	day	TYNAN-
Then Oberon spake.....	BARLOW ... 1 116	HINKSON. 9 3451	
Theology, Irish devotion		— world is all a	
to	4 1281	fleeting show' ..	MOORE ... 7 2538
Mountain	GREGORY .. 4 1455	— tomb inscribed to	
Theology and Re-		gentle	GOLDSMITH. 4 1383
ligion.		Tholsel, The	4 1258; 5 1914
— Frederick William		Thomas and Sally, or	
Robertson	BROOKE ... 1 291	The Sailor's Return	BICKERSTAFF 1 186
— True Friends of		Thomas Sheridan	O'KEEFE ... 7 2774
the Poor and the		Thomond	4 1657
Afflicted	DOYLE ... 3 919	— The Bard of. SeeHOGAN.	
— Dispute with Car-		THOMPSON, SIR WIL-	
tyle	DUFFY ... 3 951	LIAM	SeeKELVIN.
— The Irish Intellect	GILES ... 4 1281	Those delicate wander-	
— Blessing of Afflic-		ers	RUSSELL .. 8 2998
tion	KIRWAN ... 5 1844	— dressy and smooth-	
— The Christian		faced young	
Mother	KIRWAN ... 5 1842	maidens	GRIFFIN ... 4 1482
— The Irish Church.	MACCARTHY. 6 2148	— evening bells! ..	MOORE ... 7 2527
— Plea for Liberty of		— 'Thou art, O God!' ..	MOORE ... 7 2538
Conscience	O'LEARY ... 7 2789	golden sunshine in	
— St. Patrick's Suc-		the peaceful day!	STOKES ... 8 3260
cess	TODD ... 6 3400	— 'Though the senseless	
There are veils that lift.	ROLLESTON. 8 2980	and sensible'	HYDE 10 3837
— is a colleen fair as		Thoughts on the Mat-	
May	PETRIE ... 8 2886	terhorn	TYNDALL ... 9 3478
— a green hill far		— Various Subjects	SWIFT ... 9 3377
away'	ALEXANDER. 1 3	Thracian Hebrus, The.....	6 2455
— a green island. .	CALLANAN . 2 439	Thrasna River	1 860
— a way I am fain		Three Counsellors, The.	RUSSELL .. 8 3002
to go	MACMANUS.. 6 2268	— Dublin Street	
— not in the wide		Arabs	HARTLEY .. 4 1568
world	MOORE ... 7 2532	— F's, The'	6 2179
— many a man's dim		— Hundred Greeks at	
closing eye	JOYCE 5 1749	Thermopylae, The.....	3 827
— our murdered		— Rock Mountain	6 2121
brother lies	DRENNAN .. 3 925	— Romans at the Sub-	
— was a jolly miller		lician Bridge, The.....	3 827
once	BICKERSTAFF 1 185	— Shafts of Death,	
— a place in child-		The'	10 3968
hood	LOVER ... 6 2087	— Weeks After Mar-	
— were trees in Tir-		riage'	MURPHY .. 7 2564
Conal	MILLIGAN . 6 2437	Thrice at the huts of	
There's a dear little		Fontenoy	DAVIS ... 3 823
plant	CHERRY ... 2 587	— in the night the	
— glade in Aghadoe	TODHUNTER. 6 3410	priest arose	SHORTER ... 8 3130
— wall from the		Through air made heavy	WILKINS .. 9 3600
glen	WILSON ... 9 3617	— the <i>Saltitudes</i>	SAVAGE-ARM-
— grey fog over		STRONG ..	8 3028
Dublin	CHESSON .. 2 591	— untraced ways' ..	DENHAM .. 3 850
— Sally standing by		Thrush and the Black-	
the river	TODHUNTER. 9 3406	bird, The	KICKHAM .. 5 1824
— sweet sleep	MACMANUS.. 6 2270	Thunder our thanks to	
Thermopylae	3 827	her	O'REILLY .. 7 2834
These be God's fair high		Thurlow, Burke on Lord	1 396
palaces	FURLONG ... 3 1239	Thurot	6 2113
Theseum at Athens, The.....	6 2335	Thus sang the sages of	
'Thespls'	KELLY ... 5 1782	the Gael	STOKES ... 8 3262
They are going, going.	MACMANUS.. 6 2267	Tierney on Sheridan.....	3 1194
— chained her fair		Tigernas, King	7 2718
young body	ROCHE ... 5 2965	— the Smith	COYNE ... 2 645
— knelt around the		<i>Tin Hogan's Ghost</i>	COYNE ... 10 3887
cross divine	1 150	— the Smith	DOYLE ... 10 3887
'Third Blast of Retreat		Timber in Ulster	6 2279
from Plays and Play-		Time	SWIFT ... 9 3389
ers, The'	6 2348	— I've lost in woo-	
Thivishes, The, de-		ing, The'	MOORE ... 7 2522
scribed	3 xx	— of the Barmecides,	
		The	MANGAN ... 6 2367

	VOL. PAGE			VOL. PAGE	
<i>Timoleague, Lament over the Ruins of the Abbey of</i>	FERGUSON	3 1177	<i>To The Duke of Gratton</i>	FRANCIS	3 1228
<i>'Timeous,' Plato's</i>		2 749	<i>— the Leman Sidhe</i>	BOYD	1 258
<i>Tipperary</i>	O'DOHERTY	7 2675	<i>— Memory of Isaac Butt</i>	SIGERSON	8 3133
<i>— Duelling in</i>		1 145	<i>— sound of evening bells</i>	TRENCH	9 3437
<i>— The County of; Sir William Osborne's experiment</i>		2 425	<i>Tobarnavian, Origin of name</i>		6 2220
<i>— Recruiting Song</i>	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3318	<i>'Toby of the Ship,' Grana Wallie's son</i>		7 2858
<i>— (reference)</i>		5 1831	<i>— Uncle</i>		8 3210, 3220
<i>— See The Munster Bards.</i>			<i>To-day chance drove me</i>	BROOKE	1 300
<i>Tir-Conal. See The Buried Forests of Erin.</i>			<i>TODD, JAMES HEN-THORN</i>		9 3400
<i>— Connell: O'Donnell Aboo</i>		6 2127	<i>TODHUNTER, JOHN (por-trait)</i>		9 3408
<i>Tirconnell, Hugh Raudh O'Donnell of</i>		2 633; 4 1247	<i>— and The Rhymers' Club</i>		5 1693
<i>— Lord of</i>		2 633	<i>Toler, John, A Monk of the Screw</i>		5 1957, 1958
<i>— See Lament</i>		6 2353	<i>Tom Moody</i>	CHERRY	2 588
<i>Tir-na-nóg, Oisín and</i>		7 2755	<i>Tombs in the Church of Montorio, on the Janticulum</i>	O'DONNELL	7 2684
<i>Tirnanog, Oisín in; or the last of the Fena</i>	JOYCE	5 1714	<i>TONE, THEOBALD WOLFE</i>		9 3413
<i>— the Land of Youth</i>		5 1714, 1716	<i>— and '98</i>		9 x
<i>Tir na n'óg, Tirnanog</i>		2 590	<i>— and Froude</i>		6 2166
<i>Tir-na-mbeo; the land of the ever-living</i>		5 1714	<i>— and Lough Scul-ly</i>		6 2434
<i>Tir-na-Tonn; the land under the sea</i>		2 594	<i>— Death of</i>		7 2607
<i>Tir-oén. See Owen Bawn.</i>			<i>— founder of the So-ciety of United Irishmen</i>		6 2162
<i>'Tis I go fiddling, fid-dling</i>	CHESSON	2 592	<i>— Fate of</i>		9 3507
<i>— not for love of gold, I go</i>	BANIM	1 57	<i>— Kickham on</i>		5 1831
<i>— War we Want to Wage. From the Irish</i>	HYDE	4 1657	<i>— Graham on</i>		4 1385
<i>— now we want to be wary, boys</i>	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3318	<i>— 'The Autobiog-raphy of Theo-bald Wolfe'</i>	TONE	7 2604
<i>— pretty to see</i>	DAVIS	3 823	<i>— The Capture of Wolfe</i>	O'BRIEN	7 2604
<i>— the last rose of summer</i>	MOORE	7 2528	<i>— Walsh's recollec-tions of</i>		9 3513
<i>— what they say</i>		10 3749	<i>— with his mangled throat</i>		4 1531
<i>Tithes, Sidney Smith on</i>		6 2151	<i>'Tone's Journal,' Ex-tract from</i>	TONE	9 3418
<i>"Tithes," The cow stamped with</i>		7 2653	<i>To-night as the tender glooming</i>	BLAKE	1 190
<i>To a Beautiful Milk-maid</i>	MOORE	6 2340	<i>T O N N A, MRS. (CHAR-LOTTE ELIZABETH)</i>		9 3428
<i>— 'wayward man thine advice to bring' (Irish rann)</i>	HYDE	10 3835	<i>Tony Lumpkins (char-acter in 'She Stoops to Conquer')</i>		4 1348
<i>— Skull</i>	IRWIN	5 1673	<i>Too long have the churls</i>		10 4015
<i>— drift with every passion till my soul</i>	WILDE	9 3595	<i>Toomevara, A Chronicle of</i>	ECCLES	3 967
<i>— drink a toast</i>	LEVER	5 1975	<i>Total abstinence</i>		6 2398
<i>— Duffy in Prison</i>	MCGEE	6 2220	<i>Toulouse, Irish soldiers at</i>		8 3063
<i>— God and Ireland True</i>	O'LEARY	7 2796	<i>Towers in Ireland</i>		8 3239
<i>— Gold</i>	WILDE	9 3596	<i>— of Ireland, The Pillar</i>	MACCARTHY	6 2130
<i>— Ireland</i>	WILDE	9 3573	<i>— The Round</i>	PETRIE	8 2880
<i>— me by early morn</i>	CLARKE	2 596	<i>'Town Life in the Fifteenth Century'</i>	GREEN	4 1417
<i>— Meath of the Pas-tures</i>	COLUM	2 613	<i>Townshend, Chatham</i>		1 391
<i>— Morfydd</i>	JOHNSON	5 1698	<i>— and</i>	BURKE	4 1377
<i>— My Bicycle</i>	ROLLESTON	8 2976	<i>— Lord</i>		4 1377
<i>— Buried Rifle</i>	MCCARTHY	6 2172	<i>— Marquis of, a Monk of the Screw</i>		2 797
<i>— Promised Wife</i>	WALSH	9 3510			
<i>— Stella</i>	SWIFT	9 3387			

VOL. PAGE

'Traces of the Elder Faiths of Ireland'..	WOOD-MARTIN	9	3640
Trade and the Union.....		8	2902
— of Galway		8	2916
'Traditions, Fairy Legends and'	CROKER.	2	695, 736
Tragical deaths		2	xii
Traigh-Baile Mic-Buain (ancient name of Dundalk)		2	639
Tralee		6	2198
Tramore		6	2223
'Transcripts and Studies'	DOWDEN.	3	866, 875
Transfusion of blood, Pockrich's plan for		7	2700
Translation of Irish, Difficulties of		10	3711
Transportation in Ireland		9	3362
Transubstantiation is the faith we depend upon		8	3270
Travel, adventure, description.			
— <i>History of My Horse, Saladin</i> ..	BROWNE	1	323
— <i>Journey in Disguise</i>	BURTON	1	408
— <i>An African Queen</i> ..	BUTLER	2	418
— <i>Sight of the Rocky Mountains</i>	BUTLER	2	415
— <i>City in the Great West</i>	DUNRAVEN.	3	963
— <i>Ah Man</i>	MACFALL	6	2206
— <i>Byron and the Blessingtons at Genoa</i>	MADDEN	6	2286
— <i>Acropolis of Athens and the Rock of Cashel</i>	MAHAFFY	6	2334
— <i>Rhapsody on Rivers</i>	MITCHELL	6	2454
— <i>The Prince of Inismore</i>	MORGAN	7	2543
— <i>Dunluce Castle</i>	OTWAY	7	2853
— <i>The Vicar of Cape Clear</i>	OTWAY	7	2848
— <i>Capture of an Indian Chief</i>	REID	8	2932
— <i>Bethlehem</i>	WARBURTON.	9	3535
— <i>The Pyramids</i>	WARBURTON.	9	3529
— <i>Sack of the Summer Palace</i>	WOLSELEY.	9	3636
<i>Travel, On</i>	FLECKNOE.	3	1209
<i>Traveller, The</i>	GOLDSMITH.	4	1357
<i>Travels of Marco Polo, Irish version of the (MS. in the Royal Irish Academy)</i>		7	2672
<i>Treaty of Limerick, The</i>		3	957; 9
— <i>Stone, Limerick (half-tone engraving)</i>		3	957
— <i>with France, On a Commercial</i>	FLOOD	3	1210
<i>Trees, The</i>	FURLONG	3	1230
— <i>in the Irish sagas</i>		2	xvii
TRENCH, HERBERT		9	3431
— W. B. Yeats on		3	xiii
— ARCHBISHOP RICHARD CHENEVIX		9	3434
Triangulation		1	37
Tribulation, George Wither on		9	3436

VOL. PAGE

Tribunal, The Revolutionary		2	678
<i>Tribune, The Lost</i>	SIGERSON	8	3133
<i>Tried by his Peers</i>	O'FLANAGAN.	7	2723
Trim, Corporal		8	3210
Trinity College, Collection of ancient manuscripts in		7	2671
— Attitude of, toward Irish		10	3713
— Dublin (color plate)		2	Front
— Story of a student in		6	2400
— English, not Irish		3	xiv
— Irish manuscripts in, catalogued by John O'Donovan		7	2705
— 'Tales of'	LEVER.	5	1986, 1990
Trinket's Colt	SOMERVILLE and Ross.	8	3182
Tristan		9	3660
— and Isolde, Irish scenes in		4	viii
'Tristram Shandy'	STERNE	8	3211
Trout-fishing in Ireland		3213,	3220
Truagh		4	1517
True Loveliness	DARLEY	3	957
— Pleasures	DARLEY	2	807
'Trust to luck'	BERKELEY	1	174
— STREET BAL-LAD		9	3319
Tuam-da-Gualann		5	1725, 1728
Tuatha de Danann		2	xi
— Tribes and build-ings of		8	2882
Tuathal Teachtmair		7	2706
'Tudor, Mary'	DE VERE	3	851
Tulleries, Garden of the		2	676
Turlockmôr, A folk tale of		4	1632
Turloughmore, Faction fight at		9	3316
— St. Columcille's home		4	1455
'Twas beyond at Macreddin	MCCALL	6	2125
— but last night I traversed	M'GEE	6	2220
Twelfth Century, Ireland in the		10	3845
Twelve Articles	SWIFT	9	3388
<i>Twenty Golden Years Ago</i>	MANGAN	6	2373
— Questions, Can-ning and the game of		1	167
— <i>Twisting of the Rope, The</i>	HYDE	10	3989
'Two Centuries of Irish History'	BRYCE	1	346
— 'Essays on the Remnant'	MAGEE	6	2292
— <i>Songs</i>	BICKERSTAFF	1	186
Tyledan. See <i>A Memo-ry</i> .			
TYNAN-HINKSON, KATHARINE		9	3439
— W. B. Yeats on		3	xiii
— M. F. Egan on		5	vii
TYNDALL, JOHN		9	3462
— and imagination		1	xvii

	VOL. PAGE
Tyndall, J., and Dr. Si- gerson	8 3132
Tyrawley, Scenery around	6 2230
Tyrawley's duel with Lord Clonmell	1 142
Tyrconnell	1 14; 2 633
— The Duke of: his recollections of Drogheda	7 2573
— Lord, on Sarsfield	7 2818
— The Mountains of	6 2277
— See Tirconnell.	
Tyrconnellian princes buried at Rome, The	6 2353
Tyrone	1 3
— and Desmond, The insurrection of	7 2852
— Earl of, English fear of	2 633
— Hugh O'Neill; battles fought by	7 2743
— Militia, The	5 1886
— See The Siege of Derry.	
Tyronian and Tyrcor- nellian Princes, La- ment for the	MANGAN ... 6 2352
Tyrowen, Gold found in	6 2280
— The mountains of	6 2275
— watered by Lough Neagh	6 2277
Tyrrell, Carden (charac- ter in 'The Heather Field')	6 2387
— Kit (character in 'The Heather Field')	6 2386
— Miles (character in 'The Heather Field')	6 2386
U.	
Ua Maighleine, the royal clown, The shout of	7 2711
Uilecean, Dubh O! (Irish air)	10 3937
— (quoted)	8 viii
Uisnach, First Druidi- cal fire lighted on the Hill of	7 2667
Ulster, Aldfrid in	6 2376
— Cause of confisca- tion of	6 2352
— colonized	5 1861
— Conor, King of	4 1613
— Cuchulain fights for the honor of	4 1435
— Grief of O'Donnell and O'Neill at leaving	7 2685
— In support of Henry Flood	3 1217
— Picture of	McNEVIN . 6 2274
— Tenant Right	2 424
— The bogs of	6 2278
— Confiscation of McNEVIN Disarming of	6 2274
— CURRAN	2 780
— English expelled from	3 1179
— Invasion of, by Maev	7 2751
— Undertakers' in	3 955

		VOL. PAGE
Ulster, William de		
Burghs, Earl of		
Prohibition of		
marriage by	3	1179
Ulltonian, or Red Branch		
Cycle	2	xii
Uncle Remus	See	KAVANAGH.
'Undertakers, The'	3	955
<i>Unhappy Island in the</i>		
<i>West, An</i>	KEELING	5 1769
<i>Union, The</i>	PLUNKET	8 2890
— Ireland cheated		
into	9	
— Irish songs of	6	xii
— <i>Repeal of</i>	O'CONNELL	7 2644
— The Act of	6	2169
— Curran on	2	790
— Duke of Port-		
land on	8	2897
— Effect of, on		
commerce	8	2902
— Extinguished national spirit	1	xi
— hated from the		
first	9	x
— <i>Repeal of</i>	9	x
— See <i>Sheelah on her Proposals of Marriage.</i>		
United Irishmen, Soc-	6 2162; 9 3513, 3520	
— <i>States, The Position of Women in the</i>	BRYCE	1 343
Unity of Irish literature	2	xviii
University of Göttingen, Canning's poem on the	2	466
<i>Unspoken Words</i>	O'REILLY	7 2833
'Untilled Field, The'	MOORE	7 2483
Unto the deep	RUSSELL	8 2997
Up the airy mountain	ALLINGHAM.	1 18
Up the sea-saddened valley	DE VERE	3 859
Urbs Marmon's	See	CAMPION.
Usna, Uisnech, or Ushnagh, The Hill of	5	1731, 1738
Ussher (character in 'The Heather Field')	6	2386
— Sir William; Letter to him cited as causing the Ulster confiscation	6	2352
V.		
Va où la gloire t' invite	6	2339
Vale of Avoca, The (half-tone engraving)	7	2532
Valley of Shanganagh, The	MARTLEY	6 2382
Van Diemen's Land	6	2454
V-A-S-E, The	ROCHE	8 2966
Venus, Hesperus and Phosphor, The	CLERKE	2 601
Vernet's, Horace, Battle of Fontenoy (half-tone engraving)	3	880
Verney, Sir Edward, slain at Drogheda	7	2568
Versification of Irish sagas	2	xi

VOL. PAGE		W.		VOL. PAGE	
Verulam, Lord, and the	3 1056	Wages in Ireland	3 922	Waldron, Bishop, of	6 2394
Very Far Away	ALEXANDER. 1 9	Waistcoats, Styles of	9 3498	Walker, Joseph Coopers	9 3493
Viands, The Vision of		Walters in Ireland	8 xx	Waller, John Francis	9 3500
From the Irish of		Waiting	TODHUNTER. 9 3408	Walpole, Horace, cited on Glück and the musical glasses	7 2692
Anlar MacConglinne	SIGERSON .. 8 3134	Wake of William Orr, The	DRENNAN .. 3 925	Walsh, Edward	9 3502
Vicar of Cape Clear, The	OTWAY 7 2848	Wakeman, Wilbur F., and John Cooke	9 3481	W. B. Yeats on	3 x
— of Wakefield, The	GOLDSMITH. 4 1301	Wake, Keening and	WOOD-MARTIN 9 3640	Waller, John Francis	9 3500
— (cited)	6 2421	Waking of Corpses.		Walpole, Horace, cited on Glück and the musical glasses	7 2692
Vicar's Home, The	GOLDSMITH. 4 1301	— Biddy Brady's Ban-shee	BLACKBURNE 2 567	Walsh, Edward	9 3502
Victoria, Queen, and Louis Philippe	1 151	— Tim Hogan's Wake	COYNE 2 653	W. B. Yeats on	3 x
View from Honeyman's Hill, The	BERKELEY .. 1 176	— Their Last Race	MATHEW .. 6 2394	Waller, John Francis	9 3500
— of London	DENHAM .. 3 850	Waldron, Bishop, of Killala	6 2232	Walpole, Horace, cited on Glück and the musical glasses	7 2692
— of the State of Ireland	4 1248; 9 5397	Walker, Joseph Coopers	9 3493	Walsh, Edward	9 3502
Vile and ingrate! too late	CONGREVE .. 2 615	— of the Snow, The	SHANLY 8 3032	W. B. Yeats on	3 x
'Village Garland, The'	HALL 4 1534	Wallace, Thomas, duel with Secretary O'Gorman	1 143	Waller, John Francis	9 3500
— Ghosts	YEATS 9 3673	Waller, John Francis	9 3500	Walpole, Horace, cited on Glück and the musical glasses	7 2692
— Life in Ireland. See Honey Fair. The.		Walsh, Edward	9 3502	W. B. Yeats on	3 x
— See Night in Fortmanus Village, A.		Waller, John Francis	9 3500	Waller, John Francis	9 3500
— Sovereign, A	LYNCH 6 2088	Walpole, Horace, cited on Glück and the musical glasses	7 2692	Walsh, Edward	9 3502
Vimiera, Irish soldiers at	8 3063	Waller, John Francis	9 3500	W. B. Yeats on	3 x
Vine culture possible in Ireland	7 3696	Walpole, Horace, cited on Glück and the musical glasses	7 2692	Waller, John Francis	9 3500
Vinegar Hill	2 591, 599	Walsh, Edward	9 3502	Walpole, Horace, cited on Glück and the musical glasses	7 2692
— Lynch Law on	BANIM 1 76	W. B. Yeats on	3 x	Waller, John Francis	9 3500
Violante, Madam, the dancer	6 2473	Waller, John Francis	9 3500	Walpole, Horace, cited on Glück and the musical glasses	7 2692
Virginia City, Nevada, Earl of Dunraven at	3 963	Walsh, Edward	9 3502	W. B. Yeats on	3 x
— The Death of	KNOWLES .. 5 1847	Waller, John Francis	9 3500	Walpole, Horace, cited on Glück and the musical glasses	7 2692
'Virgilius'	KNOWLES .. 5 1847	Walsh, Edward	9 3502	W. B. Yeats on	3 x
Virtues of the Irish peasant	3 854	Waller, John Francis	9 3500	Walpole, Horace, cited on Glück and the musical glasses	7 2692
Vis et Armis. See Locke.		Walsh, Edward	9 3502	W. B. Yeats on	3 x
Vision of MacConglinne, The	6 vii	Waller, John Francis	9 3500	Walpole, Horace, cited on Glück and the musical glasses	7 2692
— of Viands, The. From the Irish of Anlar MacConglinne	SIGERSON .. 8 3134	Walsh, Edward	9 3502	W. B. Yeats on	3 x
Visions	2 xii	Waller, John Francis	9 3500	Walpole, Horace, cited on Glück and the musical glasses	7 2692
'Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad'	JAMESON ... 5 1679	Walsh, Edward	9 3502	W. B. Yeats on	3 x
Vocabulary of the Irish people	4 1607	Waller, John Francis	9 3500	Walpole, Horace, cited on Glück and the musical glasses	7 2692
Vocal stones	7 2717	Walsh, Edward	9 3502	W. B. Yeats on	3 x
Volcanic action, Inundation of country around Loughs Erne and Foyle due to	6 2277	Waller, John Francis	9 3500	Walpole, Horace, cited on Glück and the musical glasses	7 2692
Voltaire, Dowden on	3 873	Walsh, Edward	9 3502	W. B. Yeats on	3 x
Volunteer Movement, The	6 2106	Waller, John Francis	9 3500	Walpole, Horace, cited on Glück and the musical glasses	7 2692
Volunteer's Song, A	6 2113	Walsh, Edward	9 3502	W. B. Yeats on	3 x
Volunteers, A Defense of the	FLOOD 3 1217	Waller, John Francis	9 3500	Walpole, Horace, cited on Glück and the musical glasses	7 2692
Vowel-rhyming	10 3919	Walsh, Edward	9 3502	W. B. Yeats on	3 x
Vowels, The	SWIFT 9 3389	Waller, John Francis	9 3500	Walpole, Horace, cited on Glück and the musical glasses	7 2692
'Voyage of Maelduin, The'	4 1601	Walsh, Edward	9 3502	W. B. Yeats on	3 x
— of the Sons of O'Corra, The	JOYCE 5 1724	Waller, John Francis	9 3500	Walpole, Horace, cited on Glück and the musical glasses	7 2692
— royal, A	6 2463	Walsh, Edward	9 3502	W. B. Yeats on	3 x
— The First	MOLLOY ... 6 2459	Waller, John Francis	9 3500	Walpole, Horace, cited on Glück and the musical glasses	7 2692
		Walsh, Edward	9 3502	W. B. Yeats on	3 x
		Waller, John Francis	9 3500	Walpole, Horace, cited on Glück and the musical glasses	7 2692
		Walsh, Edward	9 3502	W. B. Yeats on	3 x
		Waller, John Francis	9 3500	Walpole, Horace, cited on Glück and the musical glasses	7 2692
		Walsh, Edward	9 3502	W. B. Yeats on	3 x
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		Waller, John Francis	9 3500	Walpole, Horace, cited on Glück and the musical glasses	7 2692
		Walsh, Edward	9 3502	W. B. Yeats on	3 x
		Waller, John Francis	9 3500	Walpole, Horace, cited on Glück and the musical glasses	7 2692
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		Walsh, Edward	9 3502	W. B. Yeats on	3 x
		Waller, John Francis	9 3500	Walpole, Horace, cited on Glück and the musical glasses	7 2692

	VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE
Watt, James, John		Wexford surrendered to	
Mitchel on	6 2449	the insurgents of	
Waves' Legend on the		Vinegar Hill	1 76
Strand of Bala, The. TODHUNTER.	9 3404	Whang and his Dream	
Ways of War	5 1699	of Diamonds	4 1341
We are little airy crea-		'What are outward	
tures	9 3389	forms?'	1 18
— stood so steady	5 1744	— hath Time Taken? BROWNE ...	1 32
— summoned not the		— is a gentleman? O'DONOGHUE	7 27
Silent Guest	8 2965	— is the Remnant? MAGEE	6 22
— who are old, old		— rights the brave? BARRY	1 1
and gray	9 3705	— shall I give thee? DE VERE ..	3 85
— won't go home till		— sowest thou,	
morning	3 1194	Orion'	TYNAN-
Wealth, Bishop Berke-		— shall we mourn? O'REILLY ..	9 345
ley on sources of	1 178	— sorrow wings	7 2836
Wearin' o' the Green.		— the Stars are Made	
The	9 3320	of	1 41
Wearing of the Green.		— we say of a thing	
The	2 767	which is just	
Wearing of the Green		— come in fashion. GOLDSMITH.	4 1299
The	5 1833	— will you do, love? LOVER ...	6 2085
Weary men, what reap		Whately on Irish educa-	
re?	9 3575	tion	4 1609
Weaver Poet, The. See ORR.		When all beside a vigil	
Wedding of the Clans.		keep	3 828
The	3 860	— April rains make	
Weddings in Ireland	6 2202	flowers bloom	3 1085
Wedding-feast, A	2 534	— boyhood's fire was	
Weep no more about my		in my blood	3 827
bed	8 2924	— comes the day	7 2768
Weeping Irish, a term		— Erin first rose	3 924
for sorrow	9 3661	— first I met meek	
Welcome, The	3 830	Peggy	5 2079
We'll See About It	4 1534	— I saw thee, Kate LANE	5 1863
Wellington, Duke of.		— to this country	
See also 'He		a stranger I	
said that he was		came	8 3267
not our brother?	1 58	— unto this town I	
O'Connell on	7 2626	came	7 3280
— J. W. Doyle on	3 919	— he who adores	
— on Irish soldiers	8 3062	thee'	7 2534
WELSH, CHARLES (por-		— I was young	3 859
trait)	9 vii	— like the early rose. GRIFFIN ...	4 1509
— A Glance at Ire-		— lovely woman	
land's History	9 vii	stoops to folly. GOLDSMITH.	4 1315
— on Oliver Gold-		— my arms wrap you	
smith	4 1298	round, I press	9 3708
— Foreword	1 xvii	— my feet have wan-	
— on Fairy and Folk		dered	7 2465
Tales	3 xvii	— on my sickly couch	
— Nursery Tales	3 xviii	I lay	9 3387
— The Red Duck	10 3779	— Pat came over the	
'Wendell Phillips,'		hill	6 2081
From	7 2836	— round the festive	
Were you ever in sweet		Christmas board. M A C D E R-	
Tipperary	7 2675	MOTT ...	6 2189
Wesley, John, on the		— St. Patrick our or-	
Irish character	8 xiv	der created	5 1962
West, A City in the		— this order	2 797
Great	3 963	— the breath of twi-	
— Wild Sports of		light	8 3004
the'	6 2411	— eagle shall nest	
Westminster Abbey Cor-		in the hollow	
onation Chair,		glen' (Irish	
The (half-tone		Rann)	10 3841
engraving)	7 1717	— the time comes. ROLLESTON.	8 2979
— Goldsmith on	4 1317	'When you are old'	9 3704
West's Asleep, The	3 828	Whene'er I see soft	
Westward the course of		hazel eyes	3 1183
empire takes its way. BERKELEY	1 181	— with haggard eyes	
We've furled the banner TONNA	9 3430	I view	2 466
Wexford, County, Noted		Where Foyle his swell-	
members for	1 130	ing waters	9 3428

	VOL.	PAGE		VOL.	PAGE
Where is my chief, my master	MANGAN	6 2369	WILDE, LADY, A keen		
— is thy lovely perilous abode	BOYD	1 258	— taken down by	9 3645	
— lurk the merry elves	TODHUNTER	9 3406	— on Irish superstitions	3 23	
— Sugarloaf with bare	GREENE	4 1424	— OSCAR	9 3577	
— while going the road to sweet Athy	STREET BAL-LAD	8 3290	— RICHARD HENRY	9 3596	
Whisky, Address of a Drunkard to a Bottle of	LE FANU	5 1946	Wilderness, Irish who fell in the battle of the	6 2423	
— Illicit distilling of		2 541	Wilkes among the eminent actors of the eighteenth century	5 1919	
— drink divine?	O'LEARY	7 2803	WILKINS, WILLIAM	9 3600	
Whisper	WYNNE	9 3648	Wilkinson, Sir Gardner, On the building of the Pyramids	9 3533	
Whistling Thief, The	LOVER	6 2081	Will and shall, Confusion of	3 1062	
White Cockade, The	CALLANAN	2 442	— O' the Wisp (fairy and folk lore)	3 1136	
— Mr. Luke: Association to raise the price of meat formed by		7 2633	William, King	9 3324	
Whitefriars, The theater in		6 2348	— of Munster. See KENEALY.		
WHITESIDE, JAMES		9 3550	— of Orange and Sarsfield	7 2816	
Whitman, Walt, on art		9 3664	WILLIAMS, RICHARD DALTON	9 3607	
Whitworth, Lord, The administration of		7 2637	Willis, N. P., Description of Lady Blessington by	1 173	
Who dreamed that beauty passes like a dream?	YEATS	9 3706	WILLIS, WILLIAM GORMAN	9 3612	
— fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?	INGRAM	5 1659	Willy Reilly	STREET BAL-LAD	9 3321
Whoever the youth		3 1187	WILSON, ROBERT A.	9 3617	
'Whole Works of Sir James Ware Concerning Ireland, The'	WARE	9 3544	Winckelmann on Greek Art	5 1923	
		3546, 3547	'Wind Among the Reeds, The'	YEATS	9 3705
'Why are you wandering here?'	KENNEY	5 1807	— On	MARTYN	6 2383
— 'Liquor of Life?'	D'ALTON	2 805	— on the Hills, The	SHORTER	8 3127
— Lord Leitrim Slammed the Door		1 241	— that Shakes the Barley, The	JOYCE	5 1746
— Thomas Dubh Walked	MACMANUS	6 2254	Window Song, A	IRWIN	5 1676
— Parnell Went into Politics	O'BRIEN	7 2607	WINGFIELD, LEWIS		9 3620
Wicklow. See Art's Lough and The Scalp.			Winter Evening	TYNAN-HINKSON	9 3459
— County. Beautiful scenery of		7 2532	WISEMAN, CARDINAL		9 3625
— Hugh Roe in		2 636	Wit. See Humor.		
— Hills, Beauty of the		4 1424	— and humor, Irish, D. J. O'Donoghue on	6 vii	
— Pocklach raising geese near		7 2697	— of Canning	1 170	
'Widow Ma'wee'	LOVER	6 2078	Witch, A Queen's County	3 1150	
— Malone, The	LEVER	5 1999	Witchcraft and Wonders. See Folk Lore.		
— Wadman's Eye	STERNE	8 3211	Witches' Excursion, The	KENNEDY	5 1799
Widow's Message to Her Son, The	FORRESTER	3 1222	With deep affection	MAHONY	6 2343
Wigs worn in Ireland		9 3498	— heaving breast the fair-haired Eileen sang	ARMSTRONG	1 25
Wilberforce on Canning		1 171	— the Wilde Geese	LAWLESS	5 1884
— on Grattan		4 1387	Wither, George, on tribulation		9 3436
Wild blows the tempest on their brows	ARMSTRONG	1 26	Within a budding grove	ALLINGHAM	1 15
— Geese, The'	CASEY	2 573	— the window of this white	IRWIN	5 1676
— (reference)		4 1530	'Wilts and Worthies, Irish'	FITZPATRICK	3 1199
— With the Wild'	LAWLESS	5 1884	Witticisms, Curran's		2 798
— Irish Girl, The'	MORGAN	7 2543	Witty Sayings of Burke, Some Wise and		1 396
— Sports of the West'	MAXWELL	6 2411	Woffington, Peg		5 1919, 2473
WILDE, LADY (SPERANZA)		9 3556	WOLFE, CHARLES		9 3632
			WOLSELEY, VISCOUNT		9 3636
			Woman of Three Cows, The		10 3831

VOL. PAGE		VOL. PAGE	
Women, Churchbuilding	1 31	Yeats, W. B., on Sir	
— by Irish		Samuel Fergu-	
— in Ireland in Penal		son's poetry	3 1176
Days	ATKINSON 1 28	— Nora Hopper's	
— in the United		Ballad in Prose	2 590
States, The Posi-		— Lionel Johnson's	
tion of	BRYCE 1 343	poetry	5 1694
— of Erin, History		— C. J. Lever	5 1948
of the Illustri-		Modern Irish po-	
ous'	1 32	etry	3 vii
— Shakespeare's Por-		— the poetry of	
traiture of	DOWDEN 3 875	G. W. Russell,	
Wonder and mystery,		"A. E."	8 2987
Celtic love of	8 2974	— Plays of	10 xii
'Wonderful Chair, The'		— Sir Horace Plunk-	
(half-tone engraving)	BROWNE 1 314	ett on	8 2911
Wood, William, Swift		Yeats, J. B., portrait	
on	1 261	of G. W. Russell,	
'Wooden Man in Essex		"A. E."	8 2986
Street'	4 1250	— Portrait of Father	
Wooden Shoon, The		Dineen	10 3959
Clang of the	MOLLOY 6 2458	'Yellow Aster, The'	CAFFEN 2 429
Woodfall, Henry S.,		Book of Slane, The	7 2664
printer of the		Yelverton, Barry, and	
'Letters of		Father O'Leary	7 2793
Junius'	3 1226	— as a Monk of the	
— Memory, on Sher-		Screw	2 797; 5 1957
idan	3 1190	— trial, The	9 3570
— William, Gold-		Yes, let us speak	LARMINE 5 1874
smith on	4 1381	Yon old house in moon-	
Woodfall's Public Ad-		light sleeping	MULVANY 7 2562
vertiser	3 1227	Yorick, The Story of	STERNE 8 3213
Woods, Enchanted	YEATS 9 3679	You all know Tom	
Wood's half-pence	1 261; 9 3416	— Moody	CHERRY 2 588
Woods of Caillino, The	FITZSIMON 3 1206	— and I	SULLIVAN 9 3340
WOOD-MARTIN, W. G.	9 3640	— Catholics of Erin	
'Woofing of Shella, The'	RHYS 8 2940	give ear unto	
Woollings	2 xii	these lines I	
Word was brought to		— write	8 3270
the Danish King	NORTON 7 2587	— lads that are	
Words, The Poetry of	TRENCH 9 3434	funny	STREET BAL-
'The Study of'	TRENCH 9 3434	LAD 8 3280	
Wordsworth's Influence		— matchless nine	STREET BAL-
on Sir Aubrey De		LAD 8 3284	
Vere	3 851	— must be troubled,	
'Works of Sir James		Asthore	TYNAN-
Ware Concerning Ire-		HINKSON 9 3455	
land, The Whole'	WARE 9 3544	— saucy south wind	WYNNE 9 3648
	3546	Youghal, Raleigh at	3 913
'World of Girls, A'	SMITH 8 3158	Young, Arthur, on Dub-	
Worship of Pinchbeck		lin society	5 1918
Heroes, The	GOLDSMITH 4 1338	— Fisher, The	GWYNN 4 1516
Wraxall on Sheridan	3 1190	— Ireland Meeting, A	MACCARTHY 6 2180
Wrinkles, Pockrich's		— party, The	9 xi
recipe for banishing	7 2701	— and literature	1 xiii
Wundlich, Professor,		— W. B. Yeats on	
Work for Irish litera-		the poets of	3 viii
ture	2 xviii	— May Moon, The	MOORE 7 2526
Wyndham, Lord, at the		— Rory O'More	
trial of Lord Santry	7 2725	courted Kathleen	
WYNNE, FRANCES	9 3648	bawn	LOVER 6 2084
Y.		Your proud eyes give me	
Ye brilliant muses	STREET BAL-	their wearied splen-	
— good fellows all	LAD 9 3317	dor	WILKINS 9 3606
Year after year	DAWSON 3 841	'Yusef'	BROWNE 1 323
	SAVAGE-ARM-	Z.	
	STRONG 8 3031	Zermatt, Tyndall on	9 3478
YEATS, WILLIAM BUT-		Zeuss, the founder of	
LER (portrait)	9 3651	Celtic studies, cited	
— and The Rhymer's		on Celtic poetry	2 xix
Club	5 1693	Zimmer, Professor,	
— M. F. Egan on	5 vii	Work of, for Celtic	
— on William Carle-		literature	2 xviii
ton	2 469	Zoz (comic paper)	6 x
— Chap-books	3 ii	Zoziman (comic paper)	6 x
— T. Crofton Cro-		'Zozimus'	3 987
ker	2 687	Zozimus (Gleeman)	9 3685

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